PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MA

NOVEMBER 1982 $3.50

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SOUVENIR ISSUE

PET OF THE YEAR

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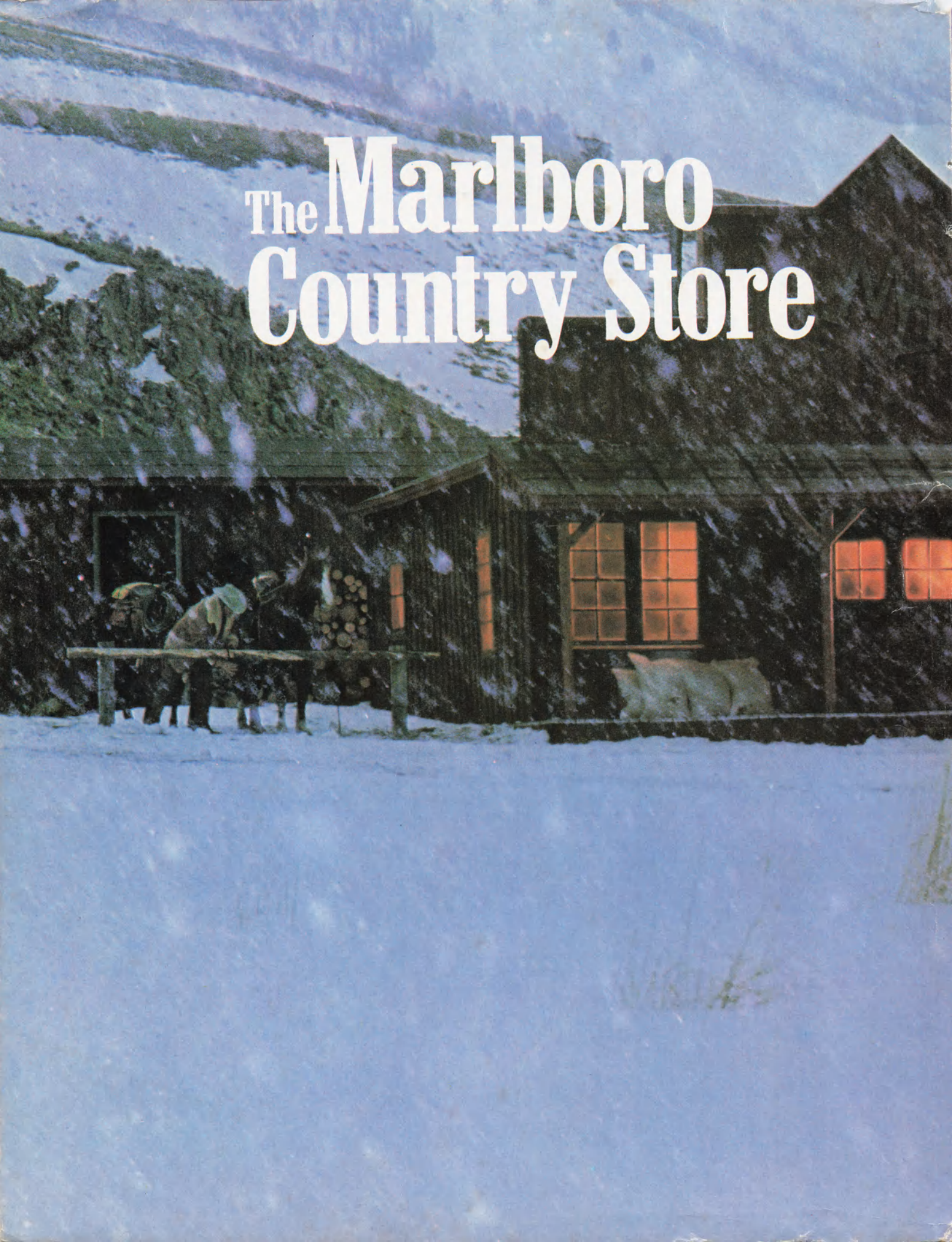
The Marlboro
Country Store

We've opened the Marlboro Country Store again
and are inviting folks in to have a look around,
to see the kind of gear that keeps cowboys warm
and workin' through the long, cold winter.
Like the famous Marlboro Sheepskin Coat.
Winter Range Vest.
Snowshoes.
Western Shirt.
And eleven other items, all under one roof.
Just turn the page and come on inside.

Winter Range Vest—Sometimes cowboys are out on their own for days at a time. A vest like this helps keep them warm, day and night. Natural range leather and wool-lined for warmth. The collar buttons up for extra protection. Color: saddle tan. Even sizes: 36-46. $90.00 each.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Snowshoes—They're a must in the deep snow country. Tough, seasoned ashwood frames, full-grain leather bindings. 56 inches long, 10 inches wide. $70.00 a pair.

The Marlboro Stetson—Made for Marlboro by the famous Western hatmaker, J. B. Stetson. It's the cowboy's constant companion—the first thing he puts on in the morning, the last thing he takes off at night. Color: silver belly. Sizes 6⅞ to 7½. $65.00 each.

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The Marlboro Country Store

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PENTHOUSE®

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Pet of the Year Corinne Alphen appears on this month's cover in a dress by Penny Howell. She was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. For information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 222.

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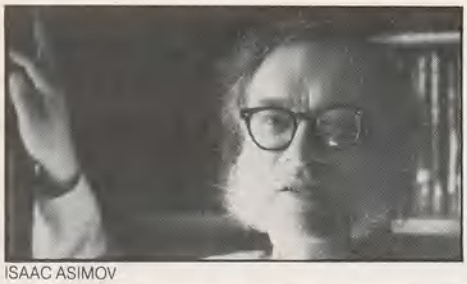

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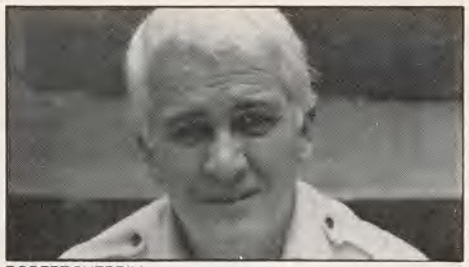

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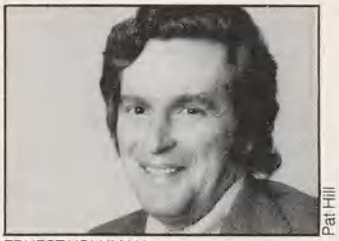

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HOUSECALL

This month, in keeping with a noble and hallowed *Penthouse* tradition, we proudly present to the world the beautiful young woman whose charms have earned the overwhelming accolades of our readers and editors alike–the 1982 Penthouse Pet of the Year, Miss **Corinne Alphen** (page 123). Corinne, our bountiful Princess of Perfection, receives a truly record-breaking endowment this year of $400,000 in cash and gifts (page 186)–a propitious beginning to a happy and prosperous reign!

Our lead article, an extraordinary, in-depth report on the nuclear weapons protest movement by three *Penthouse* writers, continues another tradition of this magazine–that of literary and journalistic excellence. These reporters discovered that this most important new force in our recent political history arose as a result of blind and potentially deadly government policies, causing millions of Americans from vastly different political and social backgrounds to unite in a common determination to prevent global suicide. One of the most interesting facts about these people, writes free-lance writer **Daniel Kagan** in "Stopping the Doomsday Clock" (page 68), is that they "are some of the most respected, influential, and conservative people in the United States." But the nightmare that terrifies them, the fear that makes them, in Kagan's words, "see mushroom clouds in their dreams, in the faces of their children and in their futures," is just another day's work for the men **Ed Zuckerman** interviewed for his article, "Operation: Armageddon" (page 70). Visiting the secret Strategic Air Command headquarters in Nebraska, Zuckerman talked to the officers whose mission is to be alive on the day after the outbreak of World War III. Their assignment will be to launch an extended series of deadly nuclear strikes against the Soviet Union. What happens after that is problematic, because, as one major explained in perfect militarese, "once we have execution, it's free play from then on. Nobody's ever been there before." And what about the rest of us? If you believe the government, millions will be evacuated to safety at the first inkling of a nuclear war. But, as contributing editor **Ernest Volkman** points out in "The Deadly Hoax of Civil Defense" (page 148), an increasing number of citizens do not believe the government. Volkman writes that "any sense of reality seems to have eluded the bureaucrats, who churn out fantasy evacuation plans," ignoring scientific fact and human nature. Rather than condoning such mad folly, many communities are refusing to participate in civil defense planning, insisting instead on facing the terrifying truth about nuclear war as the first step backward from the brink of world destruction.

Civilization is also imperiled in our fiction this month, but because our author is irascible **Isaac Asimov**, we can sit back and enjoy the experience, knowing that one of the world's masters of science fact and fiction is taking us on another adventure that will both thrill and challenge our intellects. This excerpt from Asimov's *Foundation's Edge* (which will be published by Doubleday) features a mysterious planet and the beautiful creature who attempts to entice an exiled human to become its savior (page 92). *Foundation's Edge* is the long-awaited sequel to Asimov's famous *Foundation Trilogy* and like its predecessor will be, we're sure, a classic.

Brig. Gen. **Charles E. ("Chuck") Yeager** is an authentic American hero–the first man to fly faster than the speed of sound and one of our foremost test pilots, whose legendary exploits were detailed in Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*. We're flattered that he has chosen to add to his laurels by making his *Penthouse* debut in this issue. In "The Light Stuff" (page 152), Yeager reports on three of the best ultralight aircraft in addition to discussing the history of this latest aviation craze and giving safety tips.

It's a long way from the glittering world of astronaut test pilots to the grimy underworld of motel-prowling private detectives, but Boston investigator **Gil Lewis** is as professional and dedicated to his job as is General Yeager. In "For His Eyes Only" (adapted from his forthcoming Simon & Schuster book, *Night Vision),* reporter **John Sedgwick** takes us on an unexpurgated tour of the seediest side of America, as Lewis gathers proof of adultery for suspicious clients and tries to keep himself uninvolved with the steamy scenes he has to witness (page 88).

Our interview this month is a no-holds-barred discussion between **Robert Sherrill**, one of the toughest reporters in Washington, and Ohio Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum**, one of the toughest men in Congress (page 142). Metzenbaum, who is up for reelection this fall, has gained much respect, even among his enemies, as a man who is unafraid of taking risks. Submitting to Sherrill's relentlessly hard-hitting questions was yet another risk taken by the intrepid senator, but he has survived the experience, bloody but unbowed–even vowing that if he were president he would put "a sonofabitch–a guy by the name of Sherrill" in charge of purchasing at the Pentagon.

For quite a different impression of life under the great dome of the U.S. Capitol, turn to humor editor **Bill Lee**'s "Capitol Sex" (page 169), a unique perspective on yet another burgeoning scandal involving illicit sex, illegal drugs, little boys, and our nation's most respected lawmakers. Other items of interest this month include **Martin O'Brien**'s "Three-Stud Poker" (page 120), a visit to a unique gambling den outside Munich, where the participants include three well-built men and one *extremely* active girl; **Peter McCabe**'s "Advise and Dissent" on the growing problem of divorced–and disposable–fathers (page 116); the ever popular monthly features "Hard Times" (page 140), and Frank Donegan's "Psychograph" (page 163).

You won't need a psychograph to learn the answer to the ancient philosophers' question "What is beauty?" Our newly coronated Pet of the Year and her lovely Ladies-in-Waiting have all the answers....All they await now is...your discovery!

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NOVEMBER

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A REAL COW

Gee, just like all those other high-school puds who make up stories for your column about their sexy college adventures, I never thought anything fantastic enough to write about would happen to *me*. I was wrong.

It all started one steamy hot summer day on a midwestern college campus. I was snoozing my way through a makeup summer course before reporting to my summer job as a lifeguard. I could hardly keep my mind on the planet, let alone my *Bovine Gynecology* text. (I'm studying to be a veterinarian.) As usual I was nodding out behind twenty to thirty joints of primo California Upper Sierra Thunderbolt County Mind-Stop weed. Then it happened! Our instructor led *her* in! I had never seen a Holstein before. In moments her swaying udder had cleared my mind and hardened my crotch.

Well, I made sure I was the first in line to "play doctor." From then on it was the most thrilling summer of my life. Bridgit moved in with me. After ruining three water beds, I finally dug to cover her hooves with velvet.

Velvet hooves, waterbeds, and *weed* forever!—*Name and address withheld*

GOLDEN MEMORIES

I am writing this letter more for my own benefit than for that of your readers, the reason being that each time I recall this incident, I am filled with excitement and can be virtually assured my reverie will be concluded with a shuddering climax.

Twelve years have passed since the summer of my eighteenth birthday, and I can't even begin to guess the number of orgasms I've since had. I was a tomboy, a baseball fan, and sexually naive. When my dad gave me his Twins tickets, I asked a nineteen-year-old neighbor to go with me. The box seats were located in the first row and we were surrounded by conventioners and good-time-seeking business types.

Whether I was embarrassed by getting tipsy on ball park beer or just reluctant to walk in front of all those men, I'm not sure. However, by the fifth inning my bladder was unable to hold another drop. In fact, when I glanced down I realized it was already a little too late. The horror that filled me as I thought of walking past those men with obviously very moist pants was more than I could cope with, and I started crying and also began wetting myself for real.

Without really thinking I jammed my hand into my pants and, like the little Dutch Boy, tried in vain to stop the gushing dike. What happened next is still so vivid I wish I could share the feeling with everybody. Even as the warm flow was engulfing my hand, an even greater sensation began to fill my loins. My wet slit was screaming for my finger to move—and so it did. Maybe it was the combination of emotions and excitement, but I instantly began my very first orgasm. Talk about coming in one's pants, I did it, and boy, did I do it!

Although it would have made no difference to me once I was coming, I will always be grateful to the Twin who hit a home run just before my shuddering, moaning climax. Everyone but my friend had apparently been caught up in the on-field activities. My sopping jeans would have still presented a major problem but for the quick thinking of my friend who, upon seeing the results of my accident, poured an entire cup of beer in my lap.

Now as I recall the fear and joy of that moment, I am again enjoying the wonderful sensations of a finger sliding up and down on my slick clit.—*Name and address withheld*

IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

Your August features on bondage and sadism were worthwhile. As for me, I was introduced to S & M on a Japanese island many years ago. My girl friend was accepting of my sexual demands, but never really got into having orgasms. One day I brought home some bondage magazines out of curiosity, and my girl avidly looked through them. A few days later all sorts of leather belts and whips appeared in our bedroom.

Taking the hint—my girl would never state a sexual preference verbally—I tied her to the bed spread-eagled, and proceeded to tease her all over, including her breasts, thighs, and pubic area. She closed her eyes but said nothing. I entered her and had a very slow sex act with her while she pretended to fight the bonds that held her legs open.

She had three orgasms to my two. Not the fake, screaming, exterior, put-on orgasm, but rather the deep, inner orgasm that can only be felt by a man's penis deep inside a vagina—the kind that makes the man never have to ask, "Was it good?"

Occasionally I would whip her gently, enough to leave a faint mark but never a deep scar. Her signal for a whipping would be leaving the whip out in some prominent place. I would undress her—every garment, every button, every hook and eye on her bra—make her lean over

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The turntable revolution continues at Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

the dining table, fasten her legs to the table legs and her arms to the opposite legs, and whip away until she started grunting and moaning. Then I would enter her dog-style while she was still tied up.

As I thrust in, her pubic area would be pushed up against the tabletop, and we would keep it up until I was too tired to continue. Again, she would have her silent orgasms.

One day on a picnic trip to the northern part of the island, I tied her hands to the steering wheel, went around to the right door, pulled her lower body out of the door, undressed her from the hips down, and again had her doggie-style.

In analyzing this girl, who could never express her sexual fantasies verbally, I came to the conclusion that the whippings would, in her mind, pay for the "sin" of enjoying sex. Bondage also removed all responsibility from her for her act of love, and I became her "sin eater" so she could enjoy sex to the fullest.—*Name and address withheld*

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

I must admit that I have not been a fan of *Penthouse* or of your "Forum" column. Frankly, if my husband didn't bring the magazine home, I would have no reason to see it or read it. At best, I would occasionally thumb through it and read one or two of the "Forum" letters and try to convince my husband that they were phony. One evening in particular, we almost had an argument concerning a letter from a woman who claimed that she became sexually aroused during a physical examination. I told my husband that this letter had to be a phony since such a thing would be impossible. Up until a recent experience that I had, I was convinced that I was right, but as I am now forced to eat crow, I would like to share this experience with your readers.

Since I was a little girl I have always had the same family physician, a man who is now in his early seventies. He delivered my three children and, outside of my husband, was the only man that ever saw me undressed—up until this recent experience.

I made an appointment with my doctor's nurse for my annual checkup and arrived at the appointed hour. The nurse, whom I had known for years, took me to an examination room and told me to undress and put on the hospital gown that was lying on the table. Since I had never had to do this before (except when I was pregnant, my old-fashioned doctor had never had me undress during a routine examination), I questioned the nurse. Her reply was that this was a special rule of the day, and she winked as she left the room.

When the nurse returned and asked me the usual questions for my file and took my weight and blood pressure, I again asked her the reason for my having to totally undress, as I felt very uncomfortable in the flimsy hospital gown. Again, with a wink, she told me that it was a surprise and that I would soon find out. As she left the room, she indicated that the doctor would be in to examine me shortly.

When the door opened approximately ten minutes later, I was surprised to see not my seventy-year-old family physician but a doctor who didn't look much older than twenty-five. He quickly introduced himself, explaining that my regular doctor had been taken ill the day before and that he was covering his office schedule. When I looked somewhat apprehensive, he said that if I preferred to wait for my regular doctor to return for the examination, he would understand and abide by my wishes. My first impulse was to tell him that I would prefer to wait, but when I realized that I was scheduled to go on vacation the following week and wasn't sure when I would have time to reschedule an appointment, I reluctantly decided to let him examine me.

I almost regretted my decision when the first thing he asked me to do was to lower my gown so that he could examine my back, chest, and breasts, and I am positive that my face turned beet red when I slowly dropped the gown, exposing my breasts. When he started to examine my breasts, I became very tense and I remember him telling me to relax. I told him that I was sorry but that I wasn't used to being so exposed, even in front of a doctor. The pleasant smile he gave in response only added to my mortification.

It wasn't until he started to concentrate his attention on my nipples that my embarrassment began to develop into sexual arousal. I could feel myself begin to moisten between my legs and was initially surprised that the doctor's examination of my breasts was causing me to have such a reaction. When the doctor finished examining my breasts, he told me to put the gown back over my shoulders (covering my breasts) and told me to lie down on the table.

By now I was thoroughly wet between my legs, and as I stretched out on the examination table, a deep feeling of shame temporarily replaced my sexual feelings. I realized that the doctor was now going to give me a pelvic examination and my well-lubricated vagina would make it obvious to him that his breast examination had aroused me. I closed my eyes tightly as he placed my legs in the stirrups, realizing that my wet vagina would now be completely exposed to him.

I waited with both fear and anticipation for the feel of something being inserted into my vagina and was taken by surprise when I felt something (I assume that it was his finger) being inserted into my rectum. When I let out a gasp, the doctor told me to relax and assured me that he had no intention of hurting me. He kept his finger in my rectum for some period of time, moving it in and out and all around, and I again became highly aroused, to such a point that I

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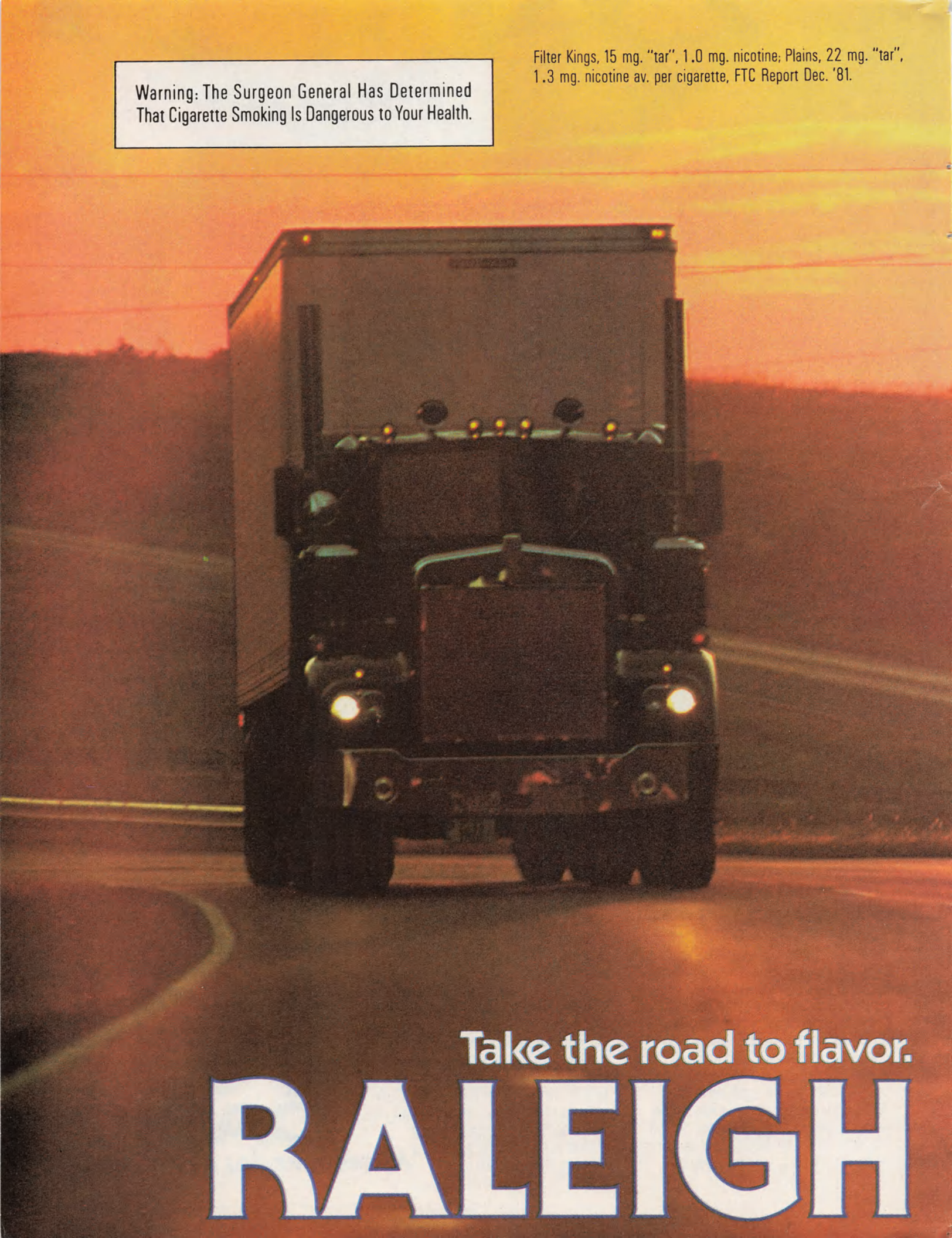
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could not control my body movements or my vocal reactions. I was aware of the fact that I began to groan and twist my body in uninhibited fashion every time he moved his finger in my rectum. All of this was new to me, since my regular doctor had never given me a rectal examination and I had never engaged in any form of anal sex with my husband. I learned for the first time why the rectum is included in the list of erotic zones.

By this time, I was so sexually aroused that I lost all sense of shame and didn't care what the doctor thought. I was enjoying the immense sexual pleasure that he was giving me and didn't mind that he knew it. In fact, his awareness of what he was doing to me was a definite turn-on to me and added greatly to my pleasure.

When the doctor proceeded to examine my vagina, it was almost anticlimactic, but I enjoyed every moment and every probe of both his fingers and the instrument that he used. Finally, when the doctor said that he was finished, I was in a complete state of exhaustion but managed to groan a weak "Thank you, doctor" as he left the room.

At no time during the examination, or when I later sat in the doctor's office for his report on the results of the examination, did the doctor make any comment or reference to what had happened to me on the examination table. He remained professional throughout and I have to believe that he felt that my reactions were perfectly normal and had had similar experiences with prior patients. I am hoping that my regular doctor takes sick again when it is time for my next annual checkup.—*Name and address withheld*

SHE'S RUNNING THE SHOW

I just thought I'd write and tell you about an interesting evening my roommate Cindy and I had a few months ago. We both have rather boring jobs, so we go out to singles' bars quite often just for something different to do. On the night in question we were standing at the bar talking to each other when two guys came in. One was a definite hunk, and the other only average. We flipped a coin and Cindy won.

While we were doing this, the average guy came up and introduced himself as Bill. I could tell he was rather inexperienced because of the bulge he got in his pants just from talking to me and staring at my tits. When we danced he kept rubbing against me like I was a scratching post or something. Just for laughs, I slid my hand down and rubbed his swollen glans three or four times through his jeans. I felt the spasm as he started squirting off in his pants, so I put my hand back on his shoulder. Talk about premature ejaculation! After the song ended, he went to the men's room, I suppose to clean up his act.

By this time Cindy had managed to get picked up by Tony, Bill's friend. She said they were going back to our apartment, so I shouldn't disturb the bedroom if I returned early. As I watched Tony's sexy little ass walking away from me, I just knew I had to find out if he was as good as he looked. I hatched an idea and worked on it until it was a full-grown plan.

After Bill returned I stalked him for twenty minutes and then asked him to the apartment. He hastily agreed, so we headed down the street. As we walked, I noticed Bill was rubbing his prick with the hand he had in his pocket. By the time we got to the apartment he had a full erection again. I knew I would have to take care of him before I peeked in on Cindy and Tony, so I yanked his jeans down as soon as we were inside and put the head of his pride and joy into my mouth. He kept telling me he had a V-8, but I know a straight six when I see one. After about a minute of sucking head and rubbing his balls, I could tell Mr. Macho was about to come again. I pulled the purple head out of my mouth and shoved it up toward his navel. Sure enough, within five seconds he was blowing his nuts into his belly button for the second time that night. This guy wasn't good, but he sure was fast.

I threw him a towel as I went to the bathroom, closing the door behind me. Cindy's bedroom was on the opposite side of the bathroom, and luckily they had left the door partly open. Cindy was lying on the edge of the bed with her knees pulled up to her shoulders. She was moaning urgently as Tony, on his knees on the floor, worked her vaginal and anal areas over with his fingers and tongue. She was begging for his cock, but instead Tony slipped two fingers into her pussy while rubbing around her clit with his other hand and penetrating her puckered ass hole with his tongue. This was a definite overload for Cindy's senses. She grunted and groaned as the orgasms washed over her. Tony kept pumping with his fingers. Every withdrawal would allow some of Cindy's love juices to dribble out of her pussy, only to be lapped up when it reached her ass hole.

As I watched, I stripped and was fingering myself furiously. Tony's unattended prick stuck out from his body like a flag pole. I couldn't stand it anymore, so I burst into the room still fingering myself. As I reached Tony, I pushed him backward on the floor. I grabbed his seven inches and rubbed it around my clit a few times before stuffing it deep into my hot slit. I knew I was going to come within seconds, so I ground myself into his pelvis back and forth until the orgasm hit me like a tidal wave. He came within seconds, shooting his butterscotch deep within me.

After a few minutes' recovery time, I returned to the bathroom and then went back to the living room, where I had left Bill. I thought his eyes would pop out when he saw my naked body. He threw me on the floor and started licking my pussy. I figured if he wanted to eat his roommate's come it was okay with me. I moaned a few times to make him happy. This gave him

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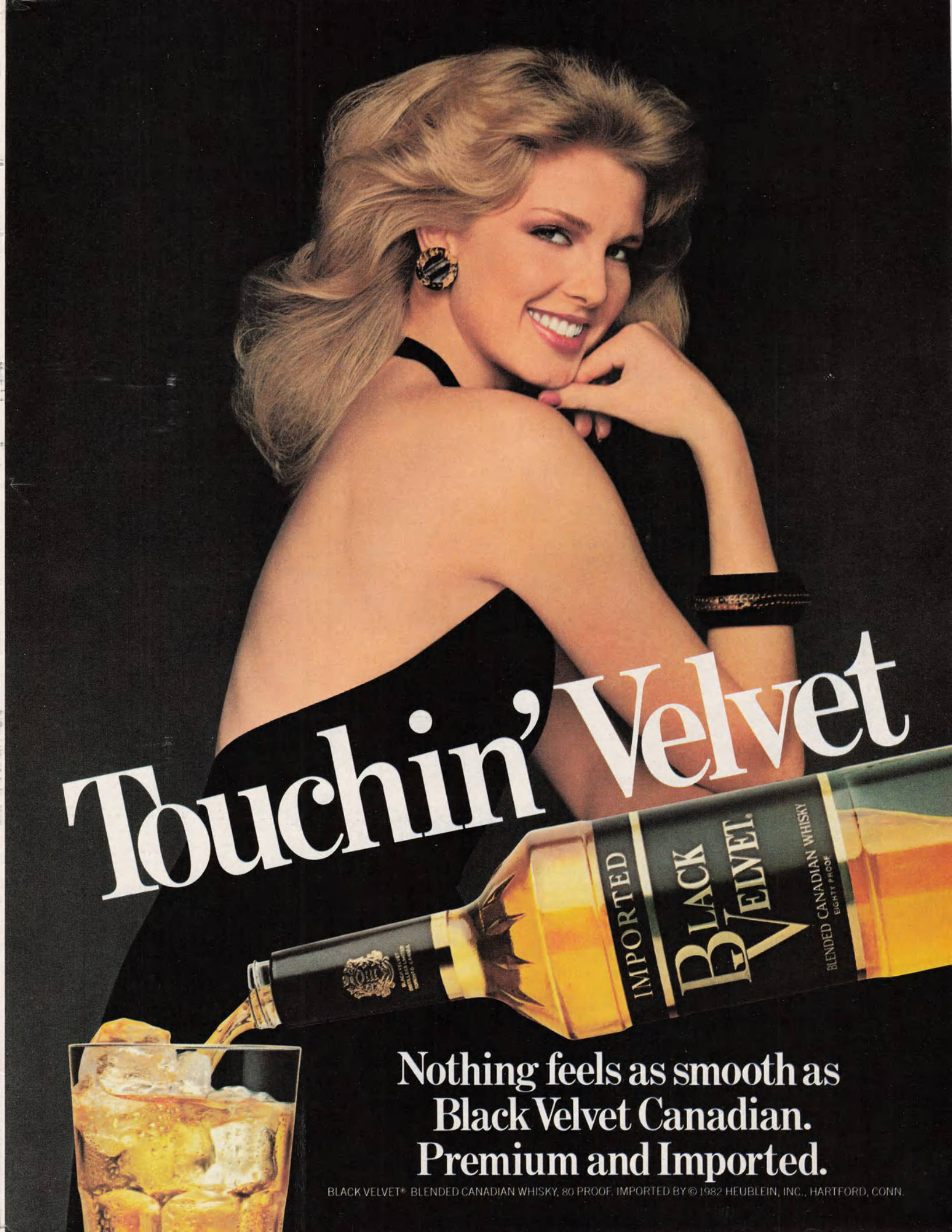
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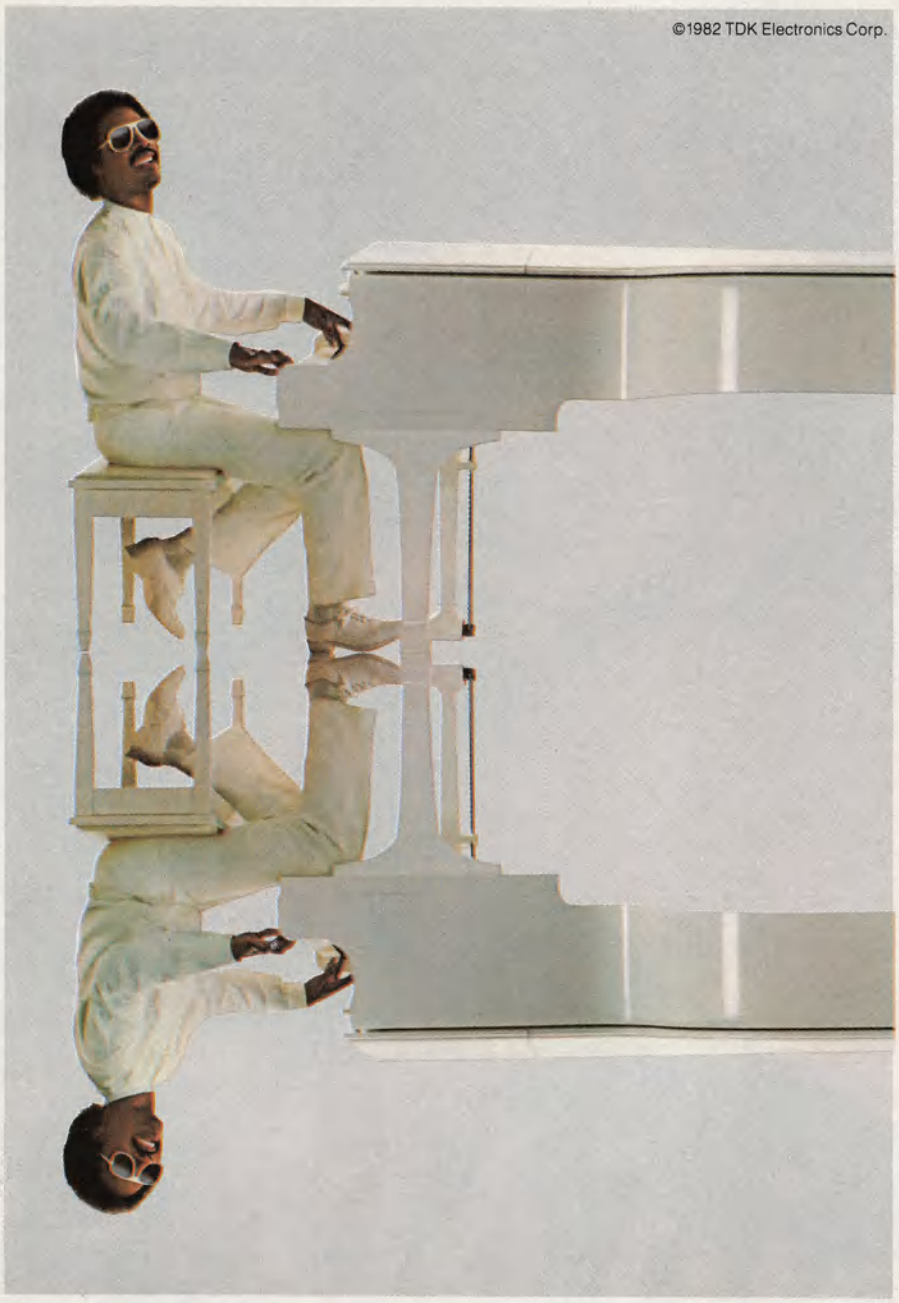

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another hard-on, so he slipped into me and pumped like an oil rig for a few minutes. Then he pulled my legs up and tried to enter my ass hole. I let him get the tip in and then tightened my muscles. He shot his third load all over my rear and the carpet.

He cleaned up with the towel, and I told him it was about time for him to leave. After he left I went back in the bedroom, where Cindy and I took turns on Tony for the rest of the night.—*Name and address withheld*

CALLIPYGIAN

I am a college graduate from Philadelphia, and I recently went job hunting in the booming town of Atlanta. I did not have a bit of luck finding work, but there was certainly an abundance of pussy.

Now, about the title of my letter. Callipygian means having beautiful or shapely buttocks. Of all the various parts of the female anatomy, the portion I take the most liking to is the derriere. I have been in love with the female backside since I began college. So, of course, all the ladies in my life have had a very tempting pair of rear cheeks.

The perfect ass to me is one that is shapely, smooth, soft, and has a deep, juicy crack. I must admit that I love to kiss, lick, suck, bite, and nibble a ripe ass as well as the ass hole that hides in between. To me, a woman's back door must be as stimulating as her beautiful rear. The lady's ass must possess a plump, pink, juicy bung hole. Women's anuses vary as much as fingerprints. No two are exactly the same. The biggest difference is in color, since some are a succulent pink while others are a plain, gray color.

Well, back to the job hunting and the most gorgeous pussy that I have seen in a long time. Yes, I like them too. All of the companies had very shapely female secretaries who are there to help you. The majority all had fine asses but one woman in a computer firm had the best of all. Sandra was blond, five feet six, 35-22-36, and twenty-two years old. We talked for a while after my interview and then decided to go out for dinner together. The dinner was nice, but nothing in comparison to what I had planned for later.

When dinner was over, we both went out to a movie and then I took her home to her apartment. We went in and had a couple of drinks to get us in the mood for fucking. In a short time we both started to get horny. This was when the fun began. She got up and went into the bathroom to shower, and then I followed. We then headed to the bedroom, where I got out my supplies, which were an anal vibrator and a tube of lubricant. She had an idea of what I had planned and fortunately, was very excited. We got into a sixty-nine position so that I had access to her big cunt and that pink anus nestled between her beautiful cheeks. She began sucking my prick, which grew to its full seven inches in no time, and I licked and sucked her tasty snatch. Then I moved my tongue to that

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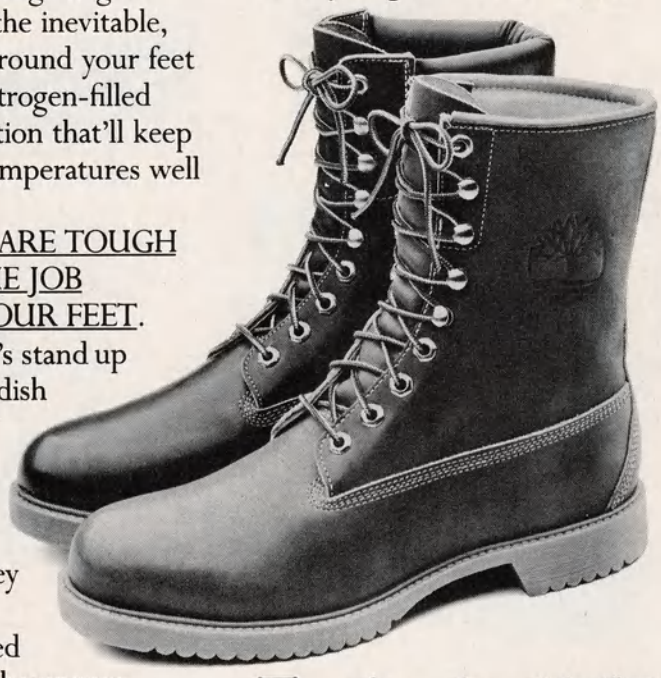

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plump, immaculately clean, pink bung hole. I licked and sucked that hole till she began to moan in ecstasy. When she was ready, I lubed her back door with K-Y jelly and penetrated her with the vibrator. Then we continued with our eating, licking, and sucking. I was receiving the best blowjob of my life, and to thank her I was going to give her virgin ass the fucking of its life. After the sucking I had her stand so that I could remove the vibrator from her ass. Before I fucked that fantastic butt I got a few strokes into her pussy to slick up my dick for the anal onslaught to come.

I lubed up my engorged rod in preparation for its trip up that sexy ass. She told me again that she was an anal virgin, even though she had had a few rim and fingering jobs. I had her get on her hands and knees so that I could spread those lovely buns to view once more that orifice of my desires. I then pressed my cock head at her back door and moved in. Her hole gave way easier than I expected to permit me to enter. I then fucked in and out of that ass while letting her beautiful globes rub my dick. Her hole was hot, tight, smooth, and deep. She took all seven inches, to my fascination, and loved it. I pumped her ass hard before I came.

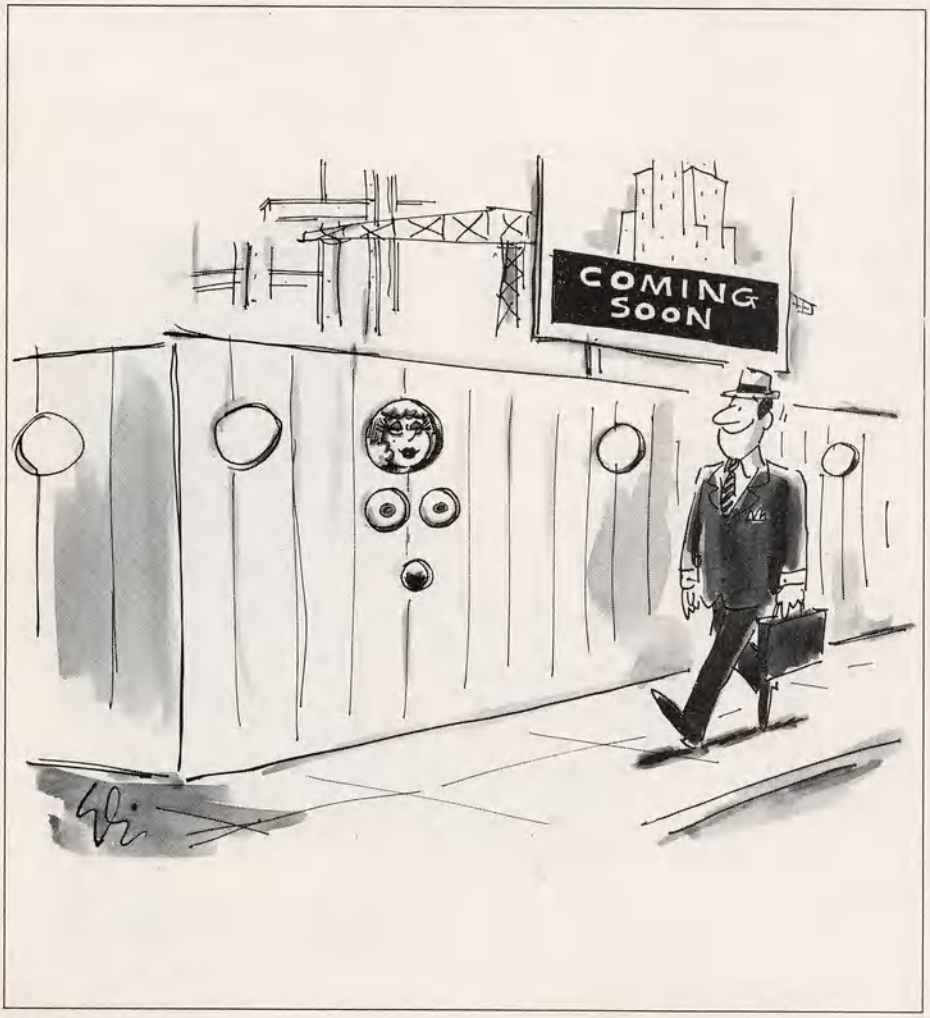
She told me that it was the best fuck she ever had and hoped to be butt-fucked many more times. Oh, I loved fucking that ass and plan to oblige her.—*Name and address withheld*

JUST A HOMEBODY

I've always considered the stories in "Forum" to be just that: stories. After what happened to me this weekend, though, I'll believe almost anything.

It all started when my family decided to take a three-week vacation. I was more than reluctant to go, and so offered to stay and watch the house. My parents agreed, and my mom arranged to have two sisters, friends of ours, come over and cook for me. At nineteen I hardly needed help, but I was looking forward to a pleasant, if uneventful, three weeks.

Friday night, after my family had left, both girls came over and cooked dinner. All through dinner I had the hardest time concentrating on my food. Jody, twenty-eight, was wearing tight designer jeans that showed off one of the shapeliest asses that I'd ever laid eyes on, and a two-sizes-too-small T-shirt, underneath which her huge tits bounced unencumbered by a bra. Rita, twenty-four, was wearing short shorts that left nothing to the imagination and a bikini top that barely covered her luscious melons. Needless to say, I was having a problem concealing a raging hard-on. We finally finished dinner and the girls went home, leaving me very frustrated. I took a cold shower and then decided to go to bed. New York is very hot and muggy in the summer, so I didn't even bother with clothes and fell into bed completely naked.



If I thought that sleep would make me forget those two love goddesses, I had another thing coming. For what seemed to me to be all night, I dreamed about sucking and fucking those two heavenly bodies. I woke with a very warm feeling in my crotch. I reached down to give Old Faithful a hand, but found that two tongues had gotten there first. This really woke me up! I sat up to see Jody and Rita devouring my pole with a gusto.

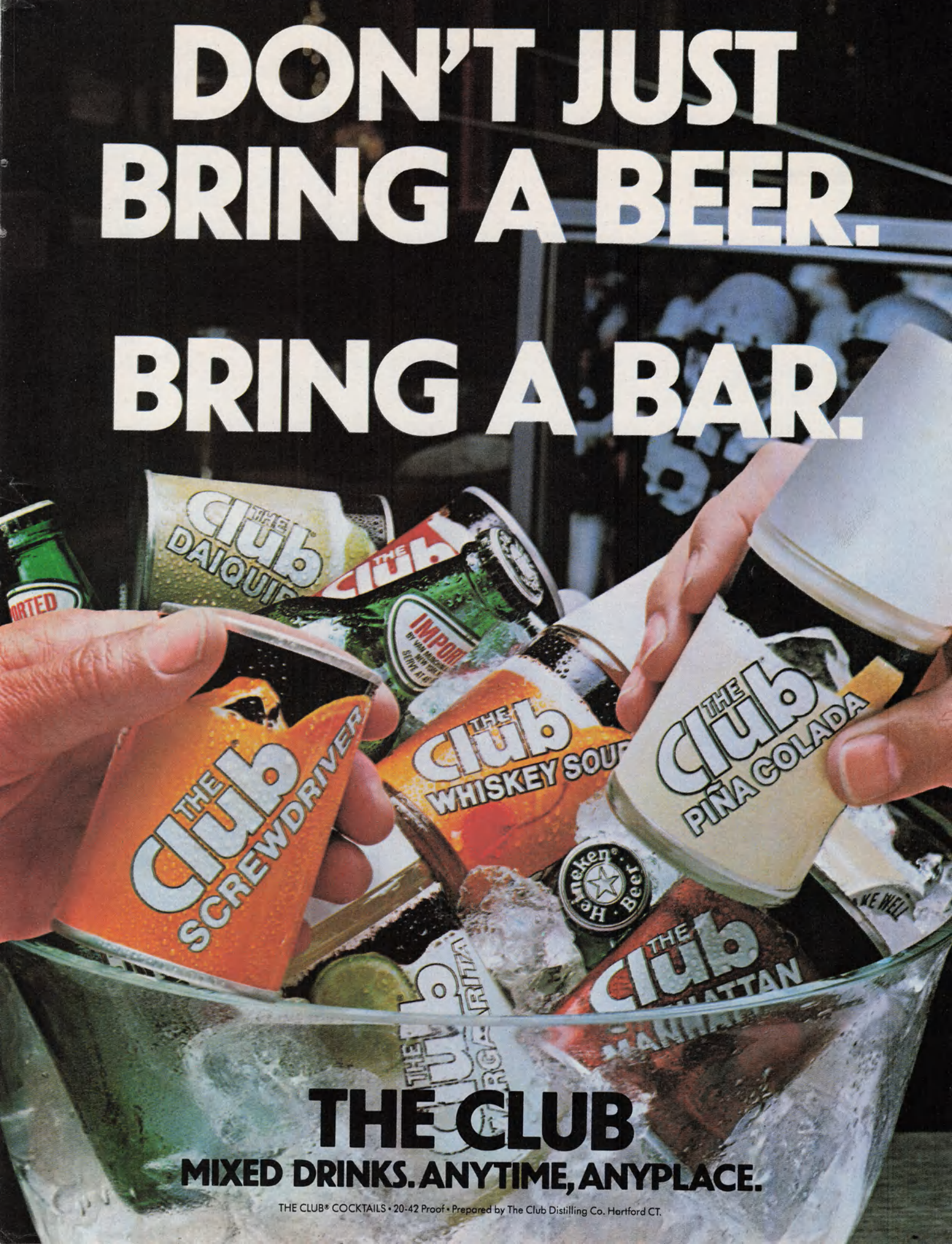
"We used the house key your mom gave us to get in," purred Jody as she slurped up and down the length of my cock. "We came to fix you breakfast, but when we got in and saw your beautiful cock, we decided to have our breakfast first."

The were expert cocksuckers, and soon had me ready to spurt. Then, all of a sudden, they stopped. They huddled together for a second, then ran and got some of my mom's nylons, and tied me to the bed, spread-eagled. "We've decided to punish you for the lecherous thoughts you were thinking last night," said Rita. "Don't try to say that you weren't, 'cause we saw that hard-on last night."

They then proceeded to give me a show I'll never forget. Slowly, they undressed each other, kissing, rubbing, and sucking each other in a way that told me that they were no strangers to each other's body. As they went down on each other in a sixty-nine, my tower of manhood reached its full nine-inch height. Just as I was about to come, they stopped and left the room, halting me at the brink of an earth-shattering orgasm. They were gone for a half-hour, making me think that they had left, leaving me tied up. Soon, however, they came back carrying a bowl of steaming liquid and a towel. They slid the towel under my buttocks and got up on the bed. It was then that I got my first real look at their luscious bodies. The first thing that I noticed was that Rita's snatch was shaved as bare as a baby's. This and the D-cup tits that she made sure to keep just inches from my mouth had me begging to be let loose. Then Jody showed me their other surprise. Pouring out of the bowl onto my straining muscle of love was warm honey! They both just laughed as I squirmed in ecstasy.

"C'mon, Rita, let's finish our breakfast," giggled Jody as she dove to coax honey of a different kind from my sticky organ. "A growing boy like Tom needs his nourishment too," moaned Rita as she planted that juicy naked beaver on my face. "Oh, God, I love the feel of a scratchy beard against my pussy!" she screamed, grinding herself farther onto my expert tongue.

Jody, meanwhile, had just about licked all of the honey from my cock and balls and was fucking my ass hole with her tongue. Never in all of my nineteen years had I been in such ecstasy. Sensing almost telepathically that I was about to come, Jody grabbed Old Faithful and squeezed, cutting off the flow of semen even before it started. She then untied me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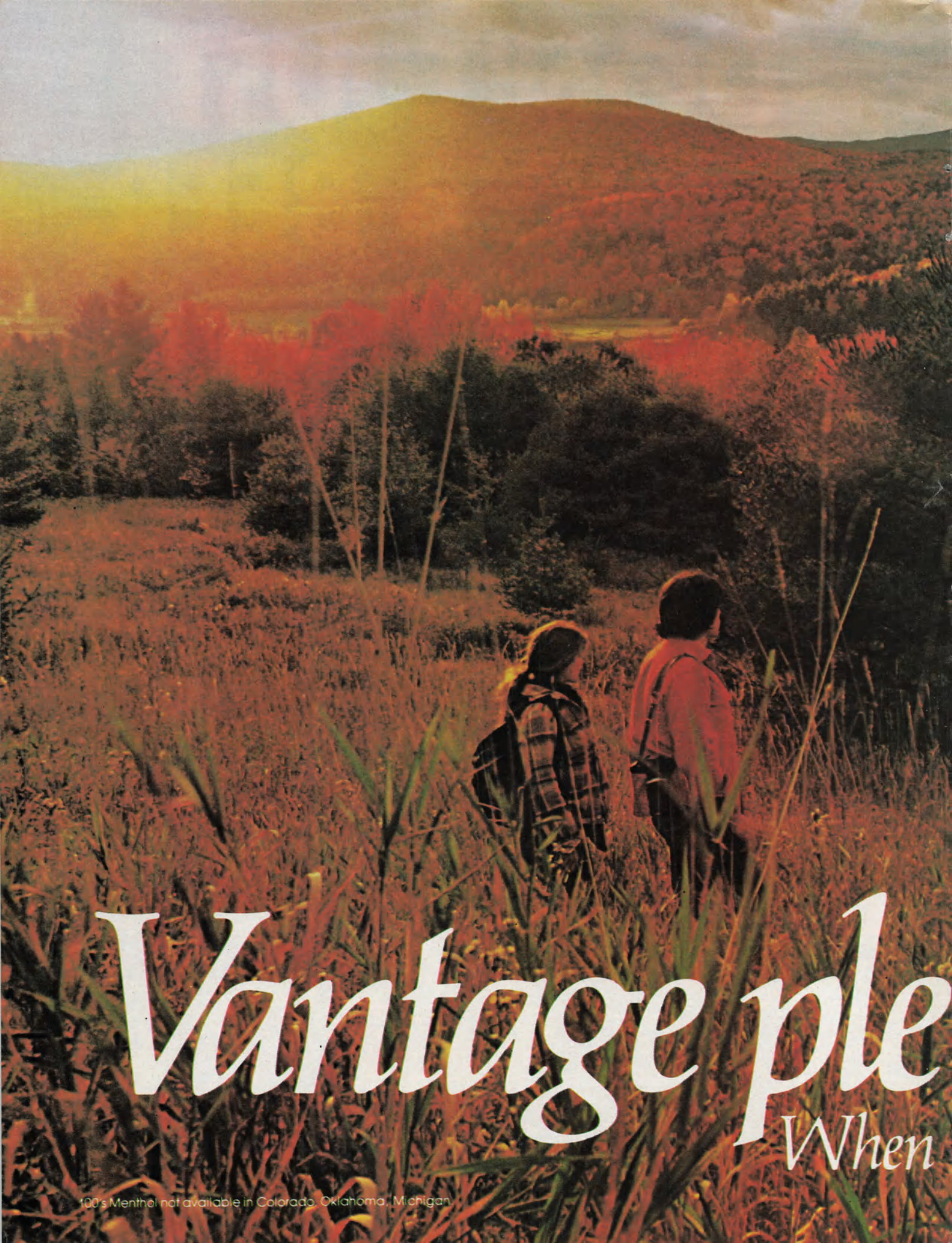

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and got down on her hands and knees.

"Fuck me like a dog, stud!" she breathed.

I needed no more coaxing than that. I put my cunt-banger against her sopping-wet bush, grabbed her bouncing breasts, and plunged in with all my strength. As I banged Jody, Rita used her tongue on her sister's clit and my balls while she fingered herself to orgasm after orgasm. After what seemed like hours, during which time Jody must have come ten times, she and I came together in an earth-shattering orgasm. When I pulled out, we were all happy to see that I was still hard, causing Rita to say, "Now be a good boy and shove that pecker up my ass." I quickly obliged.

Jody, meanwhile, had disappeared, but soon returned with a strap-on dildo (where she got it I'll never know). She put it on, slid under Rita and me, and shoved it into Rita's steaming cunt. After we all caught the rhythm, it was just a matter of time before we came together in an orgasm that put all others to shame.

Since then, we've fucked and sucked in every way imaginable. Did I say every way imaginable? Make that almost every way. Jody and Rita just walked in with nothing on but smiles and gleams in their eyes, and I've still got two weeks to go!—*Name and address withheld*

SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

I am a thirty-one-year-old, well-built, and, until now, very married woman who lives in Salt Lake City. It was an unusually rainy summer this year, and many times the windows in our ground-floor apartment were rain-speckled enough to somewhat limit visibility. I got a real kick out of running around the apartment nude with the drapes open these days just on the chance that some guy might walk by and get an eyeful.

One particular sunny afternoon, I spent an hour out by the complex pool trying to improve my suntan. My suit kept riding up in the crotch so that my pubic hair appeared. I was reading a *Forum* magazine and read how turned on a smooth pussy made some guys. The idea popped into my head to do just that—shave it!

In the apartment, between nude adjusting of the TV set (which was in the living room, drapes open; it was now raining outside), I proceeded to clip the major portion of my love bush, then shave. The process took much longer than I imagined, as I wanted a smooth, "un-nicked" pussy. As I shaved, I carefully held my vulva lips with my free hand to the opposite side to shave down in the crevices and back around my anus (I love a back-door finger, prick, vibrator—so I didn't want to leave anything unshaven!) Wow! I hadn't looked like this since I was twelve. My love lips were inexperienced then—now they protrude some around my clit. When turned on, my clit stands out between them like a mini-prick, which turns crimson red as I get hotter. Just a slight flick of this precious part for a minute or two usually brings me right off.

I had towels in the dryer in the laundry room, which is right across the hall and through a door. Thinking I should check on them, I pulled on a terry shorty romper. The crotch pulled up against my bare lips, really giving me a buzz. My prick-shaped vibrator, which was still on the nightstand in my bedroom, caught my attention, and I couldn't wait to feel it against my smoothness. Pulling the shorts to one side, I eased it completely inside by sitting down slowly on the bed. Then I pulled the crotch of the romper back into place, turned the vibrator to a medium speed, and proceeded to the laundry room. My towels were dry, so I bent to take them out of the dryer. As I bent over I felt the vibrator slip slightly and spread my outer lips. Then I realized, I was not alone. A young (twenty-two or so), tall, cowboy type I had never seen had come in to use the washers behind me. I went ahead, folding towels, barely acknowledging his presence. Before I realized what was happening, he had an arm around me cradling my breasts and the other hand at my rear—he had noticed the vibrator! He turned me around and kissed me deeply, his tongue finding mine, flicking it back and forth—and all the while he was slightly turning the object between my legs. He released his grip and moved to lock the laundry room door. In one more move, he lifted me onto a clothes dryer and pulled at the elastic that was holding up the romper. He stopped after baring my 36C tits and fingered my huge pink nipples. As he played with them, they got hard, and I begged him to suck, bite, and pinch them. He obliged nicely and wetness was now seeping between my legs through the romper. Noticing this, he pulled the romper off and stood back to admire a totally smooth body. His gaze never left my smooth but now engorged pussy lips. His hand ran over the outer lips softly and he pulled the vibrator out, laying it aside.

After he recovered slightly, he ripped at the buttons on his shirt, taking it off, and put my hands to the trophy belt buckle and the straining bulge below. By now his face was flushed, and as I unzipped his jeans, his engorged member sprang out with relief. By this time, I was shaking with desire. I fumbled with his bikini shorts and a gorgeous, uncircumcised prick emerged. He was turned on enough by now that the foreskin barely covered the red-purple head. My hand eagerly reached for the tip and I moved the skin back and forth, gasping at how his penis was reacting. He was pointing up toward my crotch, but I was so enthralled with his prick and how he popped out that I didn't want to stop. All this time, he was nursing at my nipples and using a well-trained thumb on my clit. As I played with the foreskin on his engorged member, he arched his back, saying, "Don't quit, please . . . I'm going to

have a runaway . . ." And *did* he! His prick spurted creamy, thick come for seconds as I aimed him at my bare pussy so he could rub it into my lips. He fell against me, allowing me to continue to fondle him as he became limp and the foreskin again covered his beautiful manliness.

When he recovered, he apologized for not waiting and started to pinch and bite at my eagerly awaiting nipples. My clit was still red-hot and waiting expectantly for its turn. He stood back and looked again in disbelief at my smoothness. My clit was peeking out hard and ready. He lowered his mouth and started sucking directly on my "mini-prick." The suction created by his mouth was more than I could bear and I wrapped my legs around his neck to keep him close. One hand was now pinching my nipples, the other found my back door and was easing in gently. All the while he was whispering to me to relax, saying that he wouldn't hurt me. I was in ecstasy by now and let him know I couldn't wait any longer. He quickly straightened to enter me, pulling me to the edge of the dryer. My legs then circled his waist, and I started moaning as I ground harder and harder against him. By now I was moaning as my orgasm coursed through my body, and I hardly heard him as he moaned again about another "runaway." We both clung to each other for several minutes. Then he backed up sheepishly and reached down for his jeans, which were down around his boots. "Gee, ma'am, you're the best lady bareback rider I've known," he said.

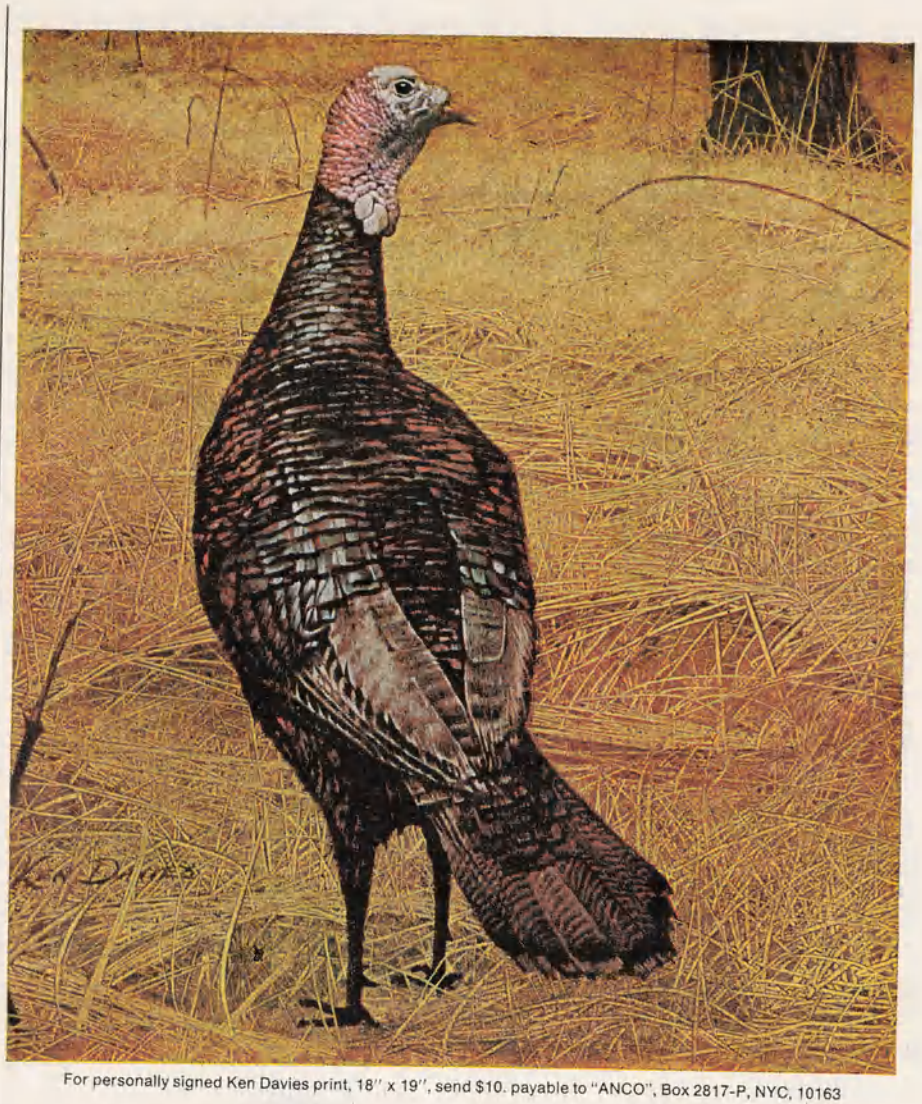
Luckily, before he left, we got better acquainted. He comes to the city to visit his friend upstairs every couple of months. He has my phone number and we have worked out a system for him to call so his visits can be arranged when my husband is out of town. One visit was even arranged when his friend was away and my husband was not. We used the upstairs apartment off and on all weekend. Knowing Hubby was within earshot was a real turn-on for me. Slipping around really does seem to be more fun, as the guys have known for a long time!

When I think of that gorgeous hunk of guy with the undisturbed foreskin, I nearly cream in my bikinis—anywhere! Let's hear it for the uncircumcised male in all his natural beauty! I'd like to know if other gals share my interest in males au naturel.—*Name and address withheld*

A ROUGH RIDE

I've just recently entered the ranks of that daring young breed of man known as the motorcycle rider. I bought my bike primarily as an economy measure because I planned to do a lot of traveling this summer, visiting friends in different states. I soon learned that economy is not the only benefit of riding a motorcycle.

I was sitting in the fraternity house where I'm staying this summer, and I was extremely bored with studying for summer school, so I hopped on my bike and



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cruised down to the local tavern/package store to get a case of brews so I could do some drinking with my buddy. I got the brews, and as I was carefully strapping them to the back of the bike I noticed a gorgeous, cocky-looking babe walk across the street and plant herself nearby. She said, "Nice bike. I'll bet you think you're bad riding around trying to impress the girls." I said, "Well, hop on back and I'll show you how bad I am." She decided to accept and strode confidently over, got on, and said, "All right. Thrill me. By the way, my name's Audrey. What's yours?" I immediately floored the bike and it did a wheelie because of the extra weight on the back. This greatly surprised me, but I made like it was nothing. I tore through the city streets, weaving in and out between cars, trying to scare the hell out of Audrey. But if she was scared I couldn't tell. I decided to head for my place, which was empty because my parents were away at the shore. I hit the freeway and accelerated, pushing my whole body back into hers.

I purposely picked this highway because it was grooved, and this causes my bike to vibrate a lot. I yelled back to Audrey to hang on and accelerated even further. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled her body close to mine. I became aware of her tits pressing my back and her crotch pushing right into my ass. She began to fidget a lot and I knew she had to be getting off. I playfully popped the throttle several times, accelerating on and off in spurts. Each time I did this, my body rocked back into hers. Even after I stopped doing this, I caught her pushing her pussy into me in anticipation of the next spurt of acceleration. She continued to rock her pussy on the seat but much less blatantly.

I leaned over and snuck a peek at her in the rearview mirror. I saw her eyes closed and her mouth open in an expression of pre-orgasmic pleasure. I said to myself, "Screw the cops, I'm getting this chick off," and accelerated up to 80. The vibrations immediately increased and I started to rock my ass into her snatch very noticeably. There was no hiding it now! She proceeded to fuck my ass at 80 mph. I knew she was building to a crescendo, so I increased my speed to 95. I felt fantastically alive with fear and passion as both our bodies were bathed in vibrations. I could feel my heart pumping madly, and adrenaline coursed through my veins. Suddenly, all hell broke loose in the backseat. She rammed one final stroke into me, and then I could hear her screams of pleasure even at this speed with the wind rushing past. Her body was pressed so tight to mine that I could feel the throbs of her orgasm.

As the last spasms of her ecstasy subsided, I immediately decelerated to a lawful speed—and a lucky thing, too, because just then I spotted a cop cruising on the opposite highway. She rested her head on the back of my shoulder, and I could feel her breathing heavily as I made the way to my house. After we made it into my driveway and got off the bike, she planted a soulful kiss on my lips and pushed her hand onto my cock, which became rock hard. We then proceeded into the house and had sex in a variety of imaginative ways all over the house. We even made love out back under the stars. This experience itself is worthy of another letter. Never in one night have I been brought to the brink so many times. The whole house had the sweet smell of her pussy juices.

Audrey and I have continued to see each other, but because of the police and the laws of the land, we haven't repeated our experience on the motorcycle. However, we have learned we don't need a cycle to make good, sweet love.—*Name and address withheld*

MAID FOR PLEASURE

My wife, Sonia, and I enjoy a unique lifestyle. Sonia is my slave and does whatever I order her to do without hesitation or questions. Although the fact that she is my slave is not exceptional in itself, I feel that the things I have her do are. I enjoy exposing Sonia to other men. I make her dress very sexily with nylons and garter belts, see-through blouses, etc. I also enjoy watching other men with her.

A few months ago I had a great idea. I bought Sonia a maid's outfit that consisted of white lace wrist cuffs, white lace tiara, white lace collar, white lace mini-apron, and black nylons and garter belt. That's it. No dress, no bra, no panties, just white lace, black nylons and garters, and her beautiful blond hair. Sonia is five-four, 110 pounds, 36-24-37, with a sexy walk that accentuates every asset. When she is clad in this outfit, the apron just barely covers her beautiful blond cunt hairs, but the slit of her pussy can be easily seen as she walks around. I told Sonia my plans in advance so that she could perform without any cues.

I called a swinging friend of mine in another city and asked him if he would like to host a stag poker party, and told him I would supply movies, etc. Dave said it sounded great, and the date was set. When the day arrived, I showed up about an hour early with Sonia and the films. Dave said he was surprised to see my wife with me, as he had not invited any other girls or wives. I told him Sonia had never been to a stag party and was turned on by the thought of it. She quickly added, "I'll serve drinks and munchies." Dave said okay, so we began to set up for the party.

About fifteen minutes before the guys were to arrive, Sonia slipped out of the room and into the bedroom to change. When she came out, Dave's eyes widened as he surveyed her lovely features. She was dressed in a long blue dress that had a very deeply cut front, which allowed a full view of her lovely tits whenever she

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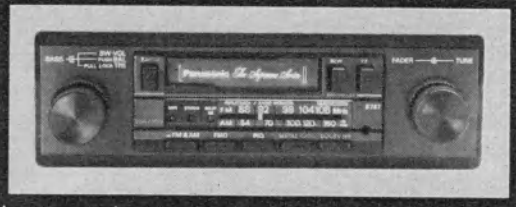

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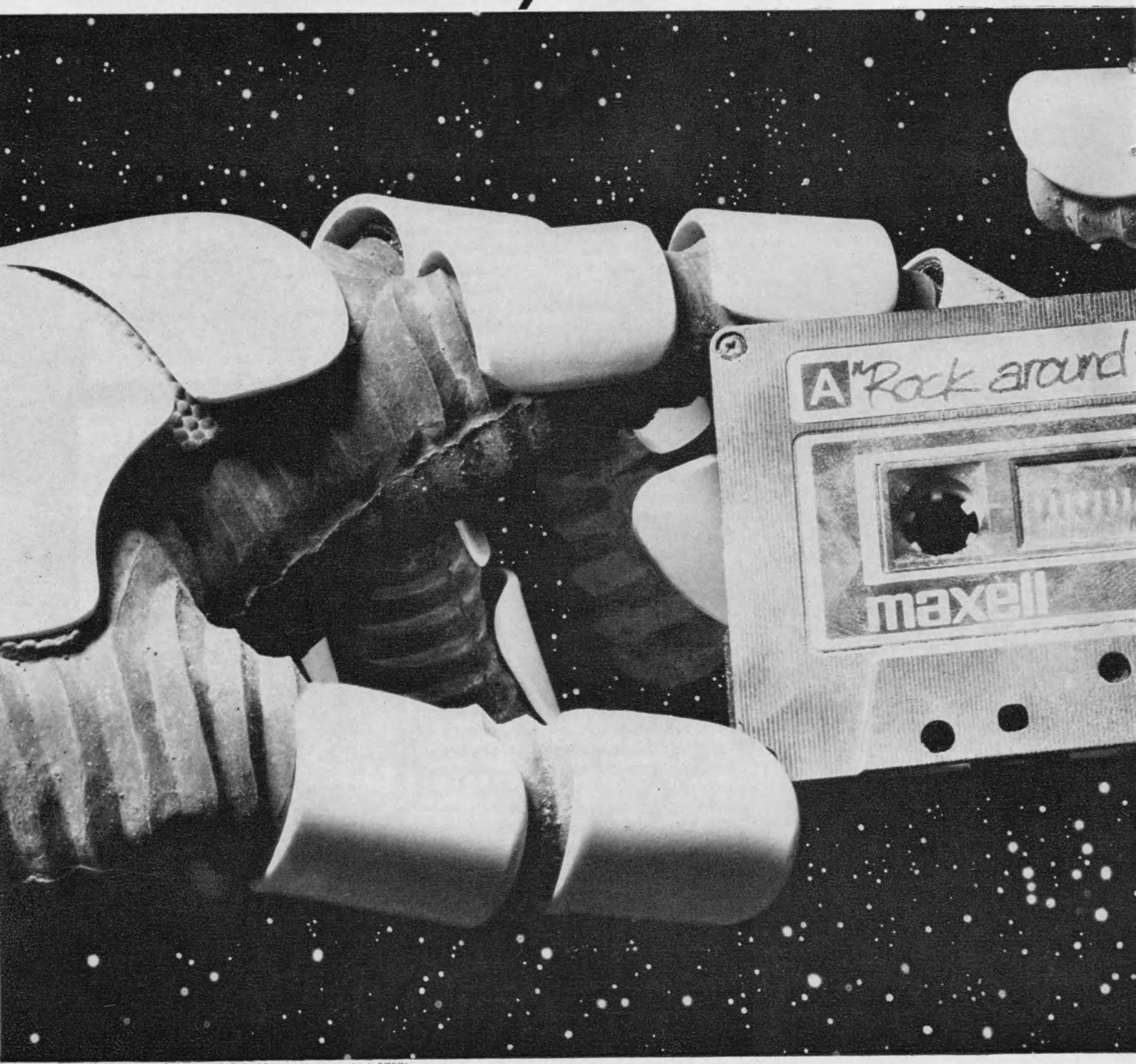

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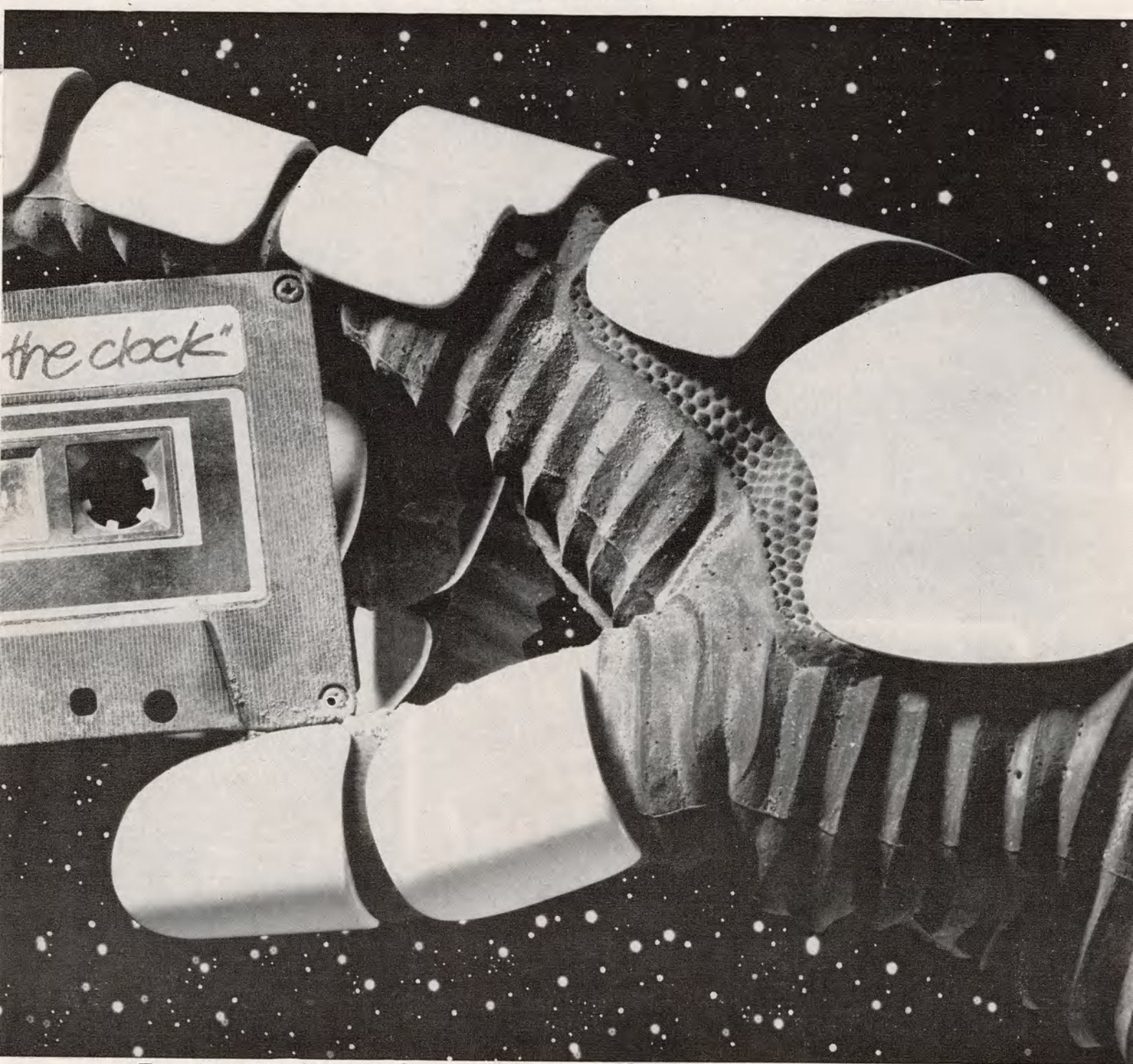

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turned to the right or left. As you may have guessed, I had previously given her orders to turn as much and as often as possible. The dress was slit up the sides to the point of showing about two inches of creamy white thighs above her nylon tops. Dave gave a whistling approval and commented that he was beginning to think this was going to be one super party. I told him I thought so too, and Sonia just flashed him one of her coy, seductive smiles.

Sonia made sure that as each guest arrived he would be given a full view of tits and legs as she walked past him or was introduced to him. When all ten guys had arrived, we lit a couple of joints and passed them around while Sonia flirted with everyone. She would allow them to stick their hand inside her dress and play with her tits for a minute or two, and then she would be off to flirt with someone else. Occasionally she would allow a hand to grab a quick feel of her bare pussy under her dress.

After about fifteen minutes of this, I suggested that we play some cards. I was definitely in the minority, as most of the guys wanted to play with Sonia instead. After assuring them that Sonia would be around all evening and that the evening would hold some nice surprises, they all began to take seats around the two tables. Sonia again slipped into the bedroom and emerged about five minutes later wearing the maid's outfit. Needless to say, everyone stopped playing cards as she reentered. She stopped in the middle of the room and said seductively, "Can I get anybody anything to drink?" Well, everybody started ordering drinks, and as Sonia bent over the table to serve them, one of the guys would invariably stroke or kiss her bare white tits. Her nipples were fully erect and hard from all of the nibbling and sucking, and it was apparent that she was really getting turned on by all of the attention.

Soon, fingers began finding their way up into her exposed pussy, and she would slowly grind and moan as they fingered her wet snatch. As she rotated on a finger, she would often reach down and unzip the guy's pants so as to stroke his naked cock. One of the guys got on his knees and buried his face in her cunt as she bent over the table to serve a drink. A few minutes later one of the guys began to shake a bottle of soda. He placed the bottle top into Sonia's pussy and let it squirt up into her. He then got on his knees behind her and drank the sweet fluid as it ran out of her luscious cunt. Sonia was really getting hot after about an hour of being finger-fucked and eaten by ten guys. She said she needed a little break and why didn't I set up the movies while she changed into some dry nylons. Off she went, to the disappointment of all.

I set up the projector in the front room and passed around a few more joints. Soon Sonia reentered the room, wearing the red and black camisole I had bought her some time ago, along with a red and black garter belt set and three-inch-high spikes. The camisole was laced together in front, but Sonia had it loose enough for her tits to be easily seen by all. When the film started, everybody was delighted to see that the star of the footage was none other than Sonia herself. It was a home-made movie that we had made about a year before. The film began with Sonia walking into the front room of our home wearing a blue suit with a sheer white blouse. She sat on the couch and picked up a copy of a skin magazine. As she surveyed the naked men in the magazine, she began to rub her tits and cunt through her clothes. As she continued to read she began to unbutton a button here, unzip a zipper there, etc., until she lay on the couch completely nude, finger-fucking herself to the beat of a song on the stereo. On the film, Sonia suddenly got up and left the room. As preplanned, she also got up from the couch in real life and left the room. This was no doubt a disappointment to the two guys who were eating her at the time.

As Sonia reentered the room on the film, she was carrying a small white box. Sonia reentered the room full of guys at about the same time, carrying the same box. She pulled a large six-by-four-foot coffee table into the center of the room and placed it right under the brightly lit screen. She lay down on the table and opened the box. From the box she removed five of her favorite dildos and vibrators and placed them on the floor beside the table. Sonia then proceeded to mimic the film, stroke for stroke. What a show! She was really getting hot as she masturbated in front of twelve guys. After about fifteen minutes of fucking herself almost into a frenzy, Sonia asked one of the guys to help her. As he approached the table she handed him a small mini-vibrator and told him to fuck her ass with it. She knew I'd love this. Lying on her back, she raised her legs straight up in the air so he could get at her small brown hole and so everyone could see him stick it in. She moaned loudly as he slowly slipped the small tool into her sweet little ass. As he began to move the vibrator in and out, she called four other guys over and gave one of them a twelve-inch lifelike rubber dick that not only vibrated but made circular motions as well. Sonia told him to fuck her pussy with it while the other guy continued to fuck her ass with the small one. She almost came as he shoved the large moving object into her wet cunt, but she managed to hold off. As soon as the two guys were stroking her ass and cunt in rhythmic strokes, she told the other three guys to take their pants off and stand around her head. One was to stand on her left, one on the right, and one right in front of her face. While gyrating to the double fuck, Sonia began to switch-suck the three guys in front. There she lay, in full view of all, being double-fucked while jacking off and sucking off three others.

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As the rest of the guys looked on, I noticed that most of them had their cocks out and were jacking off left and right. Within a few minutes the three guys were coming all over her face and tits as she bucked herself into a wild and gigantic orgasm. About three guys from the sidelines got up, came over, and shot their loads onto her shiny body and face. Sonia then got a footstool and placed it on the table. She kneeled on the table, bent over the stool with her ass facing the group, and said "Who wants to fuck my ass?" About half of the guys jumped up and started toward her. She settled the dispute by awarding her now stretched-open rear entrance to the guy who had loosened it up with the mini-vibe. As he mounted her from the rear, she signaled three more guys to stand in front of her as had the others. She then proceeded to switch-suck them like she had the others, and I grabbed the large circulating cock and shoved it hard into her dripping-wet pink pussy. She moaned with delight as I began to masturbate to the same beat, and within a few minutes we were all coming again in a giant mass orgasm.

After this round, Sonia said she needed some rest, so we passed around a few more joints and turned some rock on the stereo. About thirty minutes later one of the guys that had not yet sampled Sonia's sweet favors, came over to her, and began to French her deeply and strongly. Sonia responded by unzipping his pants and grabbing his cock. Within five minutes she was going at it hot and heavy again with four guys. By the end of the night everyone had been sucked off and fucked at least once, with some of us getting it many times.

We have since had two more similar parties in other towns, with other friends, and each one gets better. I am now looking forward to next month, when one of Sonia's girl friends will be joining us. They are going to put on a lesbian act for us as well as fuck everyone who shows up.—*Name and address withheld*

TWO ON ONE

I would like to share a first-time experience that my roommate and I had about a month ago.

Guy and I attend school in Ohio. We are both on the basketball team. We were out at a fraternity party this particular night. Not a very good one at that, so we decided to come back to our dorm. (Our dorm is *not* coed.) It was about 1:00 A.M., and Guy started watching television as I crawled into bed. We heard a knock, so I got up and answered it. (I had shorts on.) At the door stood one of the best-looking blondes I have ever seen. She was about five feet five inches, had green eyes, and was *well* built. Her name was Jessie. She was only a freshman, but could have easily passed for a junior. I had seen her before walking around campus but had never really talked to her. "Hi" was about the extent of our previous conversations.

Of course, I invited her in. Immediately I could tell she had been drinking, so I shut the door quickly so she wouldn't have any second thoughts. She said that she'd watched us out on the court and wanted to get to know us better. I wasn't sure what she meant by that, but I was dying to find out. By this time, Guy had torn himself from the television and had focused on the coming attraction—Jessie. I led her over to the love seat by the television and sat her down right between us. There was some small talk for about ten minutes, then Guy and I looked at each other as if to say, "Let's go." I started kissing her neck and nibbling on her ear as Guy was rubbing the inside of her thigh. We both had full erections by now, and they were clearly evident through our shorts. At that instant, Jessie reached down and started rubbing both of our cocks.

I got up for a second to make sure the door was locked, and at the same time I removed my shorts and unleashed my throbbing member. I looked back and Guy was rubbing her hot cunt while deeply Frenching her. I walked back, and my cock was right at their eye level. Without any hesitation, Jessie got up off the couch and started giving me some of the hardest sucking head I've ever had. Guy then got rid of his shorts and started to undress Jessie, exposing her already dripping, hot cunt.Guy quickly buried his face in her luscious love box, teasing her clit and then darting his tongue in and out of her. He brought her to a quick orgasm. (She must have come a gallon, because Guy was lapping her pussy like a dog drinks water.)

Guy lay down on the floor as Jessie removed her mouth from me and started giving him the vacuum treatment. She was on her knees bending over him, so I decided to take advantage. I mounted her doggie-style and rammed my rod in her; I was pumping like a racehorse. All three of us must have reached orgasm at relatively the same time, because some of the noises I heard there was no other excuse for!

Exhausted, Jessie lay on the floor. Guy obviously had some play in him, as he jumped on her and fucked her until she begged him to stop.

After that we fell asleep, and when we awoke, she was gone. That was our first experience at ménage à trois, and personally I hope it's not the last. I wonder if Jessie found out what she wanted to know.—*Name and address withheld*

GIRDLING HIS LOINS

Several letters that have appeared in *Penthouse* during the last few months have encouraged me to write of my fascination with ladies' lingerie. I am a twenty-six-year-old male living in a large southwestern town. I have been married for six years, but it has only been during the last two years that my wife has participated in

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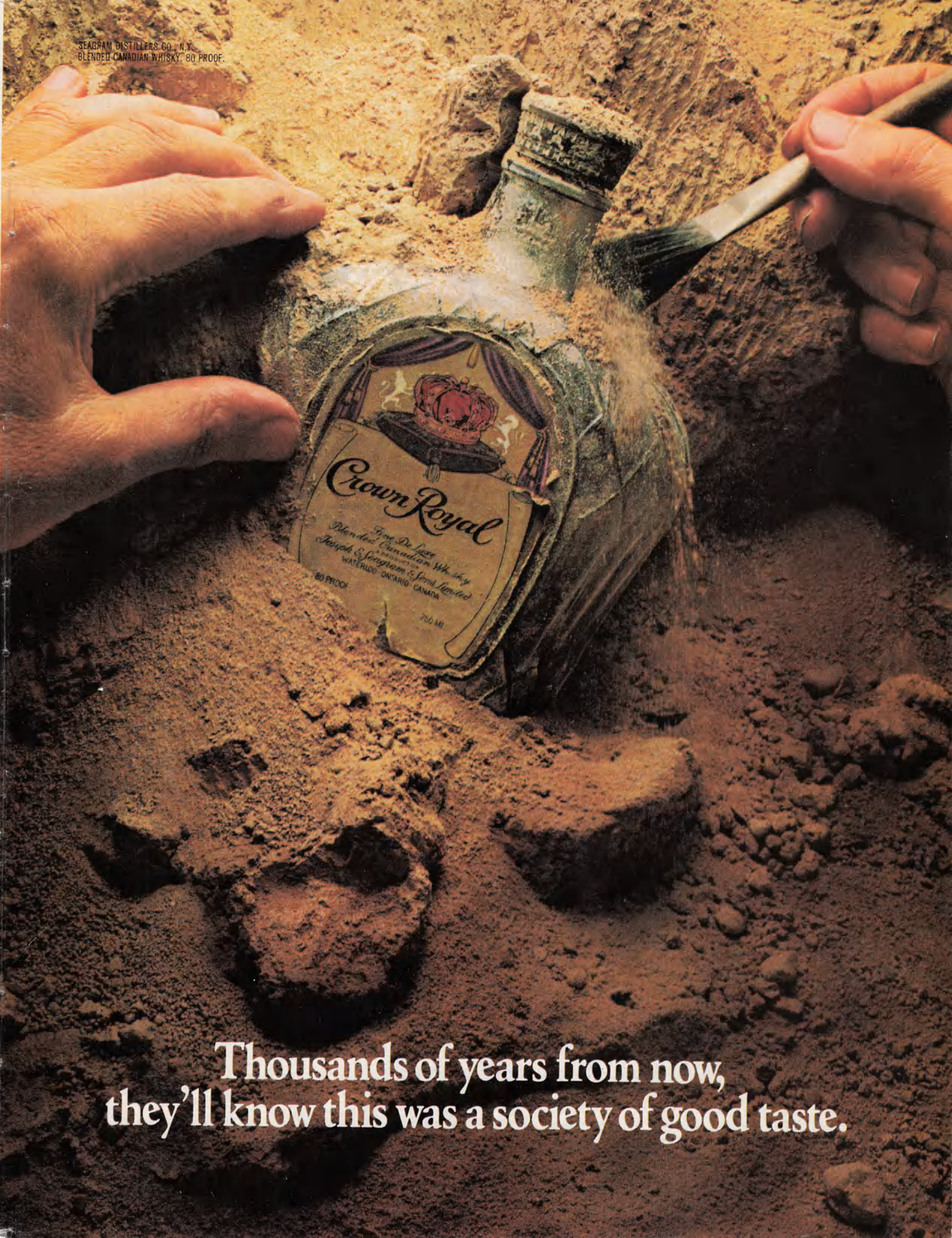
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this particular fetish of mine.

Prior to my wife's becoming involved, I would only dress up when she was out of the house shopping or doing something else. During those times I would put on her black garter belt, black nylons, and bra. I would then admire myself in front of our full-length mirror while stroking my eight-inch cock. The thrill of seeing myself in these clothes would soon bring me to a mind-shattering orgasm. At times I would also put these same garments on and then dress in my regular clothes and go out. At all times my cock would be rock hard, and it was hard to conceal the bulge in my pants. In order to alleviate this problem, I began to wear my wife's girdles, which kept my cock concealed.

About a year and a half ago I finally told my wife of my fetish, since I thought that dressing up and fucking my wife would add thrills to our fuck sessions. She did not seem to mind and even suggested that instead of wearing her lingerie I should purchase my own so we'd both have our own supply. I quickly obtained a catalog and purchased the clothes that I had always wanted. I did not tell my wife what I had selected, keeping her in suspense until I could present myself. I did use her garter belts, stockings, bras, girdles, panties, and nightgowns during our fucking until my clothes arrived. The first time I actually did dress up in her clothes, she became so excited that she stripped down while in the kitchen and made me fuck her on the floor.

My package finally did arrive. That night I took a long bath and proceeded to shave off all the hair on my legs as well as all my pubic hair. I then applied makeup and put on fingernail polish and a blond wig. Then I put on the size 38C artificial tits that I had received. Over that I put on a black lace bra that allowed the nipples to stick out. Then I put on the red and black garter belt and seamed black nylons. Over that I put on a pair of black crotchless panties. My cock, which was rock hard, stuck out of the hole in the panties.

When I walked into the bedroom, I found my wife wearing a black corset with black fishnet stockings. Obviously she had made her own purchase. Her large tits were sticking out the top and she was sucking on one of those luscious mounds while fingering her cunt. I got into the bed and began sucking on her other tit while she was bringing herself to a mind-blowing orgasm.

I quickly replaced her fingers with my mouth and began eating her out once again, bringing her to another orgasm. All in all, it was one wild night of fucking and sucking. It culminated in my wife's strapping on an eight-inch vibrator and fucking me in the ass.

Since that time we have experimented in many ways, usually involving me dressing up. Thanks to letters in *Penthouse*, I have now been required to wear women's lingerie all during the weekends. If we have someone over, I can wear my regular clothes but must keep my lingerie on underneath. When we are alone I must only wear a garter belt, nylons, and a bra. I am also required to wear a girdle, panties, and nylons under my regular clothing when I go to work. I must keep my legs, as well as have my pubic hair, shaved.

My collection of women's lingerie has continued to add up since my first purchase. I now have a collection of negligees, high heels, nylons, corsets, swimming suits, dresses, gloves, garter belts, and bras. My wife has purchased a number of vibrators and dildos to add to our enjoyment. She has also begun to explore the area of dominance, with me being the slave.—*Name and address withheld*

LONG-LOST COUSIN

This summer my cousin, who is about two years younger than me, and I became more than just kissing cousins. I hadn't seen Ava for almost a year, and had just about forgotten how good she looked. She is tall and slender, with beautifully long legs that lead up to a luscious ass you want to cup your hands around. Her tits are small but firm, and fit her just right.

We were just talking and drinking in my apartment one night. She sat in a big, fat chair opposite the couch I sat on. Ava ca-

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sually draped one long leg over the arm of the chair. I didn't notice at first, but that casual move pulled her shorts up her creamy inner thighs so several strands of her light-brown pubic hair were exposed to view. I was only wearing a pair of cutoffs, without underwear, and my cock started getting hard, with Ava's pussy hair teasing me.

"Would you put your leg down?" I asked.

"Why?" she said very coolly.

"Because I can see your pubic hair, and it's giving me a hard-on," I replied. "There's nothing wrong with that," Ava said with a smile. "Why don't you take your shorts off? I want to see your cock!"

You can believe I didn't hesitate! My cock strained against my cutoffs as I unzipped them and pulled them down. Ava just took a deep breath, which swelled her tits and hard nipples out at me, as she straightened up in the chair. I walked over to her very slowly until my cock was inches away from her sweet lips. I moved a little to just barely touch her lips with my cock, which was superhard. She opened her mouth and flicked it with her tongue, but I moved back before she could close her mouth around me. Her breathing was getting heavier as I took my cock in one hand and started rubbing it all over her face, over her eyes, her cheeks, her forehead, her chin, her lips. Ava started moaning softly as she closed her eyes to feel my cock dancing around her face.

"Now you can have it," I said as I moved my cock back to her mouth and started pushing past her glistening lips. She opened wide, and sucked my six inches in deep as she dug her fingernails into my ass. I ran my fingers through her thick brown hair, grabbed her head, and started pumping away into her face, mashing my pubic hair into her lips. I groaned deeply as I came and Ava clenched me tighter to swallow all my sticky come. She kept sucking a few more minutes as my cock went soft in her mouth.

I knelt down and kissed her, driving my tongue into her mouth and tasting my own come. I moved down from her mouth to her crotch, pulling her shorts and tiny yellow panties off in one move. At first I just rubbed my face in the brown patch of hair, absorbing her feminine perfume. Then I spread her legs, put one on each shoulder and dove in. I ate Ava for all I was worth, thrusting my tongue deep in her pussy and lapping up all her juices as they gushed out. Feeling her smooth, tanned thighs grip me tighter as she pushed my head deeper with her hands really turned me on. It almost felt as good as coming in her mouth when she started moaning and bucking her pussy into my face.

That was just the beginning of a long night of passion. Needless to say, I don't think of Ava as just a cousin anymore.—*Name and address withheld*

"Take thirty-two of these and sue me in the morning."

CENTER OF ATTENTION

I have been a "Penthouse Forum" fan for many years and would like to share with you and your readers an experience that I had many years ago while I was attending college. To this day, every time I think of this experience, I develop a tremendous erection. However, since the experience was also very embarrassing, up until now I have not had the courage to tell anyone about it, including my wife.

When I started college, I decided in advance to join one of the fraternities on campus, since other friends and relatives that had been to college sold me on the idea. Having attended several open-house orientations, I selected my preference and was happy to learn that I was accepted as a pledge. At least, I was happy until the night that I was to be initiated into the fraternity, when my sponsor told me that they had come up with a new form of initiation ceremony and that I was going to be the guinea pig!

When the time came, instead of my sponsor taking me to the fraternity house that I wished to belong to, he took me to one of the sorority houses instead, and after introducing me to the two girls that answered the door, he turned on his heels and left.

I was ushered into a large living room off the center entrance hall and was told to stand in the middle of the room. When the door was closed behind me, the room was in total darkness until a powerful desk lamp was turned on, spotlighting me in the center of the room. It took me a few seconds to adjust my eyes, and it was only then that I realized that I was surrounded by girls. Aside from some whispering, the room was silent—until one of the girls spoke from the darkness.

I was asked my name, where I came from, my planned major, hobbies, etc., which all led up to the final questions concerning my desire to be inducted as a member of the fraternity and my willingness to submit to the initiation rites that were required for my induction. With some apprehension, I responded in the affirmative and was told that my initiation would begin at once.

First, I was told to remove my clothing, and when I hesitated I was strongly advised that any hesitation or refusal to follow orders would be severely punished. I quickly glanced around the room and noticed that the girls that were closest to me were all equipped with large paddles, and the way their hands were gripping them indicated to me that they were just looking for an excuse to use them. So I quickly stripped down to my undershorts and stood there nervously, waiting for further instructions.

The next instruction was both physical and verbal. With what I am sure was all of the power that she could muster, one of the girls hit me squarely on the ass with her paddle, while another girl reminded me that I had been told to take off my clothing and that that meant all of my clothing!

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My first reaction was that they were only kidding and just trying to scare me—until I received another hard whack on my rear end. It quickly dawned on me that, whatever else was going to happen to me, I was going to be forced to stand in front of a roomful of girls stark naked. At that moment I remember being overwhelmed with a sense of both embarrassment and fear. But having no other choice, I stepped out of my undershorts but held them in front of me in a desperate attempt at modesty.

The third whack on my behind forced me to drop the shorts in a hurry and the fourth kept me from keeping my hand in front of me. Then I was told to put my hands on top of my head and turn slowly around the room. Next I was told to bend over and spread the cheeks of my ass and again turn slowly around the room, which I resisted doing only for a second until a fifth whack reminded me that I had no choice but to follow their orders.

Then I was told to circle the room, facing each girl in turn in the front row and presenting my genitals to her. I was given a small saucer that I had to place under my testicles before stepping in front of each girl, allowing them to pull, squeeze, and probe me as they pleased. It was during this part of the initation that I started to develop an erection, which further added to my embarrassment, as did the comments that had begun to come from various members of the audience. I didn't think it was possible for me to feel more humiliated but the worst was yet to come.

After each girl in the front row had finished with me, I was told to go back to the middle of the room and jerk off in time with a record that began playing on the record player. By now my penis was fully erect and, frankly, I was looking for some relief. But the thought of jerking myself off in front of all of these girls didn't appeal to me, so I told them that I couldn't do it. Even three more paddle whacks, which hurt so much they brought tears to my eyes, didn't change my mind, which prompted one of the girls to say that stronger measures were obviously in order.

The next thing I knew, I was grabbed from behind and held down on a large mattress face down in a spread-eagle position. A few seconds later I felt something being inserted into my rectum (it turned out to be a vibrator that, fortunately, had been well lubricated), which forced me to let out a deep groan. When the motor was turned on and the girl that was holding the vibrator kept kept pushing it in and out of my rectum, I began pumping my body into the bed in a wanton desire for sexual release.

When it was obvious to the girls that I was ready to come, they pulled me up off the mattress and watched with delight as my sperm spurted all over the mattress and the surrounding floor. I don't think that I ever had a more intense and long-lasting orgasm before or since, but just as I was letting out my last groan of ecstasy, my fellow fraternity brothers came back for me.—*Name and address withheld*

FREE SAMPLES

My lover told me that he had to leave town for a weekend. I pleaded with him not to go. I kept telling him that my cunt would never survive his absence, and he told me flatly that there were other ways to relieve and entertain my little pussy. He gave me an address of a little shop that he knew of and told me to go and find myself a big battery-operated bang!

I quickly decided to take him up on his suggestion, and, frankly, I was curious to find out if his "big bang theory" (as he called it) was true. The shop was located in a small, secluded area. I had never been in a place such as that and had never even held a vibrator to my clit before that day. I stood outside the shop door. My heart was beating fast (nerves, I thought), but it did not take long till my horny little hole won out.

The shop was quite large and I was soon surrounded by dildos, porno magazines, and other sensual splendors. On the far wall, next to the cash register, I spotted the vibrators.

I slowly headed toward the display case and soon realized that I was the only customer in the place. I glanced at the door, and suddenly the cashier stepped out of the back room. He was a man in his twenties with brown hair and eyes with a mustache to match. However, I soon found myself not looking at his face. The bulge in his pants was becoming quite noticeable. He smiled slyly, knowing all the time that I was looking at the throbbing cock in his pants—the bulge was growing every second.

He introduced himself as Ed, and I told him that I needed (not wanted) a vibrator. He gestured to me to meet him at the display case and pointed to the vibrators on the second shelf. I told him straight out that I had never used one before and that I would not know one from the other. He laughed as he bent down to open the case, quickly giving his prick a little squeeze. This movement really turned me on. He pulled out an eight-inch vibrator and began to tell me about it and how it works. As he began giving me details, I began to feel my own wetness creep down my thighs. What finished me off was when Ed turned on the vibrator and the fast-paced purring reached my ears and traveled down to my hungry cunt. I let out a little moan and then quickly covered my mouth. Too late! Ed had already begun to stare at me as he began to rub his stiff cock through his pants.

My moan obviously attracted attention, for another man came out of the back room and was quick to discover what was happening to Ed and me. The new man introduced himself as Lee and immediately reached down to the growing bulge in his own pants.

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I heard Ed tell Lee that I was here for a vibrator, yet had never used one. They quickly exchanged knowing glances, and Ed asked me if they could show me how in the back room. I shrieked "Yes!" because my little pussy was as hot as hell and needed something to fill her up good and fast!

All three of us were stripped naked by the time we reached the mattress in the back room. Ed began vibrating my throbbing clit as I took Lee's rock-hard prick in my mouth. The vibrator added a great tingle to my pulsating pussy. As Ed increased the speed on the vibrator, I began sucking Lee's cock harder and harder till I and he reached orgasm. Ed asked me if I was satisfied, knowing all the time that I would say I needed more. He quickly rammed his cock into my wanting pussy as I moaned with delight. Lee, in the meantime, seemed quite satisfied with my blowjob. He gently reached to my tits and began to squeeze my nipples.

I sucked Lee for ten more minutes until Ed shot his load in to my soaking vagina. Then Lee lay on his back and guided me onto his awaiting prick. Ed was recovering and began to separate the cheeks of my ass and placed the vibrator to my other hole. I felt for sure that I was in an erotic heaven and that I never wanted to return to where I came from.

Lee increased his screwing pace, and I was rammed harder than any man had ever banged me. My orgasmic rhythm increased Lee's and Ed's pleasure as Lee came into my pussy and Ed quickly split open my anal cheeks and shot his load.

My body felt as if it had emptied all my reservoir of juices. We lay there tangled up, body to body, as Ed began to softly taste the juice that was trickling down my thighs from my cunt. Tired, yet all satisfied, we soon dressed.

Lee and Ed both walked out to the front of the store and I thanked them both for the lesson on vibrators. They both asked me if I would return soon. I replied with a definite yes, knowing that after that day I would not be able to stay away. Ed placed my new vibrator in a bag and handed it to me. I reached for my purse, but Lee shook his head and smiled. I returned the smile and began to leave the store.

My lover had been right—there is such a thing as the big bang theory!—*Name and address withheld*

WELL-HEELED

My wife, Debbie, is 34-22-38, but she has not been fulfilling my needs lately. So one night I told her I had had enough. I decided to leave for the night. Little did I know this would be the best night of my life.

Later that evening, I was at my favorite bar when I saw my sister-in-law, Rose. I had never thought much of her until I saw her erect nipples on top of her 36-inch tits that night. I was very horny, so I decided to find out how great she was. I told her about the fight with my wife, and after I told her about my problem she said, "I can fulfill your needs."

We decided to check into a hotel. When we got there she quickly took off her pants and said, "I have been waiting for this for a long time. I heard you had a big cock. Why don't you show it off?" We met in a French kiss that was unbelievable. In seconds my hands were fondling her tits. She went straight to my cock after we broke our kiss and started teasing it with her tongue. Soon she took it all in, and with that I had a great orgasm.

Then I said, "Let me get into the action." First I slid one, two, then three fingers up her moist cunt. My thumb was up her ass and my tongue was sucking her nice tits. She kept begging me to fuck her after two of her own minor orgasms.

So, after teasing her long enough, I slid it in. She was fantastic! After about ten seconds of fucking, I grabbed one of her shoes off the table next to the bed. The heel was high and narrow. I worked it up her ass. Her moans of pleasure were telling me thank you. The rest of the night was spent fucking.

Now I see her at least three times a month and we do a great deal of shoe fucking. She has even done it to me. Now I know where I can go for a great fuck anytime.—*Name and address withheld*

CLOSE-KNIT

Last summer my parents decided to take in a boarder in order to fight inflation. My Aunt Patty was going through a bitter divorce and my mom asked her to move in with us. I had no idea that this was to be the start of the best sexual experience of my nineteen years. She moved into the bedroom across the hall from me.

Aunt Patty is nothing short of a knockout, with green eyes, long red hair, and a body that refuses to quit. A large, full bust (38C—I measured her myself), a slim waist of twenty-four inches, and nice, rounded cheeks (thirty-six inches) contribute to an exciting figure. A warm, outgoing personality tops her off nicely. She is quite a tease, and it has become part of her personality. She doesn't know when to stop, which is what started all the fireworks between us. We have always been close, and it never got to me until last summer. She liked to kiss me awake in the morning and then playfully nudge my morning erection. She would smile suggestively and say, "You better get that fixed." She would accidentally walk in on my showers or find a pretense to rub against me. At a family party she asked me to dance. She did a sensual bump and grind directed right at my groin. My erection was so painful that I could barely walk.

I guess we both knew that sooner or later something would happen between us. I didn't know whether or not she got aroused, but I knew that her actions were

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killing me. She could give me a hard-on at will. I decided to retaliate after overhearing a conversation she had with my mother.

Mom had warned her that her constant flirting could get her into trouble. Patty responded, "Sis, don't worry. I only fool around with Ed and he knows it. He hasn't complained yet and I like getting him steamed up. If he was older (she's twenty-eight), we could be having more fun."

I left the conversation then and decided to show her that age was no barrier. Every time she teased me, I used it as an excuse to do the same. Her showers and sleep were soon subject to frequent interruptions. She never knew what I would do next, but I had the feeling she liked it.

Finally, the day came when everything was perfect for the final exam. My parents left on a weekend trip and my sister went out with friends. I cooked an Italian dinner and served it out on our terrace, complete with wine, candlelight, and "Old Blue Eyes."

Aunt Pat marveled and we enjoyed a pleasant dinner. She wore a low-cut sundress and I was dying to see her tan lines. I asked her for a dance when Frankie sang a slow one. While dancing we realized that this would be no ordinary dinner and coffee arrangement. A light kiss turned into a deep French-tongue tango. We stood swaying and kissing until the record ended. I had made my point known and started clearing the table. "What's for dessert?" "You'll find out soon enough."

I quickly did the dishes and joined her on the terrace loveseat. I kissed her cheek and she snuggled next to me. I massaged her shoulders and she voiced her pleasure with a soft moan. I undid the buttons at the back of her sundress and eased the spaghetti straps off her shoulders. Aunt Patty protested, but I silenced her with a kiss. I muffled the ones that followed with more of the same. Her hard nipples pressed through her dress and burned at my chest.

I kissed my way down her neck and across the softness of her shoulders. She giggled as my lips danced down her front to explore her now bare breasts. Her nipples responded to my touch and she groaned as I nibbled and sucked on them. Auntie's full, firm tits seemed to yearn for my busy fingers. I licked, sucked, and prodded her breasts to even greater fullness. The feeling was incredible.

She was extremely aroused and her hands almost tore my shirt off. She responded by driving her tongue deep into my mouth and she aggressively fondled my growing erection. I pushed her hands away and pulled her down on the loveseat.

She took her dress off completely and pulled her panties down. I licked my way down her mound as she arched her back to meet my frontal assault. "Oh God, please eat me! Suck my clit!" she yelled, and pushed my face deep into her pussy. The heady aroma was overpowering as my tongue plunged deep into the hot wetness of her thighs. Her legs wrapped tightly around my neck, forcing me to probe even deeper. Her clit was rock hard and demanded some attention. With a shrill cry she climaxed again and again. Her love juices poured down and almost drowned me. I continued to lick and suck her to another powerful orgasm.

She collapsed against me and moaned her approval. "That was too good. You've got one talented mouth for a kid. I could get used to that type of attention." I picked her up, kissed her, and said, "You'd better, because there is more to come."

I carried her upstairs and laid her across my bed. I pulled my pants down and she intently watched my underpants come off. My cock stood at attention in a seven-inch, hard-as-concrete salute. I moved toward the bed and Aunt Pat quickly reached out and pulled my prick to her waiting mouth. She kneeled and began to lick and suck up and down its length. Her hands caressed my expanding balls.

"I can't believe how thick and heavy your cock is. I love giving head to you. Your cock is so nice and thick and hard." The rest of her comments were muffled by her incredible talent. She continued to explore my erection in ways I had never imagined. Her head bobbed up and down with her smooth sucking motion. She applied intense pressure with her throat muscles and her talented tongue brought me off in a massive gush of jism. She drank my come down easily and licked off the excess spurts.

I lay back as she continued to suck me back to hardness. "You're incredible, Aunt Patty." "Thanks—cocksucking is my favorite hobby and a learned art. You have got the best-tasting cock I have ever sucked." Feeling revived, I moved down her body with systematic kisses. My fingers probed her waiting vagina. She was a virtual lake of love juice. I dived in and began exploring the mysteries of her womanliness. "Jesus, you are so good for me. Suck me, baby... ah, ah, that's so good." She began to buck against my mouth and came in a torrent of juice that ran down her thighs.

Pat saw my erect need and drew me between her legs. "Ah, you have got to fuck me with that luscious cock. Now, baby—please, now!" I slid into her tight, wet bush in one thrust. Her legs wrapped around my neck for better, deeper penetration and she grabbed my ass to pull me even deeper. I was in her up to the base of my dick as we rocked together.

I drove deeply into her again and again. She was like a woman possessed and thrashed about the bed. My cock hung on for dear life. She calmed down and concentrated on the pleasure I was giving her. Her nails clawed my back and she bit my shoulders and neck. She climaxed with an outpouring of passionate kisses. She began screaming, "God, I love you! Fuck me,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222

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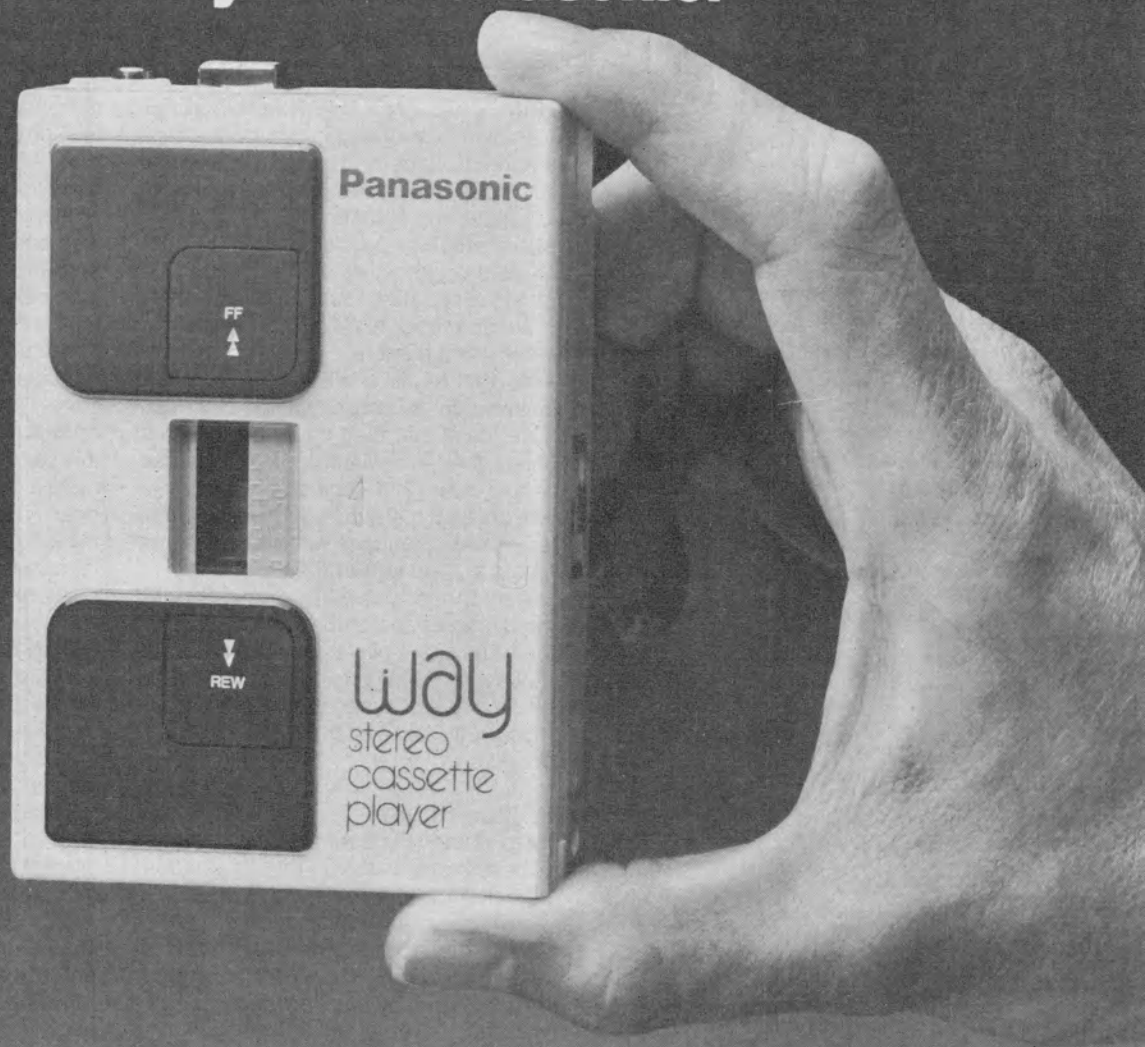

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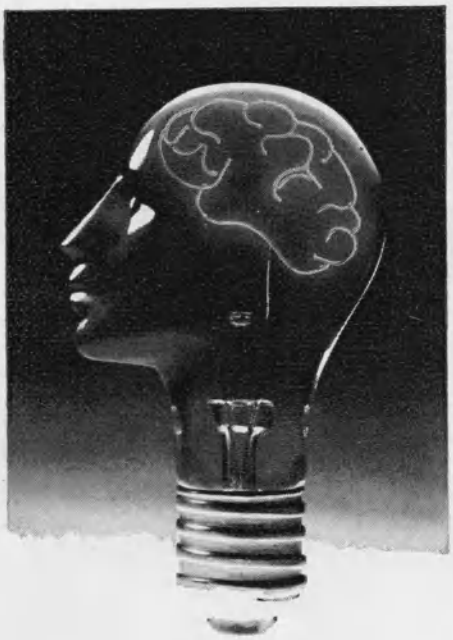

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

CHAMPIONS AND THEIR MANAGERS

As an avid boxing fan, I enjoyed the story on Angelo Dundee, "Lord of the Ring," in your April 1982 issue. But the article by Vic Ziegel and Dundee did not settle the issue of whether Dundee makes the fighters great or gets great fighters and is just part of their retinue. Personally, I feel that it is Dundee and his fight program that makes great fighters.

Though both Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard would be good fighters without Dundee, I do not think that they could be the great fighters they are without him. Of course, Dundee could not state this himself. But there are also many who think he would be just another manager without such great fighters as Leonard and Ali.

In all sports it is difficult to determine who deserves the credit for success, the managers or the players. But there can be no question that in boxing, if you have Angelo Dundee for a manager, you are going to go pretty far.—*Bob Bridgeman, Camden, N.J.*

Vic Ziegel replies:
Would Muhammad Ali and Ray Leonard be champions without Angelo Dundee? You betcha, and Angelo would agree. But if you had a young fighter, and you wanted the right man to move him along, find his opponents, bring him to the promoters' attention, Angelo would probably be that man. Many jockeys will tell you that some of their best rides resulted in second-place finishes. In other words, they performed a small miracle getting the horse to finish that close. I have a hunch Angelo would say that his best training and managing jobs were with fighters who never moved beyond eight-rounders, or who failed at a championship shot that only an Angelo Dundee could have maneuvered them into.

MIDWIFERY

I have enjoyed reading your series on the cancer scam, especially the latest article, "Warning: The American Cancer Society May be Hazardous to Your Health" (May 1982). If Allen Sonnenschein has finished his blast at "establishment medicine," from that perspective, maybe he'd like to expose the AMA and American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists' conspiracy to obliterate the freedom of choice in childbirth. Their first line of attack is the destruction of midwifery (one of the world's oldest professions) with restrictive legislation in most states.

To maintain their exclusive right to keep the bedsides of birth and death in hospitals, physicians are using their clout to arrest and jail nonlicensed home-birth practitioners, and to remove the licenses and hospital privileges of some of their own colleagues to put a stop to the home-birth movement.

In Texas, we midwives face the 1983 legislative session, with moderate grassroots support against the Texas Medical Association's powerful lobbying agencies. People should only know the safe record and good outcomes of midwives all over the world—in sharp contrast to the record of "modern, interventive obstetrics." This is another example of the free-thinking citizen's finding few allies when there are no millions to be made by the sheltered few.—*Name withheld*

MORE S & M READING

Your list in the August 1982 issue of the ten best S & M stories omits at least two that deserve to be included: *An Excess of Love* by Jac Lenders (Grove Press, 1968), in which an Englishman comes to love everything that his wife and her maid can offer him; and *The Whip Angels* by Selena Warfield (Olympia Press, 1955), in which a fourteen-year-old Victorian girl is corrupted by her visiting cousins from India. Both of the tales are written in the form of secret diaries. The latter work has been pirated from time to time under different titles.

Another work that might be accorded honorable mention is *Harriet Marwood, Governess* (Grove Press, 1967), written by a Canadian, John Glassco. The wealthy young Victorian hero of this epic is taken in hand (again at the age of fourteen; must be a dangerous age) by the heroine, who beats him unmercifully for several years before marrying him, after first taking the precautions of having him sign over his entire estate to her and having him vasectomized. That, no doubt, was the unkindest cut of all.—*D. A. Giffin, Kentville, Nova Scotia, Canada*

VIETNAM VETS

I am writing to you for the address of a person who wrote a letter to your "Feedback" column in your June 1982 issue. His name is John B. Dwyer. He is the editor of the *National Vietnam Veteran's Newsletter*. I have a brother still in Vietnam and would like to correspond with Mr. Dwyer about him.—*John D. Moore, Lebanon, Ohio*

Mr. Dwyer is the editor of Perimeter: The

National Vietnam Veteran's Newsletter. *The address is 430 Westbrook, Dayton, Ohio 45415.*—The Editors

BETRAYED AGAIN

In your April 1982 issue I read a letter entitled "Thrice Betrayed" from one of your readers who had read your article "Twice Betrayed" (October 1981) and was writing to tell you of his experience in the federal witness program. Boy, did it hit home base for me! After I was persuaded to turn state's evidence and also to set up a few organized-crime cocaine wholesalers, I was mistreated, abused, and never received the mental or drug treatment that I seriously needed and had been promised.

Let me turn back the hands of time so I can give you a complete picture of my experience. During the summer of 1980 I was living in Denver, Colo., which friends had described as the promised land. I needed to find a fresh start for myself and to climb over my mountain of emotional depression.

After four months of pure hell, I had felt stripped of faith, trust, and reality. I escaped into the hideous world of cocaine and Quaaludes. Because my new artificial reality felt so safe, my daily gram of cocaine and a Quaalude exploded within two months to a weekly ounce of cocaine and ten to twenty-five Quaaludes a week. This was a roller-coaster ride into a state of psychosis.

To pay for my expensive habits I started to associate with members of organized crime in Colorado, Arizona, and California. Within nine months I was used and turned into a robot until I had no choice about what I had to do. I was muling cocaine all over the Southwest, stealing luxury cars, burglarizing homes, working in prostitution, and even witnessed a cold-blooded murder and burial.

By March I really wanted out, so on March 15, 1981, I decided to commit suicide. Why? I could see only the blackest clouds on my horizon. Accompanied by two male friends from Tuscon, Ariz., I planned my last water-skiing trip to San Diego. I pumped all kinds of drugs and liquor into myself and my friends. I wanted my sense of balance to be deadly off.

I guess God was watching over me, because when I went underwater and started to drown, the hand of a stranger saved me and helped me get my act together. As I watched half of the Coast Guard and the Mission Bay Patrol out looking for me in the water, I decided to let the real me die and become a new person. I finally had my fresh start.

After I spent fifteen days hiding out and trying to tear down my wall of psychosis, organized crime finally found me in Santa Fe, N.M. I was told that if I didn't resume my responsibilities in my drug activities, they would kill my parents, brothers, and sister, living in northern Ohio. I was locked in with no way out until April 23, 1981. In Breckenridge, Colo., I was arrested with a stolen Mercedes and the drugs that I had tried to commit suicide with. While waiting for the computer to catch up with my past, I went for a walk through the police-station back door.

I ran for miles, trying to knock myself off my daily cloud of highs. I decided that the only way to stop running was to go back and face my past.

After giving myself up to the police I had run away from, I was easily persuaded to lay down my cards—all of my past actions and associations. I started to tell my story. In exchange, I was promised mental counseling, drug treatment, and the possibility of being placed into the Witness Security Program.

Five days after my arrest, I helped to recover over $1 million worth of stolen property from Tucson and Scottsdale, Ariz., put the final stop to the plans of kidnapping of a wealthy Scottsdale businesswoman, and revealed the whereabouts of an escaped con from an Arizona prison who was hiding in Denver. I broke up an interstate hot-car ring and exposed a few major cocaine wholesalers in Denver and Phoenix.

Because Breckenridge was a small protection agency, I was turned over to the Colorado Organized Crime Strike Force. The Strike Force used me, as they do a lot of people, as a stepping stone to bring glory to itself. One of the agents was feeding me drugs and returning drugs to me that I had turned in as evidence so that I could sell them and support myself. Also, I was ordered not to tell the Breckenridge P.D. about my treatment or I would be returned to jail. The agent was blaming the Breckenridge P.D. for a few security leaks.

I started to feel that I was pushing myself into more danger by working with the Strike Force. I could sense something was not kosher. I was telling the agents about other drug people being arrested and they told me that it was impossible. It was not.

After a month of my working efficiently to set up a key buy of cocaine and a ton of pot, and pointing out the area where a murdered person was buried, someone blew my cover, forcing me to run back into hiding. Someone from the Strike Force was working for organized crime, but who?

This time I ran back to Ohio, where I found some mental and drug treatment. My parents and I looked into my various programs and even asked a judge to commit me to a state mental hospital, only to hear excuses why I could not find the help I needed. After two months of endless tests and retests, I felt thoroughly abused. I stole another car. I went back to the lonely road to live in my personal world of hellish psychosis.

On a cold, black October night, a blackmailer came over to force me to steal my roommate's valuable art collection. Because I was too high to think straight, I could not stop the blackmailer from killing

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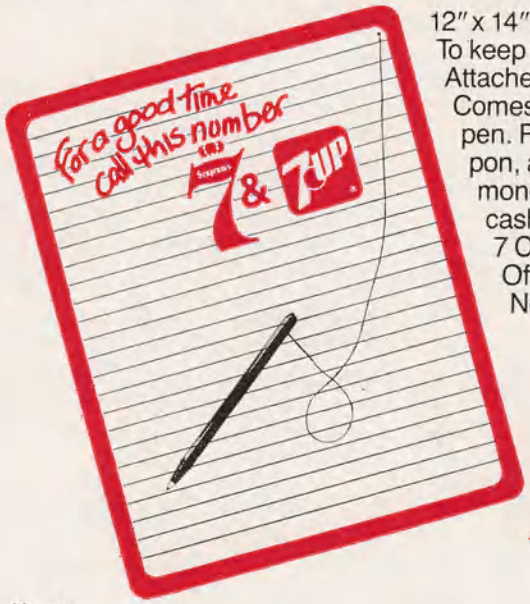

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my roommate and robbing his home.

My life could have been different, but I allowed myself to trust a few police departments with my life and the lives of others. I thought justice could triumph. Also, I believed they really wanted to help and aid me in my fight against my mental-health problems and my drug abuse. The reality of my case is that I was used and then thrown back to the lions of organized crime.

Who can we trust?

How many people will be used or even killed because they wanted to go straight?

How many tax dollars are being spent on protecting and aiding the bad guys?

How many weak people like me are being pushed into playing the middle man?—*Name withheld, Chesterfield, Mo.*

A READER'S SUGGESTION

I am a longtime *Penthouse* reader and think that your magazine is tops. In spite of my fondness for everything in your magazine, I think you could add one more thing. I am an avid admirer of the shaved female head. Why don't you ever publish a picture layout featuring one or more beautiful, bald women?

I have had this "thing" about bald women for as long as I can remember and have discovered over the last few years that many other men and women are as turned on as I am by the freshly shaved head of a lovely lady. *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* capitalized on this particular aspect of feminine appeal. Persis Khambatta was the epitome of femininity sans hair. Recently I saw a segment of television's "Real People" dealing with the shaving of women's heads, and I've even seen a magazine devoted entirely to this delightful fantasy.

I have recently told my wife of eight years about my fascination and have been gently persuading her into letting me shave her beautiful head. She is extremely excited and aroused by the thought but so far has not given me the go-ahead. I feel that if she saw some pictures in your magazine of some lovely bald women, then my unbelievable dream could come true.—*Name withheld*

IN GENERAL

Congratulations, *Penthouse*, for the excellent articles and revealing pictorials. I have been a fan of your magazine for the past decade. I have recently found myself reading them cover to cover every month. I wanted to commend you especially for an article in your March 1982 issue, "Gold Rush to the Stars," by Gary Hanauer. Thank you for leading the way in space exploration with such a fine article as this one.

The article on Jerry Lee Lewis by Nick Tosches, called "Hellfire," in that same issue was very enlightening also. I would like to read more articles in your magazine about musical celebrities. I think your other readers would also.—*Carl W. Goodwin, Milton, Fla.*

PET-OF-THE-YEAR VOTES

After buying the June 1982 Pet-of-the-Year Play-off issue and quickly thumbing through to view the contestants, I was shocked to see that Miss Sharon Axley was not among them. She definitely has to be the most beautiful woman ever to grace the pages of *Penthouse*, or any other magazine for that matter!

Please give me one more look at Sharon Axley, my vote for Pet of the Decade!—*Lawrence Allen Rumery, Redondo Beach, Calif.*

If we have a Pet-of-the-Decade contest, we'll be sure to include Miss Axley! In the meantime, here is one more look, above.—The Editors

I would like to cast my vote for Pet of the Year for Miss Kristen Knutson. She is definitely the best-looking and most beautiful lady I have ever seen! All of your readers are very lucky to have seen such a woman (and we would love to see more of her!) grace the pages of their favorite magazine. Her June photo in the 1982 *Penthouse* Calendar is very sexy! I don't think I will change the month displayed for the rest of the year! For that matter, maybe *never*! Thanks for a dream come true.—*Michael E. Young, U.S.C.G., Yap, West Caroline Islands*

In my thirty-seven years as a disc jockey from coast to coast, I have been around some of the most beautiful women in the world. I am a Libra who can spot natural beauty right away. I must say I find myself breathless after seeing Tara Johnson, the woman in your May 1982 issue. Words cannot describe the way her beauty turns me on. On a scale of one to ten, she is an eleven! Or more! You can count this letter as a vote for her for Pet of the Year.

When I do go to Hawaii, I'll be sure to do a lot of hitchhiking, because my fantasy is to get a ride with a fox like Tara . . . and the rest can't be printed.—*Thomas Hudson, Jessup, Md.*

A LIFE SAVED

I read Mrs. Ardith Berger's letter, "You Saved My Daughter's Life," in your April 1982 magazine. I found it extremely touching. I know what she must have gone through because I'm an emergency medical technician and I know how a chemical imbalance can mess up a person's health. People like Mrs. Berger should be applauded for letting such a difficult and personal problem be known to a wide audience.—*Jeffrey L. Greene, Old Forge, N.Y.*

"FEEDBACK" DIALOGUE

This letter is in response to a "Feedback" letter from "B.V.D., Amsterdam, Holland," published in the September 1981 issue of *Penthouse*. I personally agreed with 75 percent of the letter; however, there are some points upon which we disagree.

If we're firing on targets in West Germany, it shows that Europe cannot defend its own property. And if NATO fires 268 nuclear weapons into West Germany, there must have been an enormous overkill ratio or a lot of trigger-happy generals with taxpayers' money to spend.

As to Holland's being filled with tulips, wooden shoes, Dutch dates, and windmills, isn't it fair to assume that a nation must defend itself to preserve its freedom and prosperity? I would like to ask you, then, why are more than one third of the U.S.A.'s combat troops in Europe? I believe that Europe cannot adequately protect herself without Mother U.S.A. being in the area. If the United States removed all deterrent forces and weapons in Great Britain, West Germany, France, and the countries that depend on the U.S. for defense, I can reasonably say that our unfriendly nations to the east will have more satellite countries from which to reap growth and prosperity. However, if Europe continues in its efforts to print negative news about the United States of America, the possibility exists that all deterrent forces will be withdrawn, and Europe will get a firsthand look at the anxieties that we here in the West face about the East.

If you think we cannot pull out, remember who has the massive grain stockpiles. Most wars are fought over food or economic aid. The U.S. can shift from making cars and buses to making jet aircraft, tanks, and military hardware faster than European countries can negotiate for and receive the Western world's help. The U.S. will never ask the Netherlands for defense help.—*Terrell W. Steinert, PO3c, U.S. Navy, F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.*

I agree with Clay Ambrose from Eddyville, Ky., in his statement published in *Penthouse* "Feedback," July 1982, concerning court-appointed attorneys. The attorneys are all underpaid and just don't

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Lowest brand less than 0.01 mg. tar. 0.002 mg. nic.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

give a hoot if the client walks or swings.

I am serving a life sentence at Ohio Chillico the Correctional Institution for the shooting death of my cousin. The shooting occurred at a wild drinking party where my cousin grabbed for a cocked and loaded gun that had been placed on a mantle. I was a little faster, and as I grabbed the gun from the mantle, it exploded due to a malfunctioning spring.

If I had had the money to pay for a good attorney to represent me, I would have proved that the incident was a result of my effort at self-protection and I would never have come to prison.—*J. Lee Fisher, # 146439, Chillicothe, Ohio*

I would like to respond to an exchange in your July 1982 issue between reader Ralph Ruark and writer Ernest Volkman ("The Selling of America," April 1982). In his letter, Mr. Ruark makes the very important point that "Arab dollars flowing into our economy [are] not only beneficial but necessary for ensuring the growth of our country." Mr. Volkman, in his reply, dismisses this as "brainless economics." Now this is a very curious response indeed. Economists agree on few things, but they are almost all agreed that direct foreign investment benefits the receiving country. Pure economic theory predicts this. Empirical studies demonstrate this. It is Mr. Volkman who has the odd idea here. Mr. Ruark's opinion is held by most economists.

The more the Arabs invest here, the more they will have at stake here. Their own self-interest will incline them to wish us well. And our own self-interest should incline us to take their petro-dollars. Foreign investment in the U.S. results in faster growth, lower unemployment, and lower prices. (Incidentally, encouraging foreign investment is one of only a few policies that a government can pursue that will reduce *both* domestic employment and inflation.) It also results in a higher standard of living.—*Michael Shields, Plymouth, Mich.*

I may not be perfect, but I do know bad propaganda when I see it, and I've recently seen two of the worst examples of it in my life in your magazine. Two of your "Feedback" letter writers go so far beyond the simple bending of the truth that I must ask them a couple of questions.

The first is for Mr. Ralph Ruark, who contributed his opinion on America's Middle East policy in the July 1982 "Feedback." After reading your letter, Mr. Ruark, I just have to ask you: what planet are you living on? Your world is a hell of a lot different from our world down here. So you have Jewish conspirators who are trying to stop beneficial Arab dollars from entering America? Pity. It's not at all like that in our world! Here, the majority of Arab nations are ruled by leaders who want mainly two things: power and money. And they will use their oil to blackmail almost the entire world to fulfill those two ends. For example, a couple of years ago, our prime minister, Joe Clark, wanted to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. But our Arab friends didn't like that idea and told us so. Their reply to Clark was basically as follows: "Try it, Joe baby, and no oil for you." In our world, Mr. Ruark, that is called blackmail.

The majority of Arabs are fanatically religious here and they will war with each other or with other people; they will riot, mob, scream, and kill, all in the name of Allah. At mass demonstrations they chant and scream out very "unfriendly" threats to America and her friends. Among their favorites are "Death to America!" and "Perish, Judea!" And whom do they blame for the recent war still raging in Lebanon? Not the PLO, but the United States. Such loyalty gets me right there, Mr. Ruark.

When it comes to finding allies, Mr. Ruark, America can do a lot better than that. Because, you see, these same Arab countries are almost all allied with the Soviet Union (with a few exceptions). They receive arms from Mother Russia so that they can achieve their self-proclaimed, God-given right to drive every Jew in Palestine into the sea and destroy the State of Israel.

And concerning Israel itself, it just happens to be the only ally America has in the entire Middle East. It is the only Middle Eastern country that has any of the following: a democratic government with elected representatives (in the Knesset); a socialist-minded government that really tries to look after the people of the country with securities and government projects; a system where political opposition is not brutally suppressed; freedom of press and of speech; and freedom to leave the country and live elsewhere if so desired. In contrast to this, almost every Arab nation is ruled by a religious figure or a despot who wants total control of Arabia; thus they are all insanely jealous and distrustful of each other. The only Arab country that this doesn't apply to is Egypt, but that is only because they have seen the light. Egypt has accepted the fact that Israel has a right to exist, does exist, and will continue to exist. Too bad you can't do the same, Mr. Ruark.

I address my second group of questions to Dr. Jerry Falwell. I saw his show for the first time the other day. Featured was President Reagan, who was preaching on the virtues of religion. He was spewing out a lot of Mr. Falwell's type of righteous garbage, and Mr. Falwell was smiling and nodding a lot in agreement with everything he said. Falwell looked ecstatic when Mr. Reagan promised to bring the issue of voluntary prayer in American classrooms before Congress again. Falwell backed Mr. Reagan with the information that although the Supreme Court of America had "thrown out" God from the

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American classrooms twenty years earlier, at least 75 percent of Americans favored having "voluntary" prayer returned to their children's educations. If such a vast majority of Americans really do favor their children praying, let me ask you this question, Mr. Falwell: why is it necessary to frantically reinstitute praying in class when all these people seem perfectly willing to pray anyway? People can pray anytime, anywhere. What does it matter where you pray—church, home, work, the doghouse—as long as you have faith and believe? Salvation comes through believing, Mr. Falwell, not through forcing people to pray. You think that religious freedom means allowing people to believe and act just as you do. Well, you're not fooling me, Mr. Falwell, nor many of my fellow "immoral" Canadians. And we don't really think you fool the *real* majority of Americans.

Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*!—*Darrien Thomeus, Entwistle, Alberta, Canada*

A READER CORRECTS

"Scenes" in the April 1982 issue mentions that "no fewer than five of our present states were formed by secession," and proceeds to mention some of them.

Actually, there were more than five. Many, many more. Colorado was part of Kansas until 1876; until then, when one posted a letter in Denver, it received a Denver, Kans., postmark. Alabama was part of Mississippi Territory until 1817. Arizona was New Mexico until 1912. Both Dakotas were Minnesota until 1861. Idaho was built from Dakota, Nebraska, and Washington. Illinois was Indiana until 1809. Kentucky was made out of part of Virginia. Maine was Massachusetts until 1820. Michigan also came from Indiana in 1837. Minnesota itself was Iowa until 1849. Missouri was Louisiana until 1812. Montana broke away from Idaho in 1864. Nevada was Utah until 1861. Vermont was claimed by both New York and New Hampshire until becoming a state by itself. Washington was part of Oregon until 1853. Wisconsin was part of Michigan until 1836, and Wyoming was built in 1868 from Dakota, Idaho, and Utah. Dubuque, without moving, was at different times in three different states.

Michigan and Ohio even came to the point of war, early in the last century, when Ohio seized a port on Lake Erie called Manhattan, annexed the strip of land at the head of the lake, and changed the name of Manhattan, Mich., to Toledo, Ohio.

Who knows all this? Ask any philatelist who is also a postal historian. Letters from most of these places with postmarks showing their former location are worth big money to collectors.—*Herman Herst, Jr., Boca Raton, Fla.*

COMPLIMENTS FOR THE LADIES

Never, ever in my life have I seen perfection until I saw Tara Johnson in your May 1982 issue. She is, without a doubt, the most beautiful woman in the world. Why she wasn't Pet of the Month I'll never know.

I have this thing about faces, and seeing hers genuinely shocked me. Seeing her was almost hard to take—because, I guess, I've been floating around in the middle of the Indian Ocean for months on end.

Please tell her that she really has no need to worry; only an absolute ass would love her for her money.

And tell her to add another stripe to her lipstick case; she has definitely stolen this sailor's heart.—*Ivan Cajiao, STG-3, U.S. Navy, F.P.O. New York*

Of all the mouth-watering, cock-stiffening girls you have ever portrayed, Cami, in the July 1982 issue, is the ultimate star. For lonely sailors far from home, while our ship is in drydock, she makes the world seem brighter, for sure. Her eyes, her blond hair, her big tits, her ass—everything is perfect. But the many shots of her fingering her curly cunt are beyond belief in provoking those good old lustful feelings. And the pair of pictures on page 114—close-up views of her beautiful pussy and its puckered lips, framed by the tops of those lacy stockings and purple garters—are just heaven. Please give our congratulations to photographer John Copeland and especially to Cami herself. She makes all our dreams seem possible.

What pictures, what a girl, what a cunt!—*Jake and Phil, U.S.S.* O'Callahan

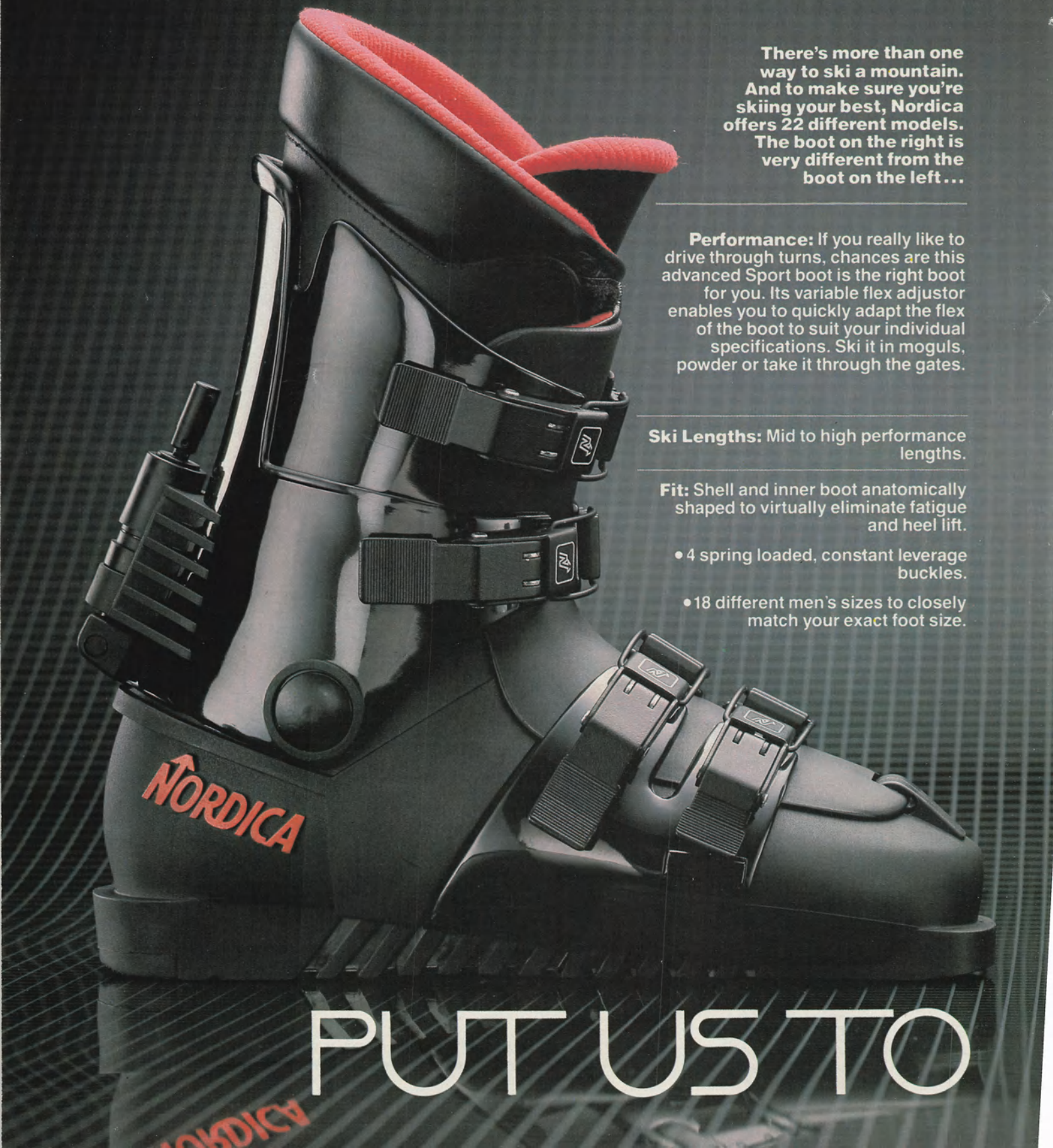
A MAN ON WOMEN

I read the article by Shere Hite in your May 1982 issue—"What Men Don't Know About Women"—and felt I had to write because the article made me rethink a few of my own ideas on the subject. I haven't come up with a real solution to the problem of the elusive female orgasm, and I really don't think that there is any complete solution that can be fully implemented in only one or two generations. I do think that there is at least one temporary "fix" that it might be worthwhile for couples to consider.

When I got divorced, at twenty-four, one of the many things that I had to face was my lack of effectiveness as a lover, and another was that my ex-wife had not been able to do anything to help me become more effective. For the first part, I realized that I didn't really know why I couldn't help her have an orgasm. I'd like to emphasize the word "help," because I don't think it's possible to force a woman to have an orgasm unless she is willing to have one. I read somewhere that clitoral stimulation would not necessarily cause an orgasm every time but would give a much better chance of one in almost all cases, so I began to try to find positions that would maximize stimulation during actual intercourse and had a little success, but not consis-

"The fame is nice and the money is good, but most of all I like being able to scratch my nuts while thirty million people watch."

VFX VS



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THE TEST.

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tently enough to suit me. I don't think that I'm rare in wanting to return pleasure for the pleasure I receive from a woman.

Next, I realized that there are women who, mainly for anatomical reasons, cannot receive effective clitoral stimulation during intercourse in most of the common positions. I don't like the idea of separating my satisfaction from her satisfaction, but I've begun to accept that it may be necessary in some cases.

My first conclusion is that it is much easier for a woman to have an orgasm when she is both mentally and physically comfortable with the method used to help her along. I really don't believe that the conditions necessary for this comfort occur nearly as often as most men think. Communication, verbal and nonverbal, is the key here. Second, we men must keep in mind that a woman may not feel she can give a truthful assessment of his performance. We must let women show us and tell us what we need to do to ensure maximum pleasure.

Anyway, I hope that all the lovely females out there can keep in mind that we're on their side and are trying to the best of our abilities and knowledge to provide them with the thing they seem to have so little trouble giving us: nice, satisfying orgasms.—*Morgan P. Haynes, Rolla, Mo.*

CHEERS FOR "MOANS & GROANS"

I'd like to make some comments about your "Moans and Graons" letters from the supporters of Jerry Falwell. I noticed that all the letters you printed from them in the June 1982 issue are from Los Angeles except one from Culver City, which, I found out from my road atlas, is a suburb of L.A. And all the letters say the same thing in practically the same words. That certainly makes it definite that the people who wrote them were writing what somebody told them to write. They probably all go to the same church, which has a minister who is a member of the Moral Majority, and I'll bet that they wrote just what he told them to write.

They like to quote the Bible, so let me give some Bible verse for them. Matthew 7:15–16: "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits." In my opinion, that's a perfect description of Jerry Falwell.

Also, if Falwell's followers have such a high opinion of God, why do they object and call it "filthy" when *Penthouse* shows attractive young ladies the way God made them, which is *nude*?—*Name withheld*

The letters by Falwell's followers in "Moans and Groans" have been amazing. They can't spell or even compose their own letters, which were obviously slightly modified versions of the same sample protest. That's typical of their unwholesome diet: canned protest, canned prayers, canned ethics, canned religion.

They don't even understand their precious Bible. It is merchants like Falwell that Christ had in mind when he kicked the Faith peddlers out of the Temple of religion. Every day they curse the Devil for quoting Scripture and appearing as an Angle of Light—never realizing that that is precisely what they themselves are doing! Lucky for them that they are blind, for truly, were they to see the fruits of their faith, they would vomit hot blood. However, in time, like all God's enemies, they will Fall . . . well!—*Charles Beaudry, Ontario, Canada*

I am writing to express how much I enjoy your magazine. I am a twenty-one-year-old bisexual married woman. I believe that when you really get down to the nature of things, there is good and there is evil. And what you are doing is *great*! I congratulate you on the printing of stories about such controversial issues and the people who represent them. You also unabashedly publish the letters of those who oppose you in your "Feedback" column. What has prompted me to write is the letters from the people who support Jerry Falwell ("Moans and Groans," April 1982). These people say they pray for you, but in reality they only wish for your downfall and that of people who believe differently than they do. Talk about communism! You and I know they aren't going to make converts out of us, but we all must beware or before we know it they will have voted themselves into control of our government. What will happen to our religious freedom then?—*J. Marie, Seattle, Wash.*

I thoroughly enjoy the letters that you have been printing from the Falwell supporters. It's amazing that so many of Falwell's supporters have taken the time and effort to prove that they are nothing but illiterate and unintelligent fools. It's also amazing that these people feel that they have the right to impose censorship on the television networks and on magazines and newspapers. The Constitution guarantees the right of free speech. Of course, the Falwell people have that right, too. But let's keep it that way. Thank you, *Penthouse*, and keep up the excellent work.—*Jeff Hedrington, Milwaukee, Wis.*

I want to thank you for publishing some of the most rib-tickling humor to be found anywhere. I am, of course, referring to the hate mail that you have been receiving from the brainwashed followers of Jerry Falwell and his Amoral Inferiority, published under the very fitting heading of "Moans and Groans." I have literally pissed on myself laughing at these grotesque tirades in the name of God. It's hard to believe that such truly anal personalities as the authors of these letters actually exist in this day and age. Simply stated, it must have been awful painful for the lot of them to have spent their entire

"Relax and trust your feelings, Howard!"

lives sitting on their brains.—*David Smith, Hollywood, Calif.*

I just read the hate mail you received from supporters of the not-so-reverent Jerry Falwell. I would like to present some of my views concerning these matters.

First of all, let me explain why abortion is not murder. The reason is that life comes from soul, which preempts physical existence and continues after the physical death. Soul, which is the individual spark or piece of God, does not enter the body until after birth. The human person or body is simply a temple that soul occupies temporarily for a period of around seventy years or until it has outlived its usefulness. Then, according to that soul's stage of spiritual development, it either is born again in the physical or stays in the astral to work its way up to the world of God or Soul. Now, soul does not enter the body until after birth, just as we humans would not move into a house while it is still under construction. Therefore, it is not murder if a woman decides not to give birth and care, feed, and raise a child and see it into the world if she does not wish to take on that tremendous responsibility.

Another point made in the fanatical letters was that you would be burning in hell if you did not repent and follow the same path that these people are on. All religious teachers throughout history, from Buddha, Krishna, Muhammad, and Zoroaster to Christ, never intended to start a systematic religious belief with dogmatic dos and don'ts. It may be hard to believe, but the fact is that all of Christianity, with all its countless denominations and millions of followers and believers, is all wrong. The difference that one man dying 2,000 years ago in the Middle East can make is actually infinitesimal. It is one of the biggest delusions ever perpetrated and willingly carried on by mankind on the true nature of God. God does not care about physical reality. God is pure spirit, pure soul. He is so impersonal that he cannot be approached at the human level of consciousness, not even in thought. And the idea, which one letter writer suggested, that we stamp out pornography "with the power of God" behind us is truly ridiculous, because God is life, and the idea of Him taking sides in human disputes is just an example of how little these people truly understand the laws that govern all of life's activities. For example, the law of cause and effect. This law states that all actions, even mental ones, will have an equal and opposite reaction. As long as these people give out hate and repression, they will feel hated and repressed themselves. If they try to limit freedom, they will be setting themselves up for a psychic cage themselves.

And one more thing. If this is printed and read by you non-freedom-loving Moral Majority people, don't you dare pray for me, because that is a flagrant invasion of my rights of independence and privacy.—*Fabio Mir, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Lipstick has been my fetish as long as I can remember. A woman could have a perfectly made-up face but if she isn't wearing any lipstick the rest doesn't matter. It's a bright, shiny pair of red lips that sets off the whole face. I travel a lot for work, and nothing turns me on faster when I'm driving than the thought of stopping at a red light beside a beautiful girl who is busy staring in the mirror and carefully applying a bright, creamy shade of red on her lips.

Once, at a favorite club of mine, I was wandering around through the crowd and noticed a very cute girl sitting at a table with three other girls. She was dressed in silver Spandex pants, a black lacy top, and high, black spiked heels. As I walked by I noticed her fumbling through her purse and saw her pull out a little silver tube that could be only one thing. I positioned myself behind her so as to get a good glimpse of her applying it. She used one of those lighted mirrors, so I really got a good view of her applying a dark shade of red to her full, pouty lips. But that wasn't the end of the show, because she took out another tube of roll-on gloss and generously rolled on a slick coat of shine. Her lips looked so perfect that I thought I would come in my tight jeans. I kept my eye on that table all night long until all four girls got up to dance. I casually walked by and picked up her empty glass and took it to the men's room with me. I sat down on the toilet and concentrated on the crimson ring on the glass. I jerked off as I fantasized about her kissing me and sucking my cock with those perfect lips of hers. Just as I was about to come I licked the rim of the glass with my lips and tongue. The creamy feel and strawberrylike taste was too much for me to handle, and I blew my hot load into the toilet bowl.

I have my own personal stash of lipsticks and glosses, some of which I keep at home and some that I keep hidden in the car. If I'm traveling alone at night, sometimes I will put on one of my favorite shades while I drive and smoke a cigarette or drink a beer. You see, I even love the sight of a lipstick mark on a beer can or cigarette butt. Although I'm not gay or bisexual at all, the smell and creamy feel of lipstick on my own lips is a real turn-on. I usually last only a few minutes like this before I shoot my wad into my handkerchief or pants.

Fortunately, my wife knows and approves of this fetish and is always ready to please me. Often when we go shopping, she will deliberately stop at the makeup counter at a department store to try on a new shade for me. Usually I get so hot that I can't even make it home and she winds up blowing me or jacking me off on the way.

One day, shortly after we were married, my wife met me at the door as I came home from work. She was wearing only a black nightie, black seamed stockings, a garter belt, and shiny, black spiked high heels. Her shoulder-length hair was perfectly set and was pulled back on one side behind the ear. You could get a good side view of her face. She used a purplish blush, light-blue eye shadow, dark mascara, and a shiny, dark shade of lipstick that made my heart start pumping faster. She looked like a hooker as she put her face right up to mine and said in a real sexy voice, "Like the shade? I bought it today just for you." With that, she undid my pants, pulled out my cock, and started to fondle it. She then ordered me to take off all my clothes and lie on the couch. After I did this she started licking and teasing my now fully erect cock with those full, red shiny lips of hers. She expertly licked up and down the underside and all around the head before finally

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engulfing it. I thought I was in heaven as I watched my cock disappear into her mouth. She could fit only half of it into her mouth but used her hands to handle the rest. I grabbed her head and started to fuck her in the mouth as I concentrated on her hands and the long, red fingernails stroking my dick and her beautiful mouth smearing that red lipstick all over the head and shaft. I shot a load bigger than ever and could not believe that she swallowed it all. After that she came up and kissed me full on the lips, smearing what was left of her lipstick all over my lips. We spent the rest of that night (and many others) in bed in what turned out to be one of the most memorable nights of our marriage.

My question to you is, Do you think this type of fetish is harmful? Sometimes this drive is so strong it's all I can do to stop myself from running up and kissing a complete stranger who is wearing lipstick. How do you think I developed a desire such as this? What other fetishes can you enjoy at shopping malls, while driving, at parties, at work, or anywhere?—R. D.

You have nothing to worry about, especially since your wife fully participates in your lipstick fantasies. To a lesser degree, most men are lipstick fetishists, otherwise the business of lipsticks and nail-polish manufacturing wouldn't be booming the way it is. It's lucky you are not into bald women, as they are much harder to find than women blessed with a great set of lips. My own man, for instance, once complimented me on how well I looked when I thought I looked rather plain. He prefers an almost totally un-made-up face—just a bit of mascara and a natural suntan. I, however, as well as millions of other women, find it a kind of a turn-on to put on that makeup and see what reaction we get when we have finished doing our face. Luckily my man loves waking up next to me as much as going out with me. Some women without makeup in the morning tend to look ghastly and piggyish. What's your opinion about wigs and false eyelashes, for that matter? What some men find totally revolting in a woman's appearance may be incredibly erotic to others.

WHEN PASSION DIES . . .

I am a twenty-year-old female. My husband and I have been married for almost two years, but have been having sex for almost four years. My husband used to tell me how beautiful I was all the time. But after six months of marriage I became pregnant, and after that our sex life went downhill.

Now I have stretch marks on my outer and inner thighs and a few on my ass. I try to get as much sun as possible and stand in front of a sunlamp when I can, but it doesn't seem to help. I used to wear a bikini and I want to now, but I can't because of the stretch marks. I love my husband and I want to keep him happy. But when I tell him that I want him, he says that it is too much trouble and that he definitely won't eat me.

My main question is, What can I do to get back into a bikini and get my husband back in bed and again, in love with me and my body?—H.W.

If you really think he loves you, and if you can afford plastic surgery, go to a good plastic surgeon. Stretch marks can be removed and breasts can be either lifted or enlarged. Exercises can be done afterward to get the rest of your body in shape. At your tender age of twenty, your body should still be in reasonable shape. The above operations should be done when you have decided to stop having children.

You should also try to make your husband realize that it is not just your child that caused those stretch marks, but also *his* child. He should be more reasonable than to drop you like a hot potato.

If it all gets too unbearable, why not look for a more understanding lover who appreciates you fully? Your husband cannot get mad at your wanting some love and affection from someone else if he can't provide it.

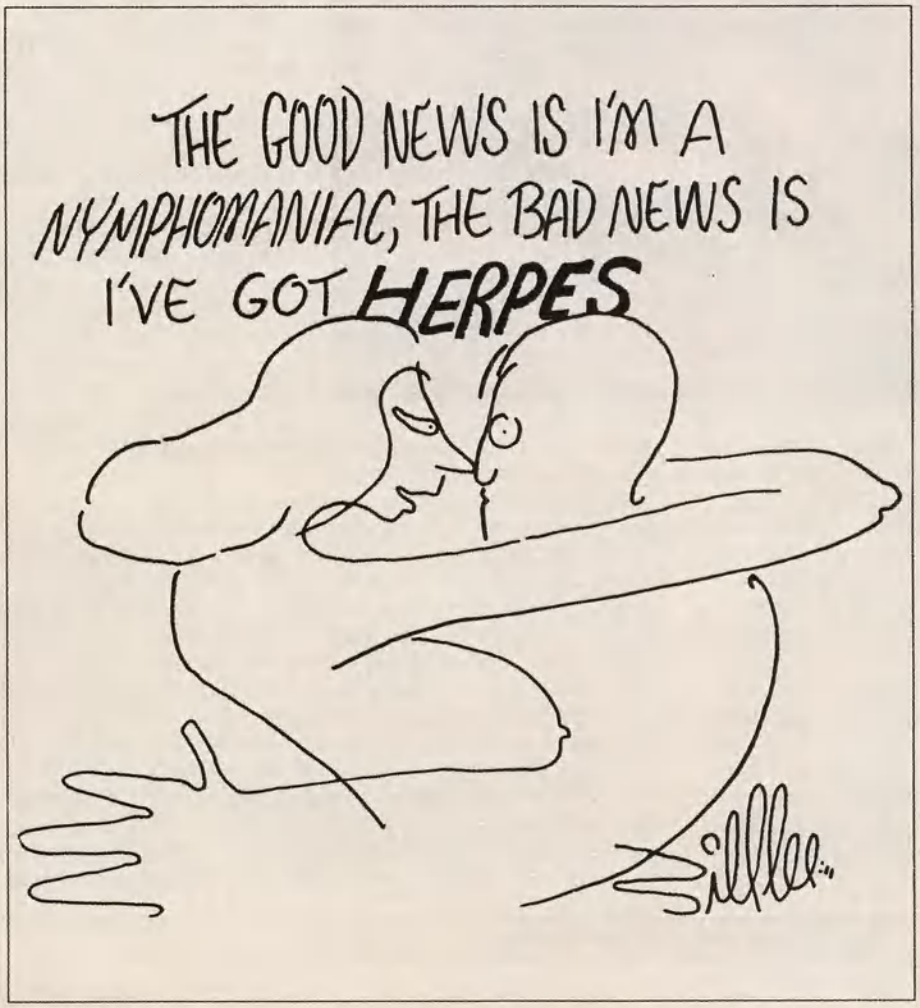
GREEK FREAK

For the past couple of years, a handsome young Greek has lived next door. I watched him on weekends when he was in the yard and admired his tall, Adonis-like body. We often talked about his experiences when we passed each other on the street. There was always a sparkle of warmth between us. Today, he moved away to another part of the country. Just after my husband left for work I heard a soft knock on the door. It was him.

"You're leaving," I said, walking right into his arms. "And I won't be able to watch you out in the yard every weekend." "Yes," he said, and held me, "and I've been going crazy for a year wanting to hold you like this."

He began kissing me, open-mouthed—my ears, my eyes, my neck. So much taller, he was pulling me off the floor so I could look into those gorgeous blue eyes, crowned by long, dark wavy hair. As he pulled me up on his body, I felt the penis firm in his jeans. Next, he dropped to his knees, removed my blouse and bra without preliminaries—just his broken words about my beauty, my home, his desire, with his mouth upon my breasts.

We were in the bedroom and his penis was strong. How often does a fifty-year-old woman have a thirty-two-year-old Greek Adonis at her feet, or cunt? He was removing my clothes with my help. The dark hair was thick upon his belly. He was an open-eyed lover. My breasts welcomed his mouth and I helped him insert that fantastic prick. He came much too soon and then he was gone, after explaining that his friend was waiting out in the car and the trailer was loaded with every stick of his furniture.



As I write this it sounds more like fantasy than reality. But I am a shapely, healthy woman for my age. Younger men do sometimes confess to desiring me. I just have trouble believing in myself. But as the Greek said, it's the crazy things we don't forget.—F. L.

It's great when fantasies come true, in this case your getting to fuck your great Greek before he left town. You should, however, forget about the age difference between the two of you. Obviously, it wasn't on his mind. Even if it was, it only enhanced the situation, right? Many men find women who are several years older very provocative. Maybe they think they are more experienced. Who knows? I've had several wonderful fucks with men half my age. I enjoy their stamina and their open-mindedness. They are also extremely eager to please.

DIPSTICK MEASURES UP

I am a gas-station attendant in Canada. At this job you get a variety of young women seeking automotive aid. I was working the graveyard shift one Saturday night this past fall when an old, beat-up car pulled up to the pumps. It was an unusually slow night, so I was enthusiastic to greet my customer. Since ours is a company that stresses service, I was going to give this one the full treatment. To my surprise, she had the same thing in mind.

She was a mature woman, about forty-three, with short red hair and a noticeable amount of freckles. She wanted her car filled, and after putting the nozzle in the tank I headed to do her windshield. I don't usually look into the car, but this time I did and saw this woman relieving her sexual frustrations behind the wheel. Quickly gathering my composure, I asked her if I could check her oil. She looked deeply into my eyes and said her oil was fine but she could be "lubed." Since I wasn't very experienced at this sort of thing I wasn't quite sure what to do. She quickly suggested that since it was a slow night we could become comfortable in the garage.

I shut the station down for the night and opened the large door so she could drive in. She put the front seat all the way up and opened the back door for me. She was obviously experienced at this sort of thing, and that made me feel a bit weak-kneed. I also felt that I was underendowed.

Coaxing me into the car, Edna began to remove my clothes as well as her own. Before I realized it, I felt a warm wetness engulfing my organ. My head was spinning when she began to yell profanities. "Eat me, you stud! Fill my hole with your fat tongue, and lick me, lick me, lick me!" As I managed to get myself out from underneath her, she informed me that she was ready for porking. It was at this time that I told her that this had gone far enough. She replied that she preferred technique over size. I wanted her but it was hard to overcome my fear. You see, in a fully erect state my penis barely measures four inches in length and not more than one and a half inches around.

Do you think the next woman I meet will be as understanding about my size as Edna was, or do you think that I should invest in a penis enlarger? Also, do you believe that these devices actually work? I told my fellow employees this story but they just laughed it off.—S. H.

A lot of men are really hung up about the size of their cocks. They view it as a "measure" of their sexual prowess. This is actually a terrible fallacy, since most women are not nearly so concerned with the size of the penis. As your customer friend told you, it's all in the technique. Learn to be a master at your oral and manual lovemaking.

One evening, on the French Riviera, I was feeling very horny and went to a little café next to my hotel where I had seen an absolutely gorgeous bartender a few nights before. I stuck around till closing, and, well, as it turned out we ended up on the beach in a huge lounge chair. His talented tongue and magical fingers had me in ecstasy. If only he had not apologized for his minuscule cock. I was so caught up in the sensuality of the moment—the stars, the waves hitting the beach, and his wonderful caressing—I never would have no-

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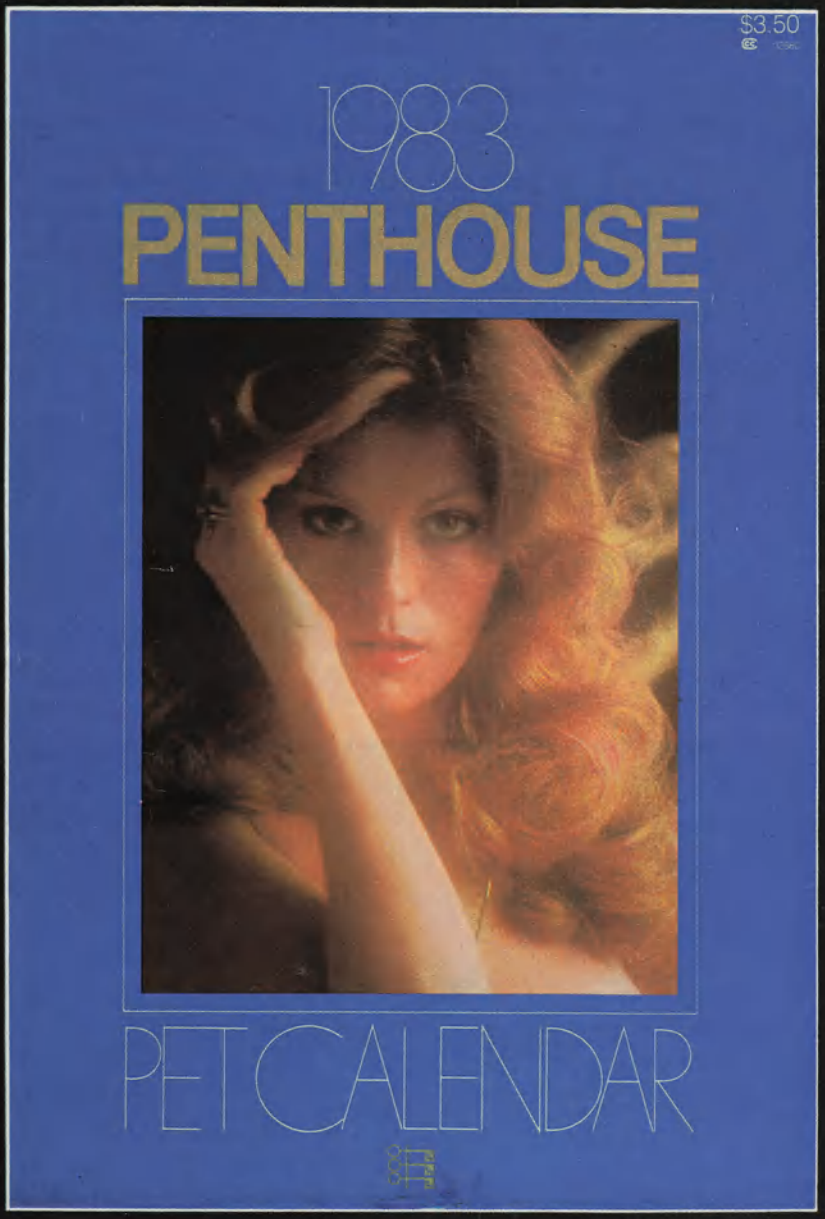

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ticed the size of his cock. When he put it in me, he worked it so that his cock rubbed my clitoris. I thought I'd die! Some men with big cocks forget all about the clitoris. Mistake! This guy, though, knew what he was doing.

THE PASSIONATE STRANGER

I am a marine, a young marine, in my first overseas assignment. I am stationed near the Caribbean, in a Central American country. I'm very nice-looking and I'm also in good shape. All through high school I never had problems with girls. I practically screwed my brains out my senior year. So I decided that when I joined the marines I'd slow down, but being where I am now, that's impossible.

Latin American girls are great. They love to party and have sex. Last weekend I went to a party on the beach, and as soon as I arrived I noticed this beautiful girl with long, black hair looking at me. I went down to the water to watch the sunset and I felt someone's hand touch my shoulder. I turned around and there she was, the finest body I think I've ever seen. She introduced herself and handed me a bottle of rum. We really couldn't hold a conversation because she spoke Spanish and very little English.

We drank some rum and she pointed down the beach. I guessed she wanted to get away from the party. It was low tide, so we walked onto an island close to the beach. As we were walking she took off her top and stopped to remove her bottoms. Her breasts were perfectly round and her nipples were dark brown. We stopped at the edge of the island and she turned and smiled. I suddenly noticed that my penis was sticking out of the top of my shorts, but before I had time to look back up she had them off. She kissed me and knelt down and grabbed my penis, stuck it in her mouth, and began almost sucking the skin off. I exploded before I could get to her cunt. She took it all and was trying to get more.

I laid her head on my penis as I moved around so I could lick her pussy. I licked up and down her small, tight twat, and after a minute or two she simply couldn't stand it. She rolled over and pulled me on top. I had trouble getting into her small, muscular, soft hole, but feeling my steaming-hot head against her lips made her come as I slowly entered. She let out a beautiful moan and started kissing me wildly. As I pulled out she tightened up. It was so great that I wanted to stay in her all night. We rolled over, and after I exploded again she took control. I looked up to see the moon shining off her body, glistening with the sweat of our passion.

We walked back to the party, finishing the last of the rum. As we got to the beach she said, "Adios, marine!" and disappeared into the crowd.

This was just one night out of many. I worry sometimes if screwing this much can make me sterile before my time. But with my body and looks, and being a ma-

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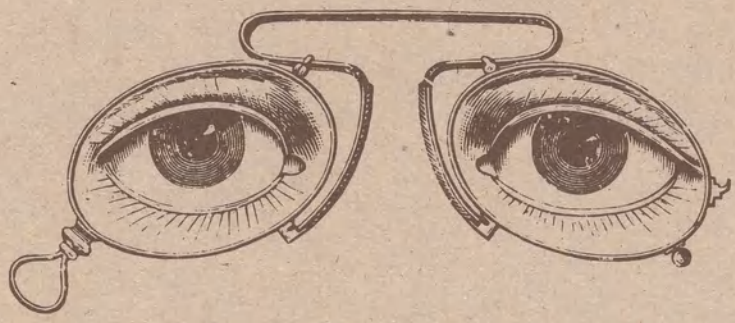


VIEW FROM THE TOP

GIVING THANKS

BY EMILY PRAGER

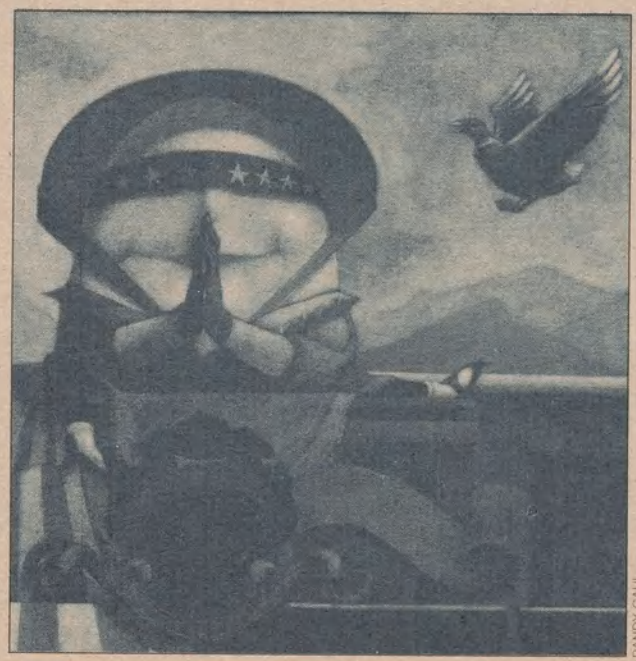
It is said in other parts of the world that Americans take for granted the good things they have, and are not sufficiently thankful for what God has given them. Perhaps this is why the American government made Thanksgiving a national holiday: so each of us would remember to take time out from the nonstop fun of American life and give thanks for the benefits we have received. That, and so we would buy enough turkey to feed all of Eretrea and enable our supermarkets to hang in until Christmas. At any rate, it was a smart idea, and this year I would like to devote my column to quite simply and quite specifically thanking God.

First on my list is to thank God that I didn't spend the summer in West Beirut. Can you imagine what that would have been like? What a drag! I am so thankful that I was able to go clamming on the beach and drink Piña Coladas as the sun set behind the barbecue instead of being showered with Israeli warning leaflets from the sky, I can't tell you. The only thing I am more thankful about is that I am not a Palestinian refugee. Thank you, God.

Second, and perhaps equally important, I would like to give thanks that at no time during this past May was I either an Argentinean or British male of draft age. I can't stand the cold. I get seasick. And the idea of an Exocet missile heading my way really bums me out. Thank God I could sit in my plush Village pad, eating take-out and watching the whole thing on Ted Koppel's rat-face news. I was safe and warm, and my boyfriend, also an American, was in no danger, except possibly from muggers, throughout the entire Falklands crisis. I am thankful for that, really.

Third, and more close to home, I would like to give heartfelt thanks that I do not live or work beneath the takeoff and landing path of a major American airport. I mean, I couldn't stand the strain of wondering when the National Aeronautics and Safety Board would be tramping through the ruins of my davenport searching for a cockpit voice recorder. I don't have the nerves for it. And I work at home. You can't write prose under those conditions, no way. If I did live near an airport, I would try to get my neighbors to pitch in for an antiaircraft gun, which I would be happy to mount on my roof, and an unemployed Vietnam vet, whom we could hire to sit up there and run it. This way when a plane started to fall, we could pulverize it before the neighborhood got squashed.

Fourth, I'd like to thank God that I am not the abandoned child of a departed American soldier and a Vietnamese hooker mother, living and sleeping on the streets of Ho Chi Minh City. What a cruel existence that must be! If you ever wondered how racism develops from a very small seed, well, now you know. Round eyes in a slant-eyed world—that's all it takes. Can you imagine how much shit those kids have to go through on our behalf? Takes your breath away, doesn't it? Makes you thank God that you're not one of them, that your kid's not one of them. Or maybe he is.



RANDY GAUL

Fifth, and more personally, I would like to thank the Lord that Phyllis Schlafly's not my mother, Jerry Falwell's not my father, and John Hinckley's not my son. Consider being brutally raped, becoming pregnant, and having to go to Phyllis and Jerry for help and understanding. Or consider sitting in a crowded courtroom behind your son John and wondering where you went wrong. Was it in the toilet training? Should you have bought him that Hula-Hoop he wanted? There are many levels of hell, as Dante pointed out. I am so thankful that my par-

ents are liberal intellectuals, possessed of a devotion to human freedom. I am so thankful my cats aren't capable of shooting the president, it makes me cry.

Sixth on my list is the thanks I must give that I was able to buy my co-op apartment in 1979, before inflation pushed the interest rates up and the real-estate boom began. I got a great deal. It was easy getting a loan from the bank, and my mortgage rate is reasonable. Now, as I watch my bohemian neighbors being forced out by exorbitant rent hikes, their cramped studios turned by greedy developers into cramped co-ops only the rich can afford, I can give thanks, knowing that if I ever want to sell mine, there's no way I can not make a profit.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Phyllis Schlafly as mother: help and understanding?

Thank God I never got an IUD or a prescription for starch blockers. If I'd gotten an IUD, my fallopian tubes might be closed and I'd never be able to have a child who might turn out to be a presidential assassin. If I'd taken starch blockers, my system might be so fucked up that it wouldn't matter if I were thin or not. Thank God I never had an unnecessary hysterectomy or an unnecessary cesarean section. And thank God I did take the Pill, which, according to yet another study, not only does not cause cancer but is a preventive measure against such horrors as pelvic inflammatory disease (which IUDs are known to cause).

Thank God I didn't flee Haiti to come to the promised land. Because if I had, I would have been in a detention camp for about a year now and afflicted with that weirdo homosexual plague they've recently discovered that all the Haitian refugees are now getting. For that matter, thank God I'm not a covert homosexual congressman with a coke habit who's just found out he's got that homosexual plague as a result of a moment's dalliance with a loudmouthed congressional page. Thank God I didn't buy a vacation home on the Iran-Iraq border. Thank God I'm not a writer in El Salvador, Poland, or Afghanistan. Thank God John Wayne Gayce wasn't rich enough to plead an insanity defense and that the Manson girls didn't know about premenstrual syndrome. Thank God for Spray and Kill, the new house and garden spray. I've been waiting for them to name a product that for years.

And last, but certainly not least, I'd like to thank God that Truman Capote doesn't stand between me and a lifetime prison term. Thank you for the birds that sing. Thank you, God, for everything.

SCENES

THE HERPES HYPE

"The Terrible Curse of Herpes." — *Rolling Stone.* "The Misery of Herpes."—*Newsweek.* "... one of the scourges of modern life."—Harry Reasoner, "60 Minutes." "... sufferers often pass ... through loneliness, anger, fear ... isolation ... depression ... hopelessness."—*New York Times.*

It's like a cancer that you get to live to gripe about.

It has all the elements of a good soap opera—lust, shame, incurability, suffering, and drama. Accordingly, the media have knighted it the "celebrity disease" of the '80s.

"... herpes has acquired a trendy air ... because its sufferers tend to be more affluent ... a confluence of high socioeconomic status and high anxiety."—*Rolling Stone.*

"Herpes II. It sounds like a chic disco or hair salon."—*Newsweek.*

It's portrayed as the curse of the blessed, a kind of tony, upscale designer clap. (According to Sam Knox, director of the Herpes Resource Center [HRC], it's a growing problem on Capitol Hill!) Over half of the afflicted are college grads and/or make $20,000 a year and up. They're discreet, reputable, as dignified as black caskets. To them, this is a stigma of incest proportions. Their motto is: "Why *me*?"

They're stereotyped as "victims," sexual martyrs, tragic figures wracked with horrible shame and anxiety, their *bon vivant* lifestyles reduced to ruin, left to contemplate celibacy or suicide. "[It] deals a terrible blow to the victim's self-image," the *New York Times* grieves. Adds a Bay Area M.D., "These are people who've never really been sick before ... they're defensive, guilt-ridden, and angry ... and some are *severely* depressed."

What a load of crap.

The fact is, plenty of herpetics are thoughtless, sloppy, indiscriminate, stupid, dull, lazy, crude, selfish, or simply indifferent to their affliction. In short: ordinary. Indeed, the most appalling characteristic of this malady is the frantic pitch of media mythology and distortion surrounding it.

The *New York Times* described one troubled herpetic this way: "Taste and deliberation reign in his apartment ... [He] displays a sense of care and arrangement in his manner, too." Then it quoted him: "'It's frustrating to be subject to a little tiny virus that messes things up.'"

The resulting image is of a spoiled effete who pouts when life grows frustrating or messy, and applies more deliberation and care to his decor than to his sex life. Thanks a lot.

"It's like someone putting a soldering iron against your skin," another herpetic told *Newsweek,* which then shrilled: "Even worse than the pain are the worry and the embarrassment." Anxieties worse than third-degree burns? Gimme a break.

In point of fact, says the HRC's Dr. Oscar Gillespie, "the biggest emotion is sheer, unadulterated rage," and it's aimed at whoever they think *gave* them herpes. The first reaction of most "victims" is to cast blame! No wonder Sam

Knox called it "the VD of the middle class."

The truth is, herpes has been melodramatized to a ludicrous degree. It's time to jerk this virus out of its cult status and back into reality, where it belongs.

"It's a terrible emotional ordeal," said one young woman whose life seems short on emotional ordeals. "I felt like a fool having to tell people . . ."

That's the true woe of most herpetics: not pain, or even sexual *angst*, but humiliation! In America, where people "die of shame," it's worse than a disease—it's a character flaw! Its leading side effects are frustration, self-anger, fear of unpopularity, and psychiatric bills. It's a kind of preppie pox.

Herpes has produced what the *New York Times* called "an entire 'self-help' subculture." The HRC, for example, exists mainly to provide "good information, responsiveness, support, and understanding." Fine, herpetics *need* these things. But who doesn't?

By the same token, ". . . the most agonizing questions raised by herpes involve . . . to tell or not to tell?" as the *New York Times* fretted. A constant theme in HRC newsletters is: how do you tell your partner the bad news?

Oh come on: the same way we've historically told partners about unwed pregnancies, affairs, homosexuality, divorce plans, and plain, old-fashioned VD. Let's not make a mountain out of a chancre. As Knox notes, "Chances are that a man with herpes will meet a lovely woman in a bar. He'll wonder how to tell her. When he finally does, she'll probably say, 'So what—I've got it too.'"

Catch the drift? It's those *without* herpes who have to worry, to be sexually cautious, and to avoid the fastest-growing pool of implicit sexual enthusiasts, herpetics. Already, "singles" ads have been spotted that read: "Herpes man seeks herpes woman . . ." Misery, where is thy sting?

True, some infectees know real and severe pain. But untold hosts don't even *know* they have it, let alone suffer from it; about half never show any symptoms. And even for those who do, the sores last only a week or so, then heal totally without leaving scars. Would that acne were this cooperative. Also, while some herpetics get four to five outbreaks a year, these tend to be increasingly mild, fleeting, and infrequent; and two thirds of all herpetics have absolutely *no* recurrences. In short, sooner or later it usually just goes away.

TOM NEWBURY

Another thing: if herpes *is* a "tragedy," it's hardly an unavoidable one, and is primarily a disease not of misfortune but incaution. Bear in mind that you get it only by direct physical contact, usually by repeated or even frequent exposure, and that it's widely linked to promiscuity. Face it—this is no merit badge.

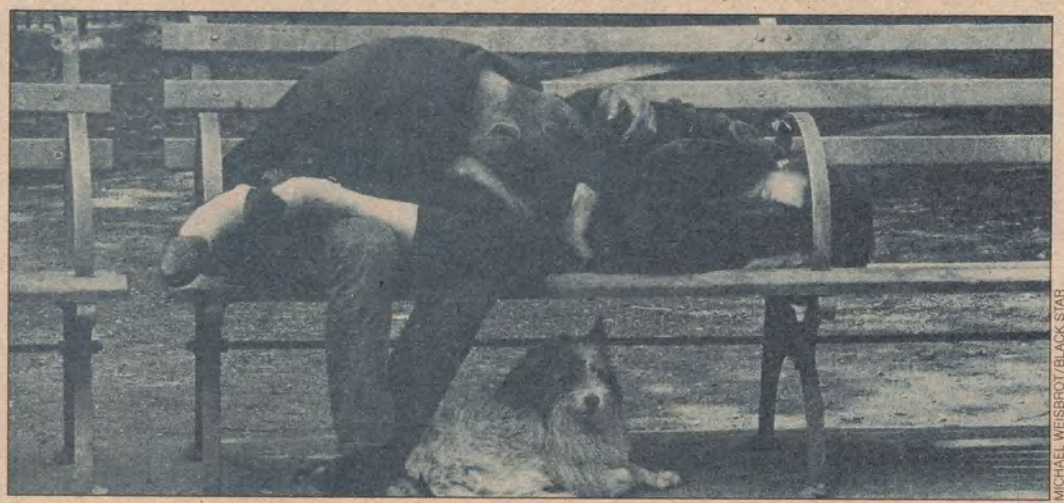
God knows the preventive measures aren't exactly heroic. *Ms.* listed some rules for avoiding it: shun sex with persons who have lesions; pick your lovers with care; use condoms. Hell, this has been fundamentally sound sexual advice since Cheops.

Sure, herpetics may have to wear prophylactics, forgo oral sex, and wash after foreplay—but only during outbreaks. And even then, these are modest hardships. Rubbers, personal hygiene, and limited head are Disneyland compared with a wheelchair, dialysis, and chemotherapy. Let's keep things in perspective.

Unlike the *New York Times*, which fairly wrings its hands over the virus: "Virtually all [herpetics] endure an emotional crisis so distinct in its assault on their sense of worth that psychologists speak of a 'herpes syndrome.'" (Of course, psychologists "syndromize" any ailment with a potential mass market, which herpes clearly is.) "They feel tainted, fearful that no one will ever want to love them," it laments.

Big deal—so do rape victims, the jilted, and amputees; but they're not *hot*. They lack the charisma of an official Herpes Syndrome: "a pattern of anguish and isolation that may play havoc with a person's self-image and social life for years."

Hey, millions of us not only fit that pattern *without* herpes, but would relish the opportunity to risk getting it. This is the Lonely Syn-



MICHAEL WEISBROT/BLACK STAR

The VD of the discreet upper-middle class: but don't Bowery bums get herpes, too?

drome, and it makes herpes look like a medical oddity. In our shark-tank society, feelings of "vulnerability" and "isolation" in an indifferent, judgmental world are nothing special.

There is also a dismayingly puritan cast to the media's eye, a subtly conveyed sense of herpes as "punishment" for immorality—as if our peccadilloes warranted God's own personal involvement—and a portrayal of herpetics as riddled with shame and stigma.

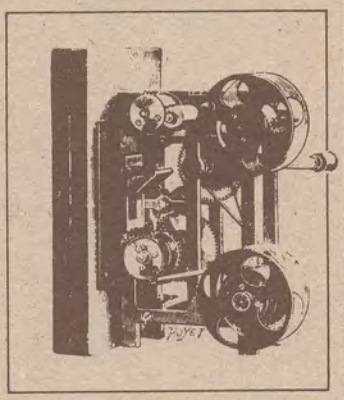
Bah. Only amid our rampant cultural narcissism could a mere dose of VD be trumpeted as "an assault on one's body." *Mugging* is an assault on one's body; herpes is just a social disease—and just one more thing for others to gossip about behind our backs. If it didn't exist, our friends would invent it. So what if oral herpes now shows up genitally (and vice versa) some 10 percent of the time? Who cares? Who's in any position to judge?

The media insist darkly that in herpes's vile wake, relationships dissolve, victims grow reclusive, and suicide is considered. Sometimes, perhaps. But I haven't noticed 20 million people retreating into seclusion, let alone into the obituary columns. Marriage rates are rising. What disaster?

"The only way to avoid venereal herpes totally is celibacy," says *Ms.* cheerfully. So, disease or not, we're all in the same boat, except for nuns. That's the ultimate undoing of herpes chic: with 20 million afflicteds in the U.S. already, and some 750,000 coming on line yearly, herpetics won't even be a minority, let alone newsworthy, by 1990. Either it will be totally curable or we'll all have it.

Until that happy time, consider adopting the attitude of one herpetic who reportedly bathes his sores in Scotch to cauterize them. Now that is suffering with style.
—Robert S. Wieder

FILMS



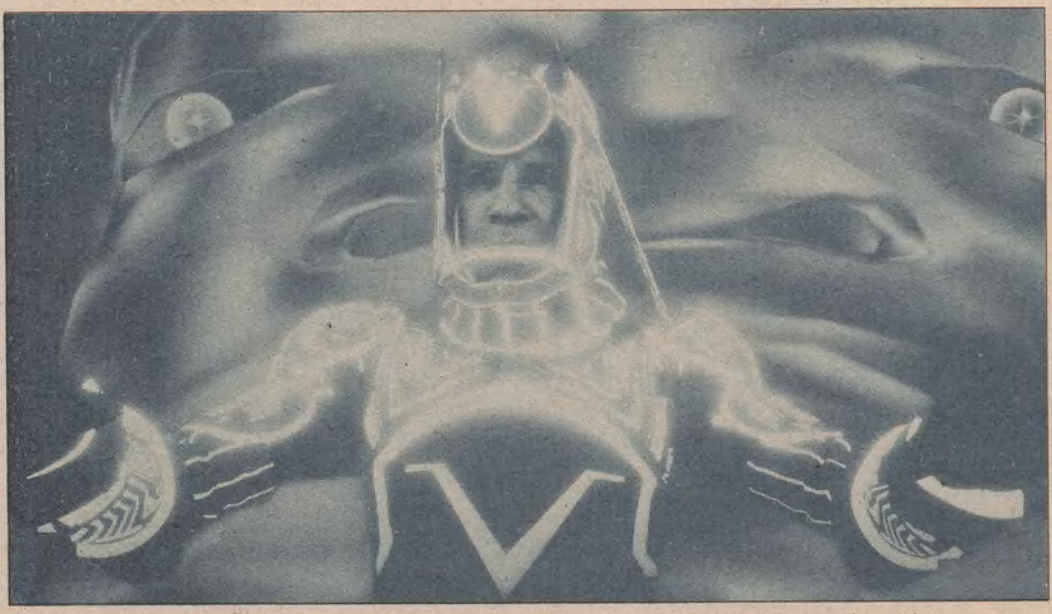
INSIDE MOVES

What have the Disney Studios' computer fantasy ***Tron*** and Colin Higgins's adaptation of ***The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*** in common? Nothing. Except that for me they both promote an oddly similar panic by taking me into worlds with no ways out.

Tron of course evokes that feeling. There is an eerie exhilaration in its not infrequent stretches of brilliance as the film creates and uncreates space along dangerous, seductive perspectives. Any perspective may become a wall in half a second, depending on the unknown, arbitrary rules of this particular game. The technology is nightmare, the subject is escape. As a thinking kid's chase melodrama, *Tron* offers some of the best ideas of the year. Alas, it isn't always thinking.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, on the other hand, mostly decorates dead ends. Not an "artificial" musical in the grand tradition of artificial musicals, it's merely phony, and terribly ill at ease. Start where anyone seeing the movie is going to start—with Dolly Parton's body. It is not sumptuous; it is amorphous. But it has been stuffed into its gowns and dresses, encased to such a degree that even in relaxation—say, Dolly picnicking on the grass with Burt Reynolds, her lover—it seems to have been stretched on a rack, held rigid against the force of gravity from the neck on down. And above the neck, her hair, by now teased and tinted into such lifeless luxuriance that it might be the Dynel glory of a Dolly Parton doll. But not just *her* hair; almost everybody's hair—the shiny jet-blackness crowning Jim Nabors's Deputy Fred; the sinking realization that when, at the film's climactic moment, Sheriff Burt Reynolds grabs the youth-style hairpiece off TV celebrity Dom De Luise's head, Dom De Luise could as well have pulled off Burt Reynold's hairpiece instead.

Best Little Whorehouse all but asks for such speculation. Its nervousness about who is or isn't in shape, its preoccupation with underclothes, with *not* getting undressed—this as much as its lack of good musical numbers or any contact with common humanity in its story keeps you looking in strange places, to see if there might be some life behind the animated waxworks on the screen. There is a little. You'll find it in Texas governor Charles Durning's song and dance "Sidestep," and you'll see it occasionally in the faces and attitudes of Dolly Parton's whores. But it doesn't last. Between sentiment laid on with a tarbrush and high spirits cast in



The computerized heart of Tron*: as bland and virtue-triumphant as a first-grade reader.*

Woody Allen and Mary Steenburgen: chicken bones in the quilt.

acrylic, it mostly speaks to itself, with a lively barrenness that is for me more frightening than the video gloamings of *Tron*.

All the characters in *Tron* eventually become their own computer programs. When they do, they wear funny little electronic-terminal caps and leotards, and their faces take on an unearthly, monochromatic glow—like tinted images in old silent-movie film stock. Given the range of technical and historical sophistication behind the cameras (or behind the computer consoles, or whatever) of *Tron*, I'm sure that any such effect is purely intentional. But I'm not sure that the film's real shocker is so intentional. It is simply that behind all the space tricks, the *Through the Looking Glass* reversals, the video-game marvels of *Tron*, lies the plot, the heart and soul of a Disney movie, as bland and as virtue-triumphant as a first-grade reader. It comes as a cheat, not so much in your realizing you've sat through a kids' film as in the recognition that it has been at bottom a duller kids' film than any ex-kid should countenance.

Having failed with depressed profundity in *Stardust Memories*, Woody Allen turns to shallow optimism in ***A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy***, the kind of movie that I'd guess a lot of his fans had been wanting him to make and now perhaps wish he hadn't. The faults in *Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* are too self-evident to need rehearsing here. Conception, plot, performance, you name it. The dialogue turns all the women into Diane Keaton echoes. And everyone else might simply have dropped out from town for a summer weekend on Fire Island. In fact, the place is upper New York State; the time, shortly after the turn of the century, in a world full of shirtwaists and petticoats and highly polished antique cars. The film means to invoke that world, with its pretty country settings, its musical evenings of Schubert and Schumann, its benign mechanical and supernatural whimsy, and its aspirations toward a sweetness and gentleness that in Allen's treatment feels like chicken bones in your eiderdown quilt.

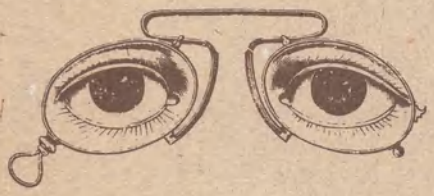
Allen's models in recent movies have mainly been Fellini and Ingmar Bergman. *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* owes a lot (but not enough) to Bergman's great *Smiles of a Summer Night*. But where Bergman has always been enlivened and disciplined by contact with predetermined styles (as in *Smiles* or his *Magic Flute* adaptation), Woody Allen seems only to have been momentarily distracted—the neuroses of the 1980s romping in old clothes. This militates against a comedy of manners: in any way that might be useful for comedy, his people have no manners. And despite the film's title, and despite almost the only topic of conversation, they don't have much sex either. So this isn't a "sex comedy"; it's a sexual-anxiety comedy. But a sexual-anxiety comedy with a happy ending—a cop-out—instead of the resignation and regrets that transformed, and saved, the last moments of *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*.

You'll find more sex, and even a few very polite kinks, in Randal Kleiser's ***Summer Lovers***, an updated beach-blanket movie with some frontal nudity about college kids visiting the Greek islands (rather than surfing in southern California). Of course, *Summer Lovers* isn't much good. But it isn't bad either, except in the sense that the summer-vacation movie is potentially a lovelier experience than ever materializes in Kleiser's view. Still, what does materialize is attractive and decent, especially in its reticence toward its people's feelings and its spectacular, all too easily exploitable locations.

The story, about two girls and a guy who decide to set up a *ménage à trois* rather than waste a summer on jealousy, needn't concern you. But the pleasant people involved might interest you—Peter Callagher, Daryl Hannah, and Valerie Quennessen—especially the two women, who invest a degree of seriousness in their summer affair, and most especially Daryl Hannah, whom you may remember as the replicant, Pris, in *Blade Runner*. Here she plays an all-American college girl, much like the real thing, and not a parody of a type. She has a beautiful, open face, endless legs, and a direct, unforced grace that suggests she is an actress to follow.

Another *Blade Runner* alumna, the fine Sean Young, plays the romantic lead, Dr. Stephanie Brody, in Gerry Marshall's ***Young Doctors in Love***—a title that, if you've watched the soaps or seen a few

Daryl Hannah in Summer Lovers*: the real thing.*



hospital melodramas, tells it all. For example, you can bet that Stephanie's sweetie, surgical resident Dr. Simon August (Michael McKean), will get over his phobia about cutting people open just in time to perform the 100-to-1-shot operation that will cure her from her dread disease. But the main interest in *Young Doctors* lies around the edges. So you may most admire Harry Dean Stanton as Dr. Ludwig, City Hospital's mad but sympathetic pathologist, who doesn't bother performing tests. Or you may prefer the facial panics of Titos Vednis as the paralyzed, speechless Mafia chieftain who

Sean Young: soap fever.

for a whole year has to share his semiprivate room with the hit man sent to rub him out. But my vote goes to Dr. Milton Chamberlain (Gary Friedkin), a doctor about three feet tall, for the scene in which he's called to the telephone, an especially high wall telephone, and then spends the better part of a minute upstaging the entire movie as he tries getting the receiver back on the hook. This is magnificent throwaway comedy, a spunky, desperately hopeful ballet performed with two pieces of plastic and a wire cord.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

AN UPBEAT REVIEW

I know that it gets pretty twisted out there. The year 2000 is only eighteen years away, 1984 only two. Reasons to be cheerful are few and far between. But before reaching for the pill box, you might want to know what you'll be missing. By the turn of the century, you'll be able to take a vacation in space, pop a pill that'll make you smarter, and see *Star Wars XII* in laser-created 3-D. Genetic engineering of plants will put plenty of food on the table. Breakthroughs in longevity will ensure longer, healthier lives. The future, it seems, isn't going to be such a bad place to live in, after all.

Based on fact, seasoned with speculation, ***The Omni Future Almanac*** (Harmony Books) is the first reference book of scientific and technological prediction. Among the many comforting entries, you'll discover how the energy crunch will be smoothed out, and why most Americans by the year 2000 will be enjoying new prosperity. For those who want a jump on the future, the *Almanac* lists new job markets and careers, and names the companies emerging as the next generation of corporate giants.

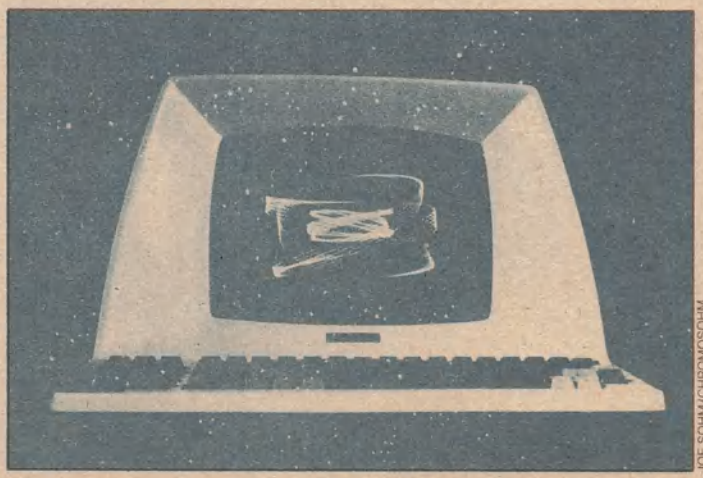
The electronic battlefield was invented in Vietnam. Out of that war came a brood of "smart" bombs—the one-shot, one-kill, fire-and-forget variety—that made conventional warfare more and more thinkable. Ever since, the military has been teaching its missiles new tricks, such as how to read maps, recognize targets, and pass through the window of a building thousands of miles away. But as James Canan points out in ***War in Space*** (Harper & Row), the electronic battlefield only prepared the way for the next escalation of push-button warfare. The United States and Russia have quietly and relentlessly been playing the war game over our heads.

The latest items in this space-age arsenal include spy satellites that hear as well as see, the hunter satellites designed to pick them off, space warplanes, lasers, and laser-guided missiles launched from orbiting platforms.

Canan reports that the race for the ultimate death ray now centers on a device that emits a crackling stream of electrons. Particle-beam weapons, as they're called, have the power to strike down instantly anything the enemy could possibly hurl at us. As Pentagonian logic has it, these weapons would be a real-life doomsday machine, enforcing peace among the nations. But the U.S. is far behind the Russians in particle-beam research, and the administration, in an effort to close what Dr. Strangelove might call the "beam gap," is expected to ask next year's Congress for $500 million for laser and particle-beam weapons research and development. Canan's advice: "Look to space, and pray."

John Gribbin forgets that the Chinese aphorism "May you live in interesting times" is a curse. In his new book, ***Future Weather and the Greenhouse Effect*** (Delacorte), Gribbin presents his evidence for the coming ice age with the kind of perverse pleasure of a smug prophet wringing his hands in anticipation at every drought and blizzard. Ice ages, says Gribbin, are the norm and are separated by short periods of temperate weather called interglacials. That's the kind of weather the Northern Hemisphere has been enjoying for the last thousand years or so; and unfortunately, our time's up. Gribbin predicts that the coming shorter, cooler summers will be unable to melt the encroaching snow and ice deposited by the previous winters, returning us to the weather of the eighteenth century, or the little ice age. And it's this little ice age that can trigger the big ice age at any time.

The only thing standing in the way between us and the deep freeze is the carbon dioxide build-



JOE SOHM/CHROMOSOHM

up in the atmosphere, the result of our burning fossil fuels. This layer prevents the sun's heat from escaping into space and warms the earth in what is called the "greenhouse effect." This effect, according to Gribbin, will dampen the ice-age fuse for a while, buying us time to protect our crops and look for other solutions. The problem with Gribbin's prediction is that he's not exactly sure how long we have until the big frost sets in. Plus or minus a thousand years makes a big difference where I slot an ice age on my list of phobias. Right now, it ranks somewhere after Halley's comet falling into New York harbor.

Through the years, I've learned to tolerate computers. I will let them do such things for me as open doors, balance my checkbook, and place telephone calls. Their usefulness is undeniable, and like it or not, computers are here to stay. However, if I'm going to have them as companions around my home, they're going to have to exhibit more wit and style than do Gordon Pask and Susan Curran, authors of ***Micro Man*** (Macmillan). These two write as if they were putting together a flowchart. It's a case of mechanization by association. It sounds like they haven't "interfaced" with a human in years.

Pask and Curran spend much of the book introducing us to their friends, computers that can resolve program conflict when working together, exhibit self-control and self-organization, and reproduce and redesign their programs. There is even a computer that can write its own program, which, for a machine, is like thinking its own thoughts. Pask and Curran write about these computers as if they are part drone, part divinity. It's as if computer scientists have made their very own E.T.s to play with and talk to, except computer scientists call their friends A.I.s, for Artificial Intelligence. Right now, A.I.s are almost at the point where they can solve problems intuitively and think creatively. When they do, say the authors of *Micro Man*, there'll be nothing artificial about their intelligence. They'll cease to become tools and become species in their own right. Be sure to hug a computer today.

The science of life extension began in 1889, when a seventy-two-year-old physiologist by the name of Brown-Dequard attempted to rejuvenate himself with injections of dog-testicle extract. He said he felt thirty years younger, but died a few years later of a stroke. His young wife, who thought he was senile, would be surprised to read John A. Mann's ***Secrets of Life Extension*** (Harbor). Today's prescriptions for long life include some equally bizarre treatments, including a solution of fresh cells from the organs of a sheep fetus, fasting, and lowering body temperature. With this regimen, you could hardly start up a chain of longevity spas. Still, gerontologists predict that these rites will enable us to live to be 120 years old.

Mann presents a concise overview of several current aging theories, but much of the information in the book is aimed at the self-experimenting longevists, with special chapters devoted to nutrition. These chapters are sort of a Sesame Street for immortality seekers, as the reader is introduced to the anti-aging alphabet of vitamins and minerals. Outside of exotic hormone injections and the like, Mann's practical advice is common sense: avoid stress, eat right, get exercise, and don't jump off tall buildings. One surprise: BHT and BHA, two chemicals used to preserve breakfast cereal, candy, and chewing gum, also help preserve your insides. Studies report that these chemicals have been found to add as much as thirty years to your life. And does it matter that BHT and BHA aren't "natural"?—*M. S. Kaplan*

SOUNDS

VISIONS OF HELL

Back when **Richard Hell** was a teenager named Richard Meyers, he filled his head with French nihilist literature, trashy American garage-rock, and reckless mixtures of intoxicants. His favorite literary work was Lautréamont's "Les Chants de Maldoror," a novel-length prose-poem described by its author as a "desolate morass of . . . gloomy and poisonous pages," chock-full of hallucinatory images, celebrations of evil, and unbridled loathing for everything human. ("With a head in my hand, gnawing the skull, I betook myself to the place where stand the posts that support the guillotine. I placed the smooth grace of the necks of three young girls beneath the blade. . . .") Compared with that, Meyers's favorite bands were pretty tame. Most of them were one-hit wonders, or psychedelic pioneers who were still attempting to compress their firsthand reports on sensory derangement into three-minute pop-song forms. Ah, but if garage bands could speak the language of Lautréamont . . .

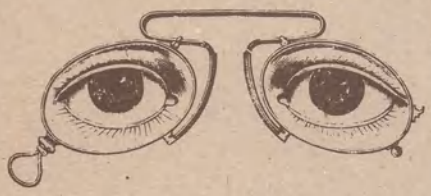
In the early 1970s, Richard Meyers and a school friend named Tom Miller moved to New York City, where they found work selling postcards of dead movie stars and tomes on *film noir* at a Greenwich Village bookshop called Cinemabilia. They read more French lit—J. K. Huysmans's diabolist *Là-Bas*, Arthur Rimbaud's *Une Saison en Enfer*—and wrote their own visionary poetry, but nobody read it, so they started a band called the Neon Boys. By this time, Richard was calling himself Richard Hell and Tom was calling himself **Tom Verlaine**. The Neon Boys metamorphosed into Television, but two visionaries was one visionary too many; before long Hell had left, only to resurface a couple of years later leading his own band, the Voidoids. By that time, the Bowery bar where Richard and

LAURA LEVINE

Hell: new-wave soul singer.

Tom had first unleashed their music had attracted a whole slew of newer bands—the Ramones, Patti Smith's group, Blondie, the Talking Heads. Something new was happening, people were calling it punk rock, and Richard and Tom had more or less invented it.

Two of the most exciting and most durable albums to come out of that initial New York punk rock explosion were Television's *Mar-*



quee Moon and Richard Hell and the Voidoids' *Blank Generation*, both released in 1977. But neither album was a spectacular seller, and both Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell were too ambitious (Hell now says he was too arrogant) to settle comfortably into what rapidly became the "new wave" scene. The poppier Blondie and the preppier Talking Heads were the scene's commercial successes. Verlaine disbanded Television after being disappointed in the performance on a second album. Hell wrote prose and poetry, acted in a few underground films, and released only a smattering of singles and an EP. But recently he came up with his own second album, *Destiny Street* (Red Star). Verlaine has also been active. Last year he emerged from hibernation with a solo album called *Dreamtime* (Warner Brothers) and this year followed it up with another album, a kind of surreal memoir of a war fought only in his imagination, *Words From the Front* (Warner Brothers).

In a sense, both Hell and Verlaine have revived the literary spirit that inspired surrealism (and changed their own lives) by making their dream visions and warped perceptions into rock 'n' roll. But in terms of both craft and temperament, they are polar opposites. Hell and his Voidoids make crazed, careening rock 'n' roll that roars hell-bent toward the precipice of his imagination and then takes a dive. If you like rockers who sing in tune and band arrangements that are orderly and restrained, Hell and the Voidoids will not be your cup of tea. Verlaine has become one of rock's most accomplished and daring guitarists. His music *is* tuneful and ordered, and while it's true to the spirit of the literature Verlaine and Hell both admired as teenagers, it's particularly reminiscent of the refined symbolist poetry written by the man whose name Tom Miller adopted, Paul Verlaine. Richard Hell and *his* music are more reminiscent of Arthur Rimbaud, who insisted that one could become a true poet only by practicing "the disordering of all the senses."

There is a kind of luminous austerity to Tom Verlaine's music that makes it particularly attractive and particularly elusive. In the studio, Verlaine lays down interlocking guitar parts that mesh with an almost uncanny accuracy. In a way, they're too perfect; their clarity is the clarity of vivid dreams, the sort of clarity that you can never quite get a grip on even though its edges appear to be sharply defined. The harder you listen to this crystalline music, the more its outlines seem to shimmer and bend, like images refracted through summer haze. This odd quality is particularly appropriate to the songs Verlaine wrote for his most recent album, *Words From the Front*. In "Days on the Mountain," he compares a time in his life to "walking around the ring of a bell." That's a pretty succinct description of the sort of moods the album evokes.

But Richard Hell and the Voidoids have made the most passionate and vital rock album of the year. Verlaine may project a certain visionary intensity, but his sensibility is basically cool. Richard Hell is hot; he's a soul singer. On *Destiny Street* he takes songs by the Kinks, Them, and Bob Dylan and pushes them as far as they'll go. Dylan's "Going Going Gone" is particularly revelatory. Dylan, even at his best, tended to whine. Hell simply sings from his guts; he may be singing Dylan's nothing-left-to-lose lyric, but he pours his own emotions into it and finally claims it for himself. The album's other ballad, a Hell original called "Time," is about writing songs and about honesty. He sets out to "write a song that's really, really real" but concludes that "the most a man can do is say the way its playing feels/And know he only knows as much as time to him reveals."

But most of *Destiny Street* roars along at a breakneck clip, propelled by Fred Maher's crisp, fastidious drumming, Hell's own tumbling bass lines, and the screaming guitars of Naux and Robert Quine. It's Quine, lead guitarist in the original Voidoids and this year's new guitar star following his brilliant performance on Lou Reed's recent *The Blue Mask*, who backs Hell to the hilt. His solos on songs like "Ignore That Door" and the very spooky "Staring in Her Eyes" sound like they're going to ignite your turntable; if they aren't the most committed, most imaginative, most *dangerous* rock guitar solos since Eric Clapton and Duane Allman pushed each other to the limit on "Layla," they're certainly in the same ball park.

Unless you listen to a college radio station or happen to live in a town that still has a progressive radio station, you will never hear Richard Hell and the Voidoids on the air. Hell, the band, the album, and the label it's on (previously a vehicle for New York extremist bands like Suicide) are all genuinely underground. When the garage bands Richard and Tom used to like in the 1960s burgeoned into that decade's "underground rock scene," the major record companies moved in immediately—remember the Columbia records ads that began, "The Man Can't Bust Our Music"? These are very different times. America's major record companies aren't rushing to sign serious fanatics like Hell; even Verlaine's Warner Brothers contract is something of an anomaly. One result of this state of affairs is that Hell's *Destiny Street* has to be sought out; they just might not have it at your neighborhood record store. But it's often the case that the best things are among the hardest to find. After all, Richard Meyers didn't just pluck a copy of Lautréamont's "Les Chants de Maldoror" from the paperback rack at his local supermarket.—*Robert Palmer*

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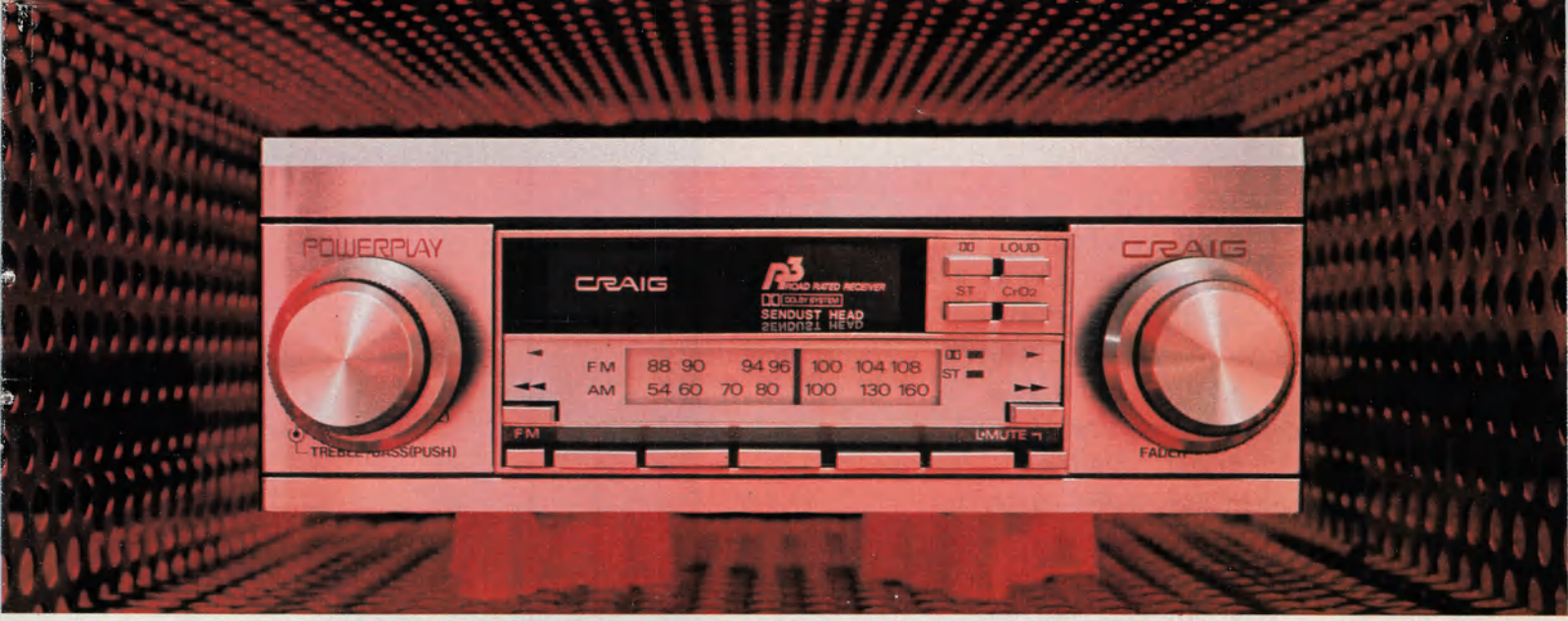

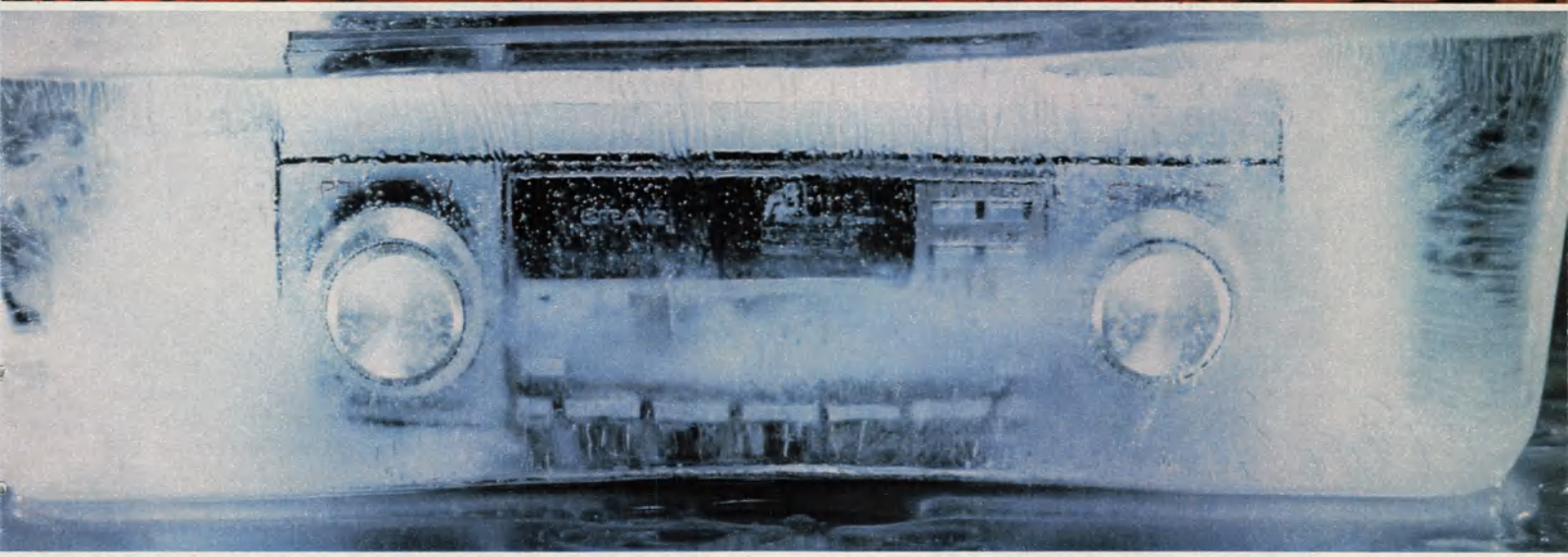

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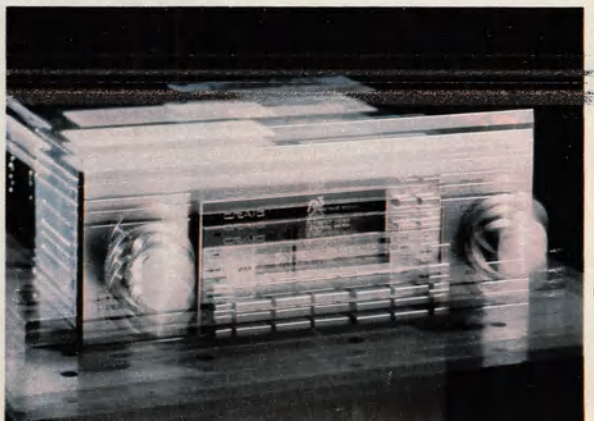

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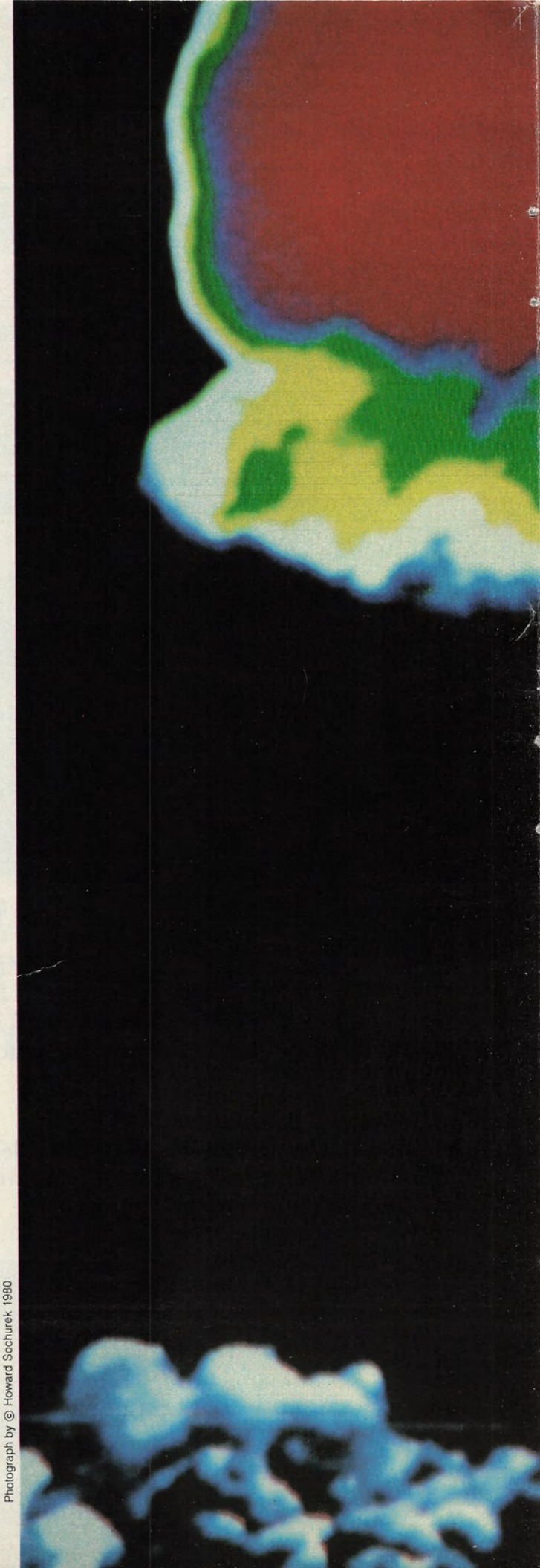
The most significant political movement in recent U.S. history has drawn together millions of Americans—conservatives and liberals, priests, doctors, even military men—united to prevent the nuclear nightmare from becoming a reality.

Photograph by Harry Mattison/Liaison

STOPPING THE DOOMSDAY CLOCK

BY DANIEL KAGAN



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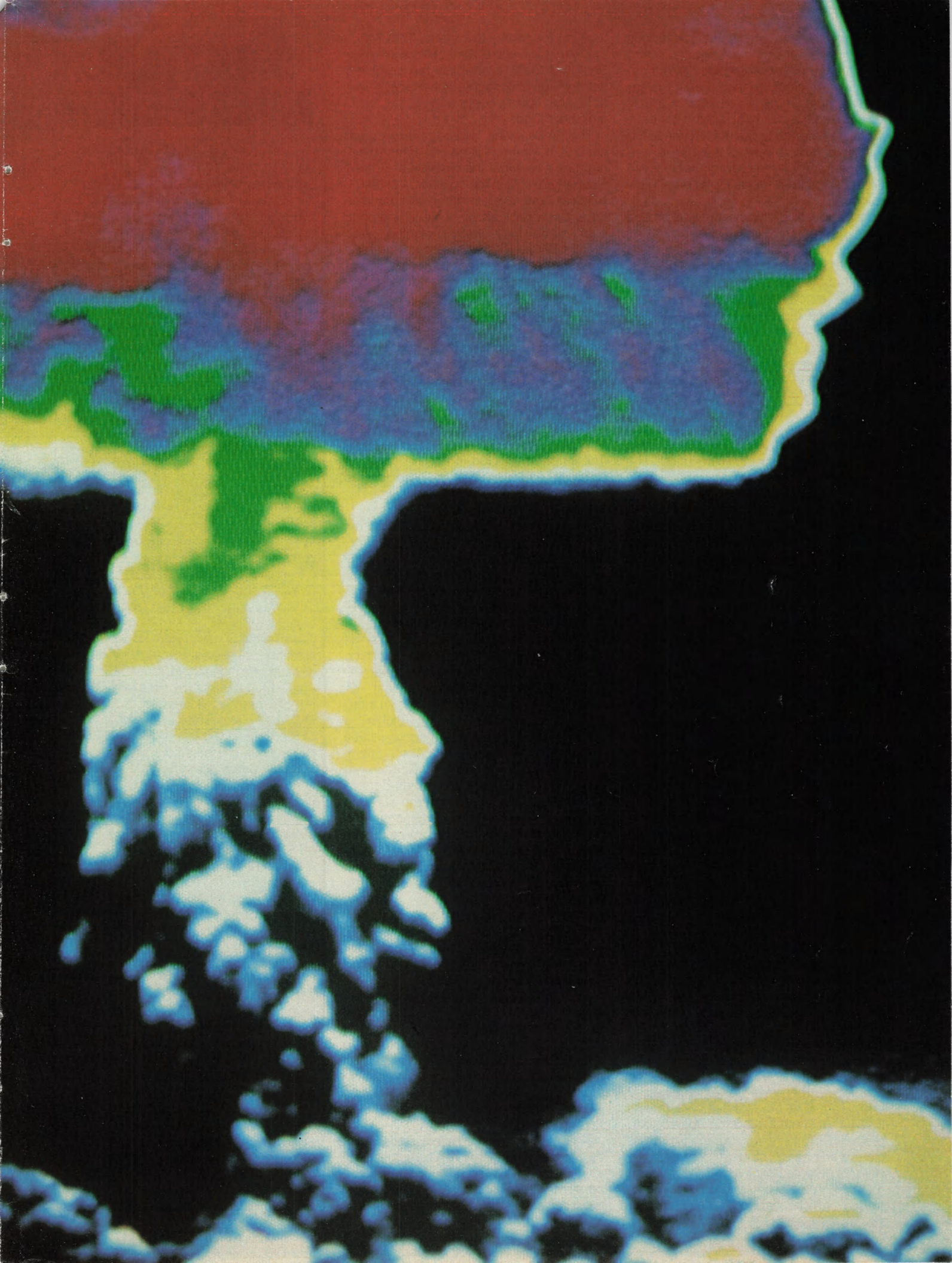

Last spring the antinuclear weapons movement burst onto the American scene to challenge every official idea about nuclear war, nuclear weapons, and nuclear disarmament. Thirty-seven years after Hiroshima, the movement seems to have captured Americans like nothing since the anti-Vietnam War fever of the 1960s, and its appearance is more dramatic because it reared up into a full gallop in only a few months.

Two aspects of this nationwide protest are extraordinary. First, it cuts across all lines of traditional political division: its members include right-wingers, liberals, middle-of-the-roaders, and leftists. And second, its leading voices are those of some of the most respected, influential, and conservative people in the United States.

In churches across the country, clergymen are telling their congregations that it is immoral to possess nuclear weapons. "Nuclear war would be a crime against God, man, and all creation," said one Presbyterian minister. "Christians have fallen into an idolatry of military might. The mandates of this issue are above politics."

Many military men contend that the massive overkill in the nuclear arsenals of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. is redundant, dangerous, and useless. One of these men is retired Adm. Noel Gaylor, former director of the National Security Agency and former commander in chief of U.S. naval forces in the Pacific, who said that: "There is no sensible military use for nuclear weapons . . . there is no conceivable military objective worth the risk of nuclear war."

Physicians in the movement claim that there is no way to deal medically with even the most limited nuclear attack. Arms control experts like Herbert Scoville, former technical director of the armed forces for the Department of Defense, ex-director of research for the CIA, and former assistant director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, say that war games have proved time and again that, contrary to some administration statements, there is no such thing as a limited nuclear war and that a nuclear war cannot be reasonably "fought" or "won."

And all across the country, ordinary people are signing petitions and writing their congressmen and senators. They are seeing mushroom clouds in their dreams, in the faces of their children, and in their futures. And they are scared silly and mad as hell.

It's generally agreed that the movement is a reaction to the increasing chill in the cold war and the worsening relations between the superpowers over the past several years. The Reagan administration's belligerent stand toward the Soviets, coupled with its official acceptance of the "nuclear warfighting" strategy contrasts with Nixon's detente policy and with the strategy of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD), which shaped strategic nuclear thinking for twenty-five years. With MAD, nuclear war was unthinkable. But when Reagan's people adopted the so-called warfighting philosophy, it became thinkable, and lots of people who started thinking about it got very scared.

The antinuclear weapons movement did not, however, spring into being overnight as a result of the election of Ronald Reagan. People in the scientific, religious, political, and even military communities have been terrified of nuclear weapons ever since they were invented. And months before Reagan's election the wide spectrum of the current protest was signaled by a most unlikely demonstrator.

In August 1979, the Reverend Billy Graham, evangelist crusader, proselytizer for victory in Vietnam, symbol of hard-nosed America-first conservatism, condemned the arms race as "global insanity" and said it was at odds with the Bible's teachings. "We cannot afford to neglect our duties as global citizens," he said. "We must seek the good of the whole human race, not just the good of any one nation or race. The kingdom of God is not the same as America, and our nation is subject to the judgment of God." He pledged to work for the elimination of all nuclear weapons.

A month later John Cardinal Krol of Philadelphia testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The fiercely conservative Krol declared that "nuclear weapons surpass the boundaries of legitimate self-defense." He called for the reduction and eventual elimination of nuclear weapons. Failure to do this, he said, "will eventually rob the U.S. foreign and defense policy of moral legitimacy."

In January 1980 the International Fellowship of Reconciliation (IFOR), an interfaith peacemaking group, called a meeting of thirty peace and social-justice organizations in Nyack, N.Y. Among them were CALC (Clergy and Laity Concerned) and AFSC (the American Friends Service Committee). Both are church-affiliated and both have extensive national networks. Both groups had the ability to take the nuclear weapons issue right to hundreds of thousands of clergymen and churchgoers across the country. The gathering was galvanized by a woman named Randall Forsberg, a Ph.D. in military policy and arms control from M.I.T., who runs a Brookline, Mass., think tank called the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies.

"Randall got up and gave an impromptu speech suggesting that the coalition call for a bilateral freeze by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. on all testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons and on missiles and aircraft designed to deliver them," recalled Currie Burris, a young Baptist minister who is head of CALC's Peace and Jobs Program.

The idea seemed practical and plausible. It was bilateral so that it wouldn't alienate Americans asked to support it, and it seemed like a good first step in halting the arms race. The freeze was also verifiable

OPERATION: ARMAGEDDON

BY ED ZUCKERMAN

On the day after the outbreak of World War III, when most Americans may be dead or dying and the great fallout clouds are just settling over the countryside, Maj. William Stalcup will be taking out his pocket calculator and going to work.

At least, that's the plan.

Major Stalcup's calculator is a TI-59. You can buy one in a department store for about $250 and use it to figure out your income tax or to program your checkbook. Major Stalcup will use his to plan an extended series of nuclear strikes against the Soviet Union.

Major Stalcup, or one of his colleagues with the same assignment, expects to be alive on the day after the outbreak of World War III because of his unusual place of employment: the "Looking Glass" plane, one of a small fleet of EC-135s (military versions of the 707) that are the centerpiece of what the U.S. Air Force calls its "Post Attack Command Control System." During peacetime, one of the EC-135s is always airborne. In the face of an incoming nuclear attack, the Looking Glass would be joined aloft (if there were time) by two auxiliary command posts; three planes dedicated to launching America's intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) by remote control; a fleet of U.S. Navy TACAMO (Take Charge and Move Out) aircraft, designed to communicate with the navy's missile-launching submarines; and, commanding all, the specially fortified 747 that is supposed to pick up the president or his successor. Their collective mission is to take over control of the nuclear war after command posts on the ground are atomized.

"Our computer comes up with a listing of targets that have not been covered," Major Stalcup explained. "Then we brief the general, and, if he says we should go ahead, he'll ask the Joint Chiefs of Staff for authority. Meanwhile, we've sent messages to available bomber units and have already calculated, on the TI-59, whether they can make it to the new targets."

Stalcup explained this procedure on a recent peaceful afternoon as a few visitors were being shown around an off-duty EC-135 at Strategic Air Command headquarters at Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska. In the cockpit, Capt. Thomas Pitzer, the pilot, showed me the aluminized fabric curtains that would be drawn across the windows during a wartime flight to prevent his being blinded by the glare of exploding hydrogen bombs

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through the spy satellites the U.S. and the Soviets have been using for years.

CALC and AFSC got the freeze proposal on the November 1980 ballot in eight Massachusetts election districts, which had also come out strongly for Ronald Reagan. It passed in all of them. By March it had been approved by eighteen town meetings in Vermont. And when the IFOR coalition held a strategy meeting that month in Washington, D.C., more than 300 people from dozens of groups showed up. It was decided that CALC, AFSC, and the others would move the freeze issue out into a national petition campaign to get it on the November 1982 ballot in as many states as possible. The coalition organized the National Clearinghouse for the Freeze in St. Louis and went to work.

A few days after Ronald Reagan's August 1981 announcement that the U.S. would build the first neutron bomb, dramatic protests erupted from mainstream clergymen. In Amarillo, Tex., Catholic Bishop Leroy T. Matthiessen condemned the president's decision. "I'm no rabble-rouser," he said, and then went on to urge workers at the Pantex plant in Amarillo, the assembly station for all nuclear weapons made in the U.S., to think about quitting their jobs on the grounds that nuclear weapons are immoral. In Seattle, Wash., Archbishop Raymond G. Huntshausen publicly called on all Christians to withhold 50 percent of their federal income taxes to protest what he called "nuclear murder and suicide."

In October the Reagan administration called for the most massive peacetime military buildup in U.S. history: $1.7 trillion over four years. Hand in hand with this went sweeping cutbacks in social programs, and many church leaders were quick to point out that the administration was appropriating astronomical sums for arms while denying help to the poor. Thirty-six Catholic bishops issued a statement declaring that "the arms race robs the poor" and condemning the possession of nuclear weapons as immoral.

On December 14, Pope John Paul II, through the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, dispatched four delegations of scientists to speak to Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Ronald Reagan, Leonid Brezhnev, and the U.N. about the need to prohibit nuclear weapons. The delegation that met with President Reagan included Dr. Howard Hiatt, dean of the Harvard School of Public Health, who told the president: "Those people who talk about winning or surviving a nuclear war don't know what they're talking about."

A few days later the Reverend Robert Davidson, national moderator of the 2.7-million-member United Presbyterian Church, called on all Presbyterians to devote Mondays to fasting and meditation on the nuclear freeze. He also reported that Presbyterian churches across the country had voted overwhelmingly for the freeze in the past few months. At the same time, the

below. Those bombs would presumably be destroying, among other things, the SAC underground command center at Offutt. In such an event, the Looking Glass would take over control. But how long, I wondered, could it stay aloft?

Assuming that the aerial tankers assigned to the plane met it on schedule, Pitzer said, the limiting factor would be engine oil. "An engine is using a lot if it goes through half a quart in an eight-hour flight, and it's loaded with sixteen quarts." Some quick calculations produced a potential air time of ten days. "But," Pitzer's copilot pointed out, "we'd get pretty hungry." (Official estimates of the endurance of airborne command posts are more pessimistic. The Pentagon says the president's modified 747 would have to land after seventy-two hours.)

Behind the Looking Glass cockpit, in the main body of the plane, are communications and battle-staff compartments furnished with desks and with electronic equipment built into the walls. The commanding general has a seat halfway back on the starboard side, next to a red safe. If, after an incoming nuclear attack, some of the American ICBMs scheduled to retaliate could not be launched because their launch crews were dead, the Looking Glass could order the Airborne Launch Control Center aircraft flying over the missile fields to conduct the launches, or it could do the job itself. A SAC general always flies aboard the Looking Glass, and the general aboard always wears a key around his neck. The key, when accompanied by a key worn around the neck of another senior crew member, opens the red safe at the general's left hand. Inside the safe (which clatters loudly when open, so no one can sneak into it unnoticed) are the codes that would authenticate a missile launch order from the president or, if the president is dead, the surviving "National Command Authority." The safe also contains two more keys. Inserted into holes fifteen feet apart on a command console and turned together, they would launch missiles from silos in the prairie thousands of feet below.

After supervising the initial retaliatory strike, the Looking Glass would still have a job to do. "We'll be trying to determine how things have gone and trying to determine where to go," said Maj. Norwood Jennings, a Looking Glass operations planner. "Once we have execution, it's free play from then on. Nobody's ever been there before."

Traditionally, the primary goal of our nuclear forces has been deterrence—to maintain a nuclear force capable of retaliating against any attack with such devastation that no enemy would ever dare to attack us. There is a paradox here. Nuclear weapons are built, according to the doctrine, not to fight wars but to deter them. If you have the weapons, you'll never have to use them. You only need them if you don't have them.

The same thing is said of nuclear war plans. If you have them, you won't need them. So you do need them (in order not to need to use them).

American plans are assembled by members of a little-known organization called the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff, housed in underground offices at Offutt Air Force Base. The officers in the JSTPS have the unusual job of compiling the National Strategic Target List, a detailed description of every location in Russian and allied territory deemed important enough to destroy during a nuclear war. The list, which is top-secret, reportedly contains more than 40,000 Soviet military sites, dams, factories, railroads, bridges, command posts, oil refineries, warehouses, and, presumably, the fallout shelter under the outhouse at Brezhnev's summer cottage. Working from the target list, the JSTPS and its attendant computers construct the Single Integrated Operational Plan (SIOP), the actual American nuclear war plan, detailing which targets are to be hit by which weapons and when. The SIOP is periodically war-gamed against RISOP, the presumed "Red Integrated Single Operational Plan," winners determined, and the SIOP adjusted accordingly.

In the past, the SIOP was basically an outline for an all-out nuclear attack. If Russia ever attacked us, we would hit them with everything we had, and, because they knew that, it was reasoned, they never would attack us. But, beginning about ten years ago, American theory changed. We needed, it was decided, not only a plan for hitting every significant target in Russia, but a whole

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BY ART CUMINGS

"We had *to invite him. . . . It's his turkey!"*

executive ministers of the 1.6-million-member American Baptist Church called not just for a freeze but for the dismantling of all nuclear weapons, citing them as "an affront to our Christian beliefs and commitments." The National Council of Churches also endorsed the freeze. The council represents thirty-three denominations that total almost 48 million Americans. In 1982 more and more religious groups took similar stands. By May 1982 the national Conservative Rabbinical Assembly voted to call for an immediate nuclear freeze, and more than seventy Catholic bishops, one fifth of all U.S. bishops, had come out against nuclear weapons.

By the first week in March 1982, the freeze was endorsed by 195 out of 252 Vermont municipalities. In West Windsor, where the resolution passed with a unanimous vote, the assembly stood and sang "America." Later in the month twenty-eight New Hampshire towns also endorsed the freeze, and the scene began to repeat itself all over New England. The Maine state legislature voted almost unanimously to ask the U.S. Congress to back the freeze, and by the middle of April the resolution had passed in 309 New England towns, ten county councils, and one or both houses in eleven state legislatures. In St. Louis, G. Randall Kehler, director of the National Clearinghouse for the Freeze, was swamped by calls from reporters and from Americans wanting to join the movement. "It's happening almost too fast," he said. "A media blitz does not make a strong locally based campaign. We still have a lot of work to do across the country."

But the blitz was on. The media had discovered the movement and were reporting it with a vengeance. Then, on March 10, the freeze became a national political issue. Seventeen senators and twenty-two congressmen joined in sponsoring a resolution calling for a mutual U.S.-Soviet freeze in nuclear arsenals. The resolution drew support from Republicans and Democrats and was labeled "the Kennedy-Hatfield freeze" because Sen. Edward Kennedy (Dem.-Mass.) and Sen. Mark O. Hatfield (Rep.-Oreg.) had initiated it. It was also endorsed by William Colby, ex-director of the CIA, and Thomas J. Watson, Jr., former chairman of IBM and former ambassador to Moscow.

Hatfield and Kennedy acknowledged that they were not originating anything with their proposal, merely responding to letters from their constituents and the prevailing mood in the country. Partly responsible for that mood, perhaps even more so than the clergymen, is Physicians for Social Responsibility, a blue-ribbon group of doctors based in Cambridge, Mass. PSR has focused on the medical impossibility of dealing with the death, destruction, and millions of catastrophic injuries that would result from even a single nuclear blast over a single city. PSR was originally founded in 1960, and in 1962 it reported on the almost unbelievable medical con-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

series of more flexible plans: one for hitting Russian oil refineries only, one for hitting any military ("counterforce") targets only, one, perhaps, for hitting only the outhouse at Brezhnev's summer cottage.

Pentagon spokesmen explained that such planning would allow us to respond to a limited nuclear attack with our own limited nuclear attack, thus averting automatic escalation to total nuclear war. This meant, however, that planning had to allow for a nuclear war that might not be over in a day, a week, or even a month. One government study found that the new strategy envisioned a nuclear war that might go on, limited exchange following limited exchange, for as long as six months.

"When *we* fought the war back in the early 1960s, it was common to say, 'We'll fight our war in ten minutes,' " said Lt. Col. Paul Murphy, a former missile crewman and, until recently, assistant deputy commander for operations of the 90th Strategic Missile Wing at F. E. Warren Air Force Base in Cheyenne, Wyo. "Now execution planning has become a lot more sophisticated."

Built in 1867 as a cavalry post to protect Union Pacific railway crews, Warren Air Force Base is now the command center for 200 Minuteman III missiles standing on constant alert in silos spread over more than 12,000 square miles of Wyoming, Nebraska, and Colorado. Since their original installation in the early 1970s, the missiles have been modified and upgraded to fight any kind of nuclear war, long or short, that the armchair theorists can imagine. Guidance systems have been improved so that the missiles can, in theory, hit and destroy "hard" targets half a world away. Each missile carries three warheads—each a dozen times as powerful as the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima—and each warhead can be targeted independently while the on-board computer stores directions to four alternate targets.

Those missiles not used in an early "limited" strike, of course, may be subjected to some nasty shocks from incoming nuclear weapons while awaiting their turns to go, so a silo upgrading program of the mid-1970s was designed to improve missile survivability. Electrical equipment was shielded from the electromagnetic pulse that would accompany any nuclear explosion, and extra strength was added to the silo door, 110 tons of steel and concrete that stand between each missile and the world. "It protects the missile from snow and rain and everything, and also from thermonuclear blast," explained A1c. Kerry Gross, a twenty-year-old missile maintenance instructor who showed me around a training silo at Warren.

"It takes just four seconds to move that door and be ready to launch the missile," Gross said as we stood inside the silo and looked up. "That's why it's called Minuteman." He showed me the gas generator that would explode on signal, yanking on cables that would hurl the silo door forward on its track. A sort of cowcatcher would protrude from the lip of the door to catch any rubble thrown up by nearby detonations and prevent its falling in and messing up the launch.

The missile itself, all sixty feet and 78,000 pounds of it, hangs in a gigantic sling designed to cushion it from the shock of explosions in the neighborhood. "It's not white, and it doesn't say 'U.S. Air Force' like the models always do," Gross pointed out as we looked at the giant suspended below us. It was green and, according to Gross, had once been decorated with manufacturers' decals—a Thiokol sticker on the first stage and an Aerojet General sticker on the second. "People take the stickers for souvenirs," Gross confided. "*Everybody* has a 'Loaded' sticker." "Loaded" means the missile is capable of destroying three major cities.

During any protracted nuclear war, while unused missiles are swaying in their cradles to the rhythm of detonating hydrogen bombs, missile launch crews in nearby underground command posts are supposed to sit tight and monitor the ten missiles under their command. During peacetime, most crew members pass the hours between drills by studying for courses leading to M.B.A. degrees. After the start of a war, when some of the Minutemen have been launched and Russian missiles threaten to arrive at any moment, the schoolbooks would presumably be put away. But there would still be the waiting.

And what are the crew supposed to do after their missiles are fired?

"Frankly," said Colonel Gifford, "not a great deal. They're still officers in the U.S. Air Force, and, like anyone else, they'd report to the nearest command center, which in their case is F. E. Warren Air Force Base—if we still have a viable command center here."

"We were only trained to execution," a former missile crewman told me later. "There is an escape hatch to the surface, filled with sand to prevent blast damage, but we never trained with it. The crew has big poles to poke the sand out, but I think that in a nudet [nuclear detonation], sand will turn to glass. The launch control center also has emergency rations, and a twenty-two caliber rifle. The idea is you can shoot rabbits with it."

What rabbits?

The prospects for a nuclear war's remaining limited hang, despite the best efforts of American strategists and military commanders, on several dubious propositions. For one thing, the Russians would have to consent to play by

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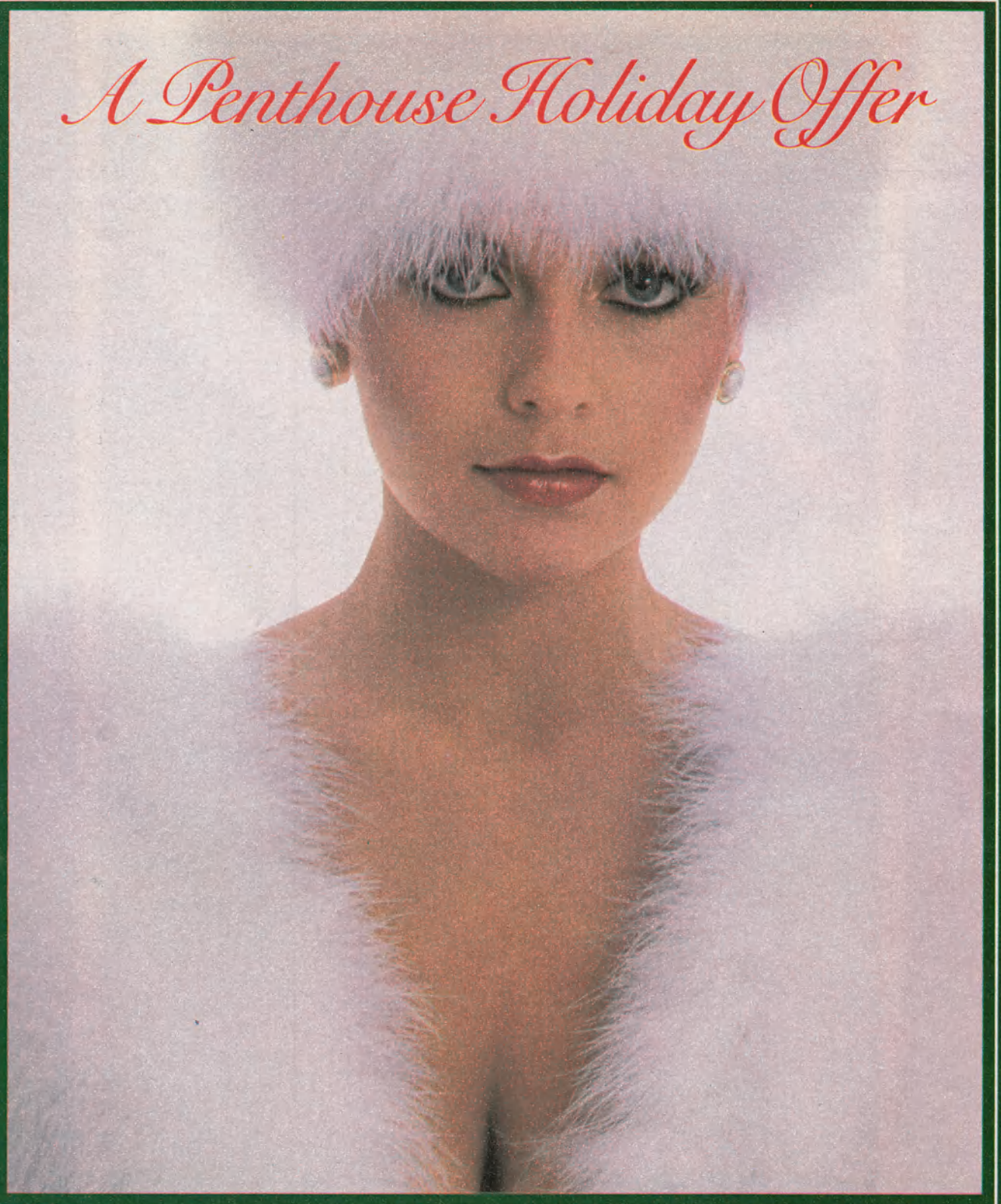
A Penthouse Holiday Offer



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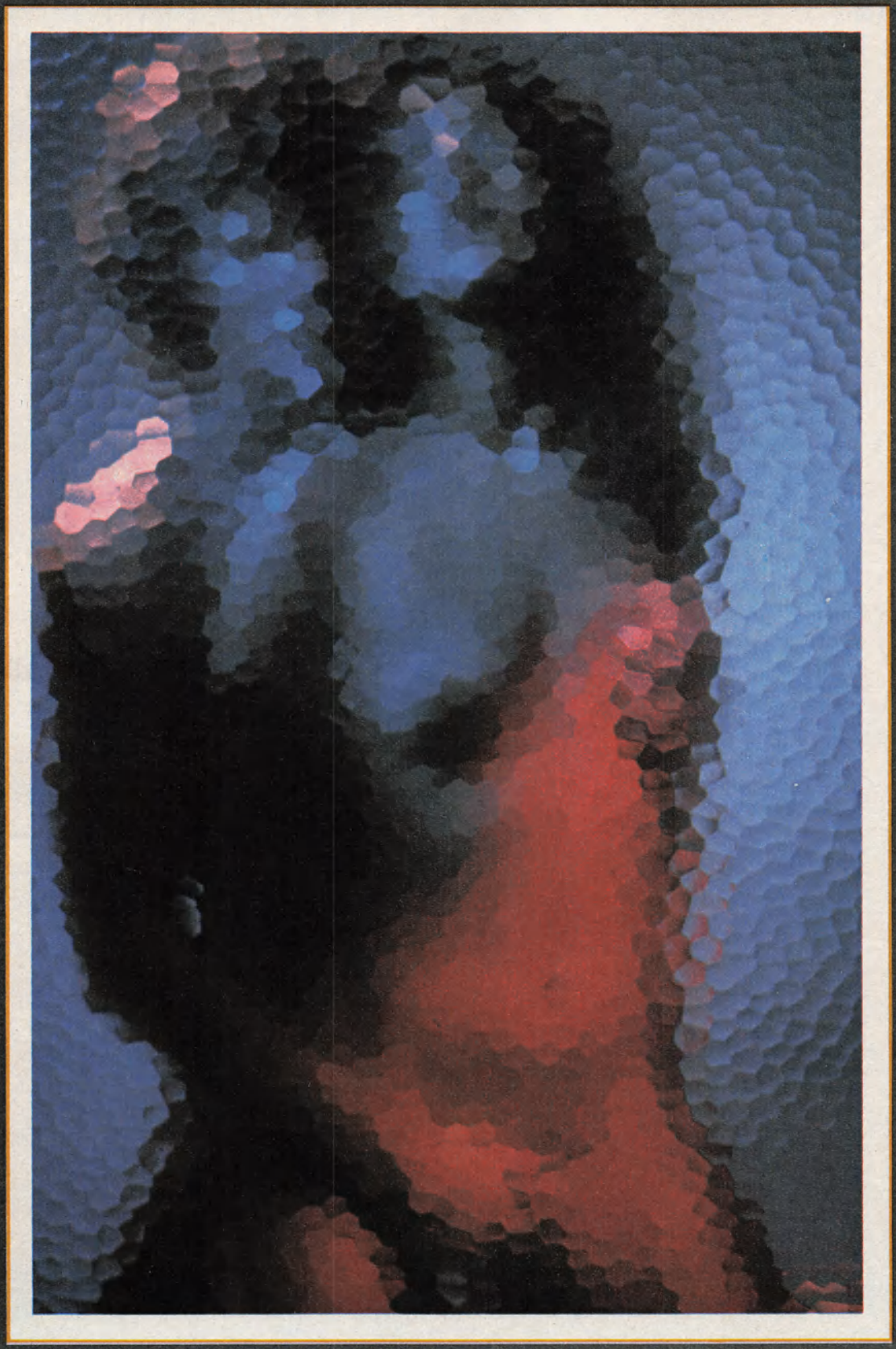


"Love, so intangible,
becomes the purest of abstractions
...a masterpiece created
from a living palette of emotions..."

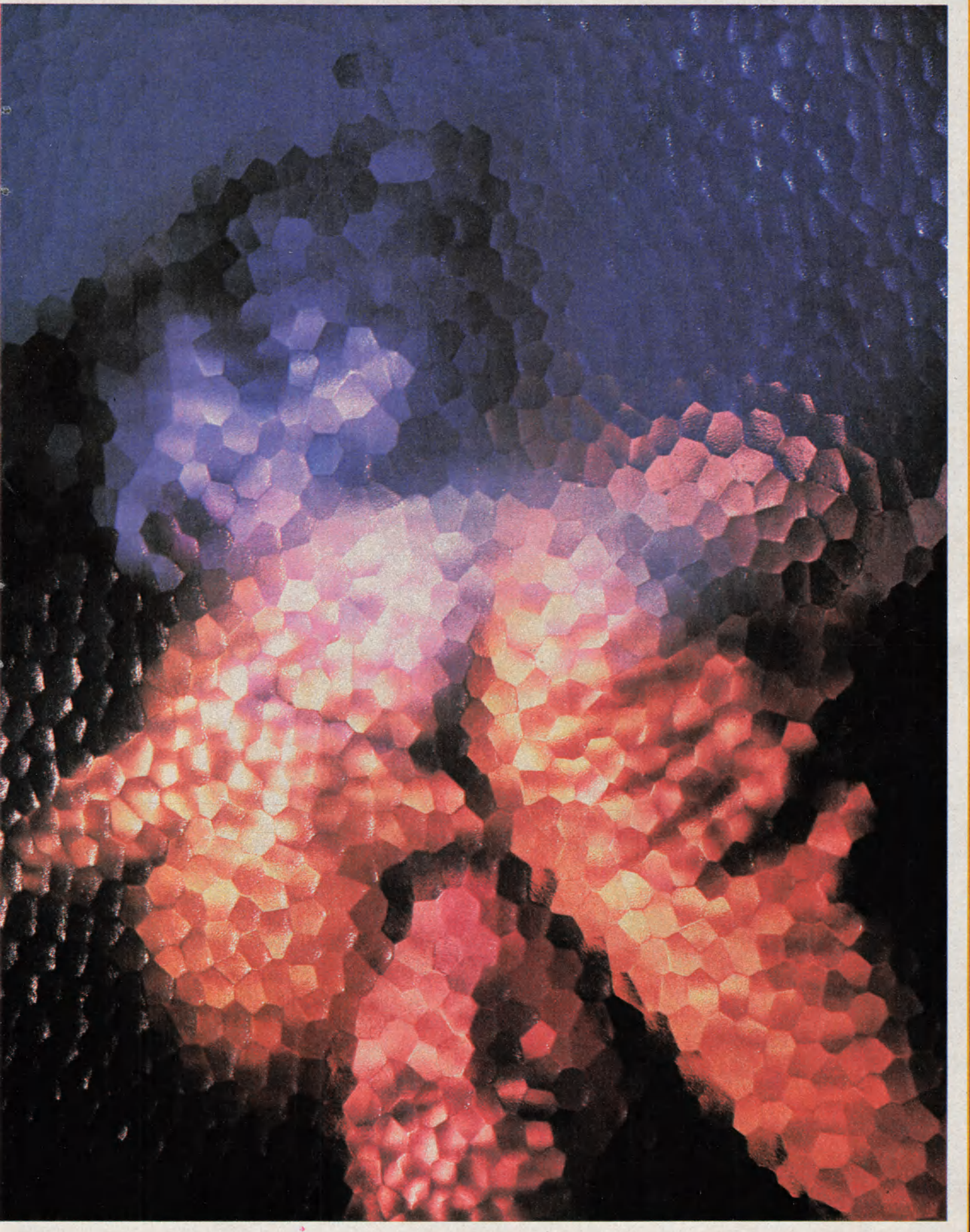
REALM OF THE SENSES

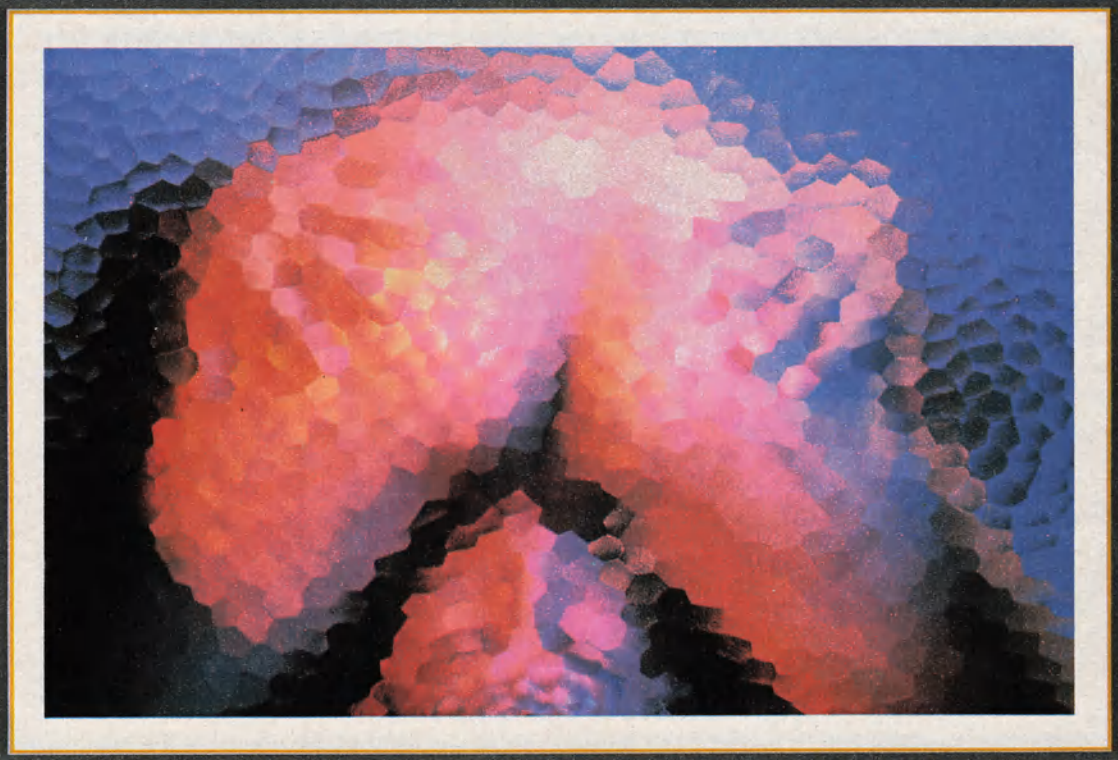
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Love is a continuum of time and space as measured by the human heart. The art of loving isn't taught...it is felt, a silent, primal explosion deep within the cosmos of each sleeping soul. From the great void a universe comes into being...like sunlight through a prism, slivers of sensation sparkling... glowing...dancing upon lips and flesh, splinters of colored light blinding the beholders with beauty. Love, so intangible, so real, becomes the purest of abstractions, a free-form language...a language of mind and verse whose meaning is known only to two, a masterpiece created from a living palette of emotions, seen by no one yet felt by all...

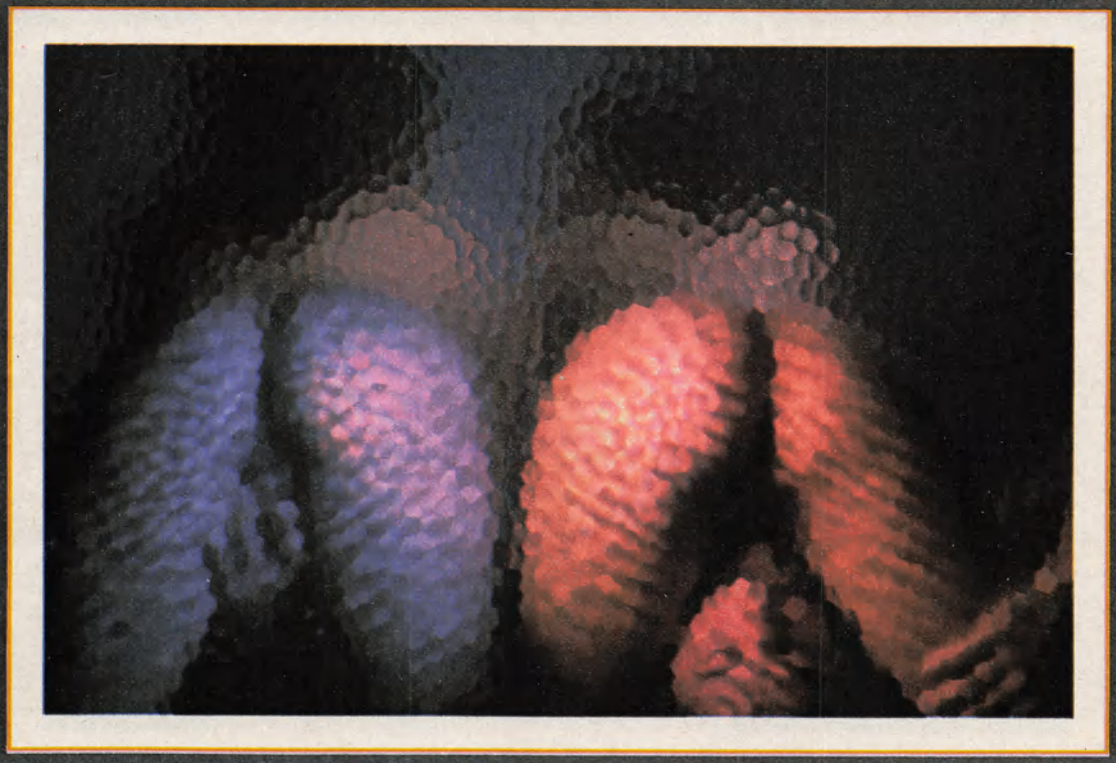
The senses, once we doze, are attuned to each delicate nuance; like loving parents with a child, they hear each other stir in their sleep...

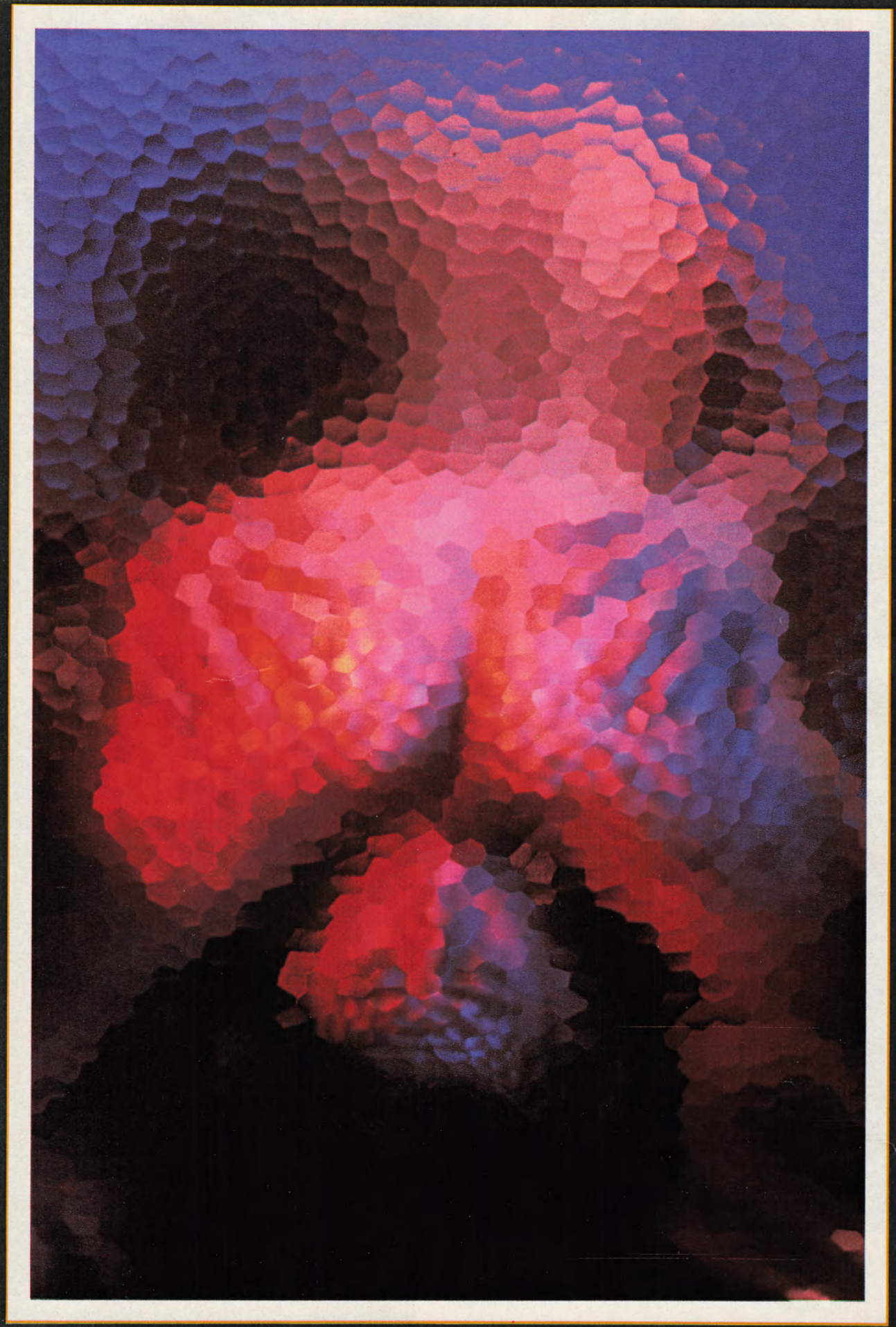
A hand is more than that, a touch...an eye is a look...some tiny shift of posture or expression that goes unnoticed by others can trigger a tremor of desire...





Yet love, so achingly particular, is also universal—a miracle dream of surpassing color and beauty that art can only celebrate, can never truly capture.





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A Boston private detective
often sees more than he wants to. Especially
when he's hired to prove adultery.

FOR HIS EYES ONLY

BY JOHN SEDGWICK

The photographs
are dark, grainy eight-by-ten blowups. But the shots are
so powerful Lewis keeps them locked up
in his bank's safety deposit box. "You could destroy
somebody with glossies like these," he
says. And private investigator Gil Lewis almost did.
To get them, Lewis and his photographer
Duane Smith burst in on a couple making furtive
love in the knotty-pine family room of
a suburban ranch house.
The first photo shows the two hard at
it on the vinyl couch. In his
eagerness, the man—black-haired, clean-shaven,
corporate—hasn't bothered to remove his
shirt, tie, or socks. Wedged between the woman's thighs,
his body screens hers from the camera—
except for the two fleshy arms gripping his back and the
pair of chubby legs scissoring his rump.
By the second photograph, the lovers have sensed
something awful is happening. He's pulled
free from her embrace and turned, dazed, to find out
what. The woman already knows. She's
craned her neck and fixed the camera with a look of
horror. Her plucked eyebrows are arched in
disbelief, her chin pulled back in shock.
In the last photograph, she's hanging on to her lover's

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

tie as though it were a subway safety strap. Her eyes are still glued to the camera, but the man has other ideas. His erection drooping, he's jerked away to find his pants. For the first time the man's face is visible. It is soft and radiant, almost angelic.

Collected as ammunition in a custody fight between Lewis's client, Leonard Jenkins, and his wife, Elise (all names, with the exception of that of investigator Lewis, have been changed to protect privacy)—the photographs represent a bit more "action" than Lewis normally bargains for. He charged a whopping $5,000 to obtain the photos, since lightning strikes like this are hard to arrange and even harder to pull off safely. Lewis still wouldn't have tried had not Elise accused her husband of molesting their eight- and ten-year-old sons. "Leonard swore to me there was nothing to it," Lewis explains. "And I believed him, but an allegation like that is so powerful that I had to come up with something on her that was just as damaging or Leonard would never see his kids again."

Nothing could have been more effective than catching Elise writhing beneath the local bank manager in the Jenkins's family room. As Lewis says, "Everyone suddenly gets reasonable when you've caught them with their legs open." Sure enough, when Elise Jenkins got word of the photos from her lawyer, she reduced her alimony demands by half, and dropped the incest charge and promptly settled out of court. She had nothing kind to say about private investigator Gil Lewis.

At forty-eight, Lewis has been in the detective business over twenty years. A shade under five-eleven, with a calm, open face, gentle brown eyes, and gray hair, Lewis could be any one of the thousands of Irish Catholic businessmen jamming the Boston streets at rush hour. And that's the way the investigator wants it; Lewis has cultivated his anonymity to the point where he can blend into just about any crowd. However, his strength still singles him out. "I may have an eighty-year-old face," he likes to say, "but I've got a twenty-year-old body." Although he believes he inherited his frame from his father, a career patrolman, Lewis beefed himself up early for a boxing career that never materialized and has kept in shape ever since with two-hour weight-lifting sessions every morning before breakfast. He works out in the basement of a frame house in the tiny town of Wollaston, Mass., where he lives and maintains his office. He still looks as though he could go fifteen rounds if necessary. On the job, an impressive physique can come in handy when he has to emerge from the shadows to question a murderer or collect evidence from those who aren't readily inclined to give it. He habitually stands with his legs spread and his hands on his hips to make the most of his quite imposing appearance.

As an investigator, Lewis works on criminal investigations and missing-persons cases largely for the satisfaction of helping clients in need; he does the divorce work for the money and gets the cases through a dozen matrimonial lawyers around Boston.

About the only common denominators among Lewis's clients are their desperation and wherewithal to meet his preferred rate of $500 a day plus expenses. While that may introduce the detective to a higher class of customer than he'd meet on a murder case, it doesn't necessarily make for a more appealing one. Lewis's clients have included the wife who wanted to leave her husband, a cub scout leader, after discovering he'd molested his entire troop; an evangelist outraged that his wife was involved in a lesbian affair; and the woman who moved out after discovering that her husband had contrived a special surprise for each of his five daughters on their twelfth birthday: he'd taken their virginity.

But the majority of these marriages have broken up for a much simpler reason: another lover. And Lewis's task is always the same: find the facts behind his client's suspicions of illicit sex, then collect enough evidence of "misconduct" to tip a divorce action in the client's favor.

Lewis has the routine down pretty well by now. It's generally a matter of establishing "inclination and opportunity," legal terms that require that Lewis shadow his client's spouse to see if he, or she, seems "inclined" toward some third party—as evidenced by hand-holding, hugs, kisses—and if the two have the "opportuni-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

"Well, if I'm not going gobble-gobble, and you're not going gobble-gobble, then who's going gobble-gobble?"

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FOUNDATION'S EDGE

FICTION BY ISAAC ASIMOV

It took hours for the ship from the space station to reach the vicinity of the *Far Star*. Very long hours for Golan Trevize to endure.

Had the situation been normal, Trevize would have tried to signal and would have expected a response. If there had been no response, he would have taken evasive action.

Since he was unarmed and there had been no response, there was nothing to do but wait. The ship would not respond to any direction he could give it that involved the outside world.

Internally, at least, it worked well. The life-support systems were in perfect order so that he and Janov Pelorat were physically comfortable. Somehow that didn't help. Life dragged on, and the uncertainty of what was to come was wearing him down. He noticed with irritation that Pelorat seemed calm. Trevize said sarcastically, "Would you care to guess at what type of nonhumans the creatures on the approaching ship must be?" He was ashamed that he was less calm than Pelorat was. He was a navy veteran (though he had never seen battle, of course) and Pelorat was a historian. Yet his companion sat there, quietly.

Pelorat said, "It would be impossible to imagine what direction evolution would take under conditions differing from those of Earth. The possibilities may not be infinite, but they would be so vast that they might as well be. However, I can predict that they are not senselessly violent, and they will treat us in a civilized fashion. If that wasn't true, we would be dead by now.

"At least you can still reason, Janov, my friend; you can still be tranquil. My nerves seem to be forcing their way through whatever tranquilization they have put us under. I have an extraordinary desire to stand up and pace. Why doesn't that blasted ship arrive?"

Pelorat said, "I am a man of passivity, Golan. I have spent my life doubled over records while waiting for other records to arrive. I do nothing but wait. You are a man of action and you are in deep pain when action is impossible."

Trevize felt some of his tension leave. He muttered, "I underestimate your good sense, Janov."

"No, you don't," said Pelorat, placidly, "but even a naive academic can sometimes make sense out of life."

"And even the cleverest politician can sometimes fail to do so."

PAINTING BY RALLE

Photograph by James A. Chambers, courtesy Gallery Moos Ltd.

"I didn't say that, Golan."

"No, but I did. So let me become active. I can still observe. The approaching ship is close enough to seem distinctly primitive."

"How big is the ship?"

"Without being able to use the ship's computer to calculate the distance of the ship by radar, we can't possibly know the size."

A tether snaked out toward the *Far Star*.

Trevize said, "Either there's a human aboard, or nonhumans use the same device. Perhaps nothing but a tether can possibly work."

"They might use a tube," said Pelorat, "or a horizontal ladder."

"Those are inflexible things. It would be far too complicated to try to make contact with those. You need something that combines strength and flexibility."

The tether made a dull clang on the *Far Star* as the solid hull (and, consequently, the air within) was set to vibrating. There was the usual slithering as the other ship made the fine adjustments of speed required to bring the two into a common velocity. The tether was motionless relative to both.

A black dot appeared on the hull of the other ship, and expanded like the pupil of an eye. Trevize grunted. "An expanding diaphragm, instead of a sliding panel."

"Nonhuman?"

"Not necessarily, I suppose. But interesting."

A figure emerged.

Pelorat's lips tightened for a moment, and then he said in a disappointed voice, "Too bad. Human."

"Not necessarily," said Trevise, calmly. "All we can make out is that there seem to be five projections. That could be a head, two arms, and two legs—but it might not be. Wait!"

"What?"

"It moves more rapidly and smoothly than I expected. Ah!"

"What?"

"There's some sort of propulsion. It's not rocketry, as nearly as I can tell, but neither is it hand over hand. Still, not necessarily nonhuman."

There seemed an incredibly long wait despite the quick approach of the figure along the tether, but there was finally the noise of contact. Trevize said, "It's coming in, whatever it is. My impulse is to tackle it the minute it appears." He balled a fist.

"I think we had better relax," said Pelorat. "It may be stronger than we. It can control our minds. There are surely others on the ship. We had better wait till we know more about what we are facing."

"You grow more and more sensible by the minute, Janov," said Trevize, "and I, less and less."

They could hear the airlock moving into action, and finally, the figure appeared inside the ship. The space-suited figure stood before them, and a forelimb rose to the rounded helmet, which, if it were made of glass, possessed one-way transparency only. Nothing could be seen inside.

The limb touched something with a quick motion that Trevize did not clearly make out, and the helmet was at once detached from the rest of the suit. It lifted off.

What was exposed was the face of a young, and undeniably pretty, woman. Pelorat's expressionless face did what it could to look stupefied. He said, hesitantly, "Are you human?"

Her hand moved quickly to the left side of her suit, which opened in one piece as though it were on a set of hinges. She stepped out and the suit remained standing without content for a moment; then, with a soft sigh that seemed almost human, it collapsed.

She looked even younger now that she had stepped out. Her clothing was loose and translucent, with the skimpy items beneath visible as shadows. The outer robe reached to her knees. She was small-breasted and narrow-waisted, with hips rounded and full. Her thighs, which were seen in shadow, were generous, but her legs narrowed to graceful ankles. Her hair was dark and shoulder-length, her eyes brown and large, her lips full and slightly asymmetric. She looked down at herself and then solved the problem of her understanding of the language by saying, "Don't I *look* human?"

Pelorat asked, "Are you human?" The young woman spread her arms as though inviting closer examination. "I should hope so. Men have died for this body."

She spoke Galactic Standard with just a trifle of hesitation, as though she were straining a bit to get the pronunciation quite right.

Pelorat nodded, and said, with a small smile, "I can't deny it. Quite human. Delightfully human."

The young woman spread her arms as though inviting closer examination. "I should hope so, gentleman. Men have died for this body."

"I would rather live for it," said Pelorat, finding a vein of gallantry which faintly surprised him.

"Good choice," said the woman solemnly. "Once this body is attained, all sighs become sighs of ecstasy."

She laughed, and Pelorat laughed with her. Trevize, whose forehead had puckered into a frown through this exchange, rapped out, "How old are you?"

The woman seemed to shrink a little. "Twenty-three—gentleman."

"Why have you come? What is your purpose here?"

"I have come to escort you to Gaia." Her command of Galactic Standard was slipping slightly, and her vowels tended to round into diphthongs. She made "come" sound like "comb" and "Gaia" like "Gay-uh."

"A *girl* to escort us."

The woman drew herself up, and suddenly she had the bearing of one in charge. "I," she said, "am Gaia, as well as another. It was my stint on the station."

"*Your* stint? Were you the only one on board?"

Pelorat had taken Trevize by the sleeve and had been shaken off. He tried again. "Golan," he said, in an urgent half-whisper. "Don't shout at her. She's only a girl. Let me deal with this."

Trevize shook his head angrily, but Pelorat said, "Young woman, what is your name?"

The woman smiled with sudden sunniness, as though responding to the softer tone. She said, "Bliss."

"Bliss?" said Pelorat. "A very nice name. Surely that's not all there is."

"Of course not. A fine thing it would be to have one syllable. It would be duplicated on every section and we wouldn't tell one from another so that the men would be dying for the wrong body. Blissenobiarella is my name in full."

"My name is Janov Pelorat."

"I know that. And this other gentleman—the shouter—is Golan Trevize. We received word from Sayshell."

Trevize said at once, his eyes narrow, "How did you receive word?"

Bliss turned to look at him and said, calmly, "I didn't. Gaia did."

Pelorat said, "Miss Bliss, may my partner and myself speak privately for a moment?"

"Yes, certainly, but we have to get on with it, you know."

"I won't take long." He pulled hard at Trevize's elbow and was reluctantly followed into the other room.

Trevize said, in a whisper, "What's all this? I'm sure she can hear us in here. She can probably read our minds, blast the creature."

"Whether she can or can't, we need a bit of psychological isolation for just a moment. Look, old chap, leave her alone. There's nothing we can do, and there's no use taking that out on her. There's probably nothing she can do either. She's just a messenger girl. Actually, as long as she's on board, we're probably safe; they wouldn't have put her on board if they intended to destroy the ship. Keep bullying, and perhaps they will destroy it—and us—after they take her off."

Trevize thought a moment, then his face cleared. "Very well. You're right; I'm wrong. It is irritating, though, to have them send a girl. They might have sent a military officer, for instance, and given us a sense

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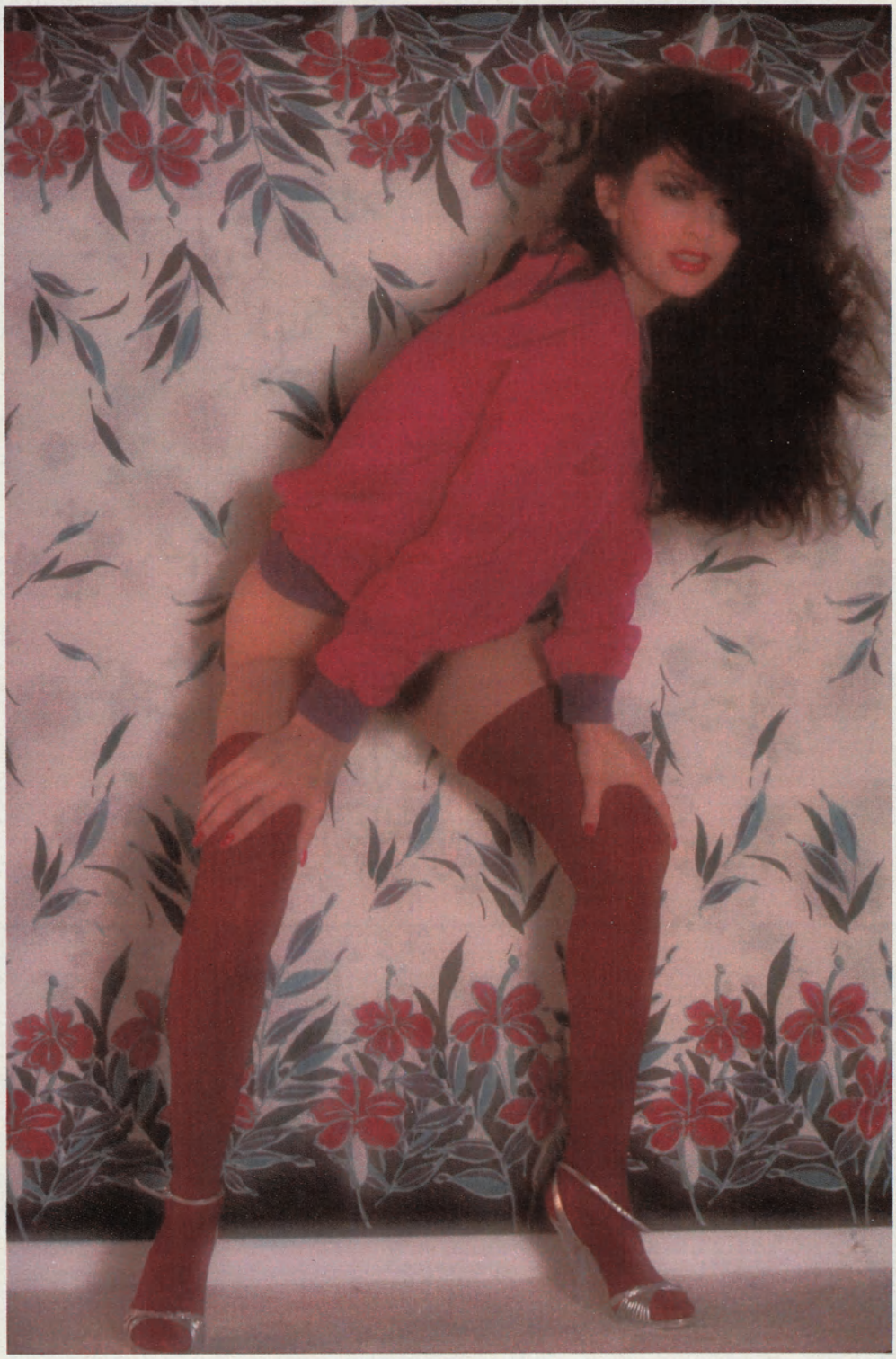
"Sex is by far my favorite pastime...a little too much is just enough."



NICOLE

UP IN SMOKE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN OBERLANDER

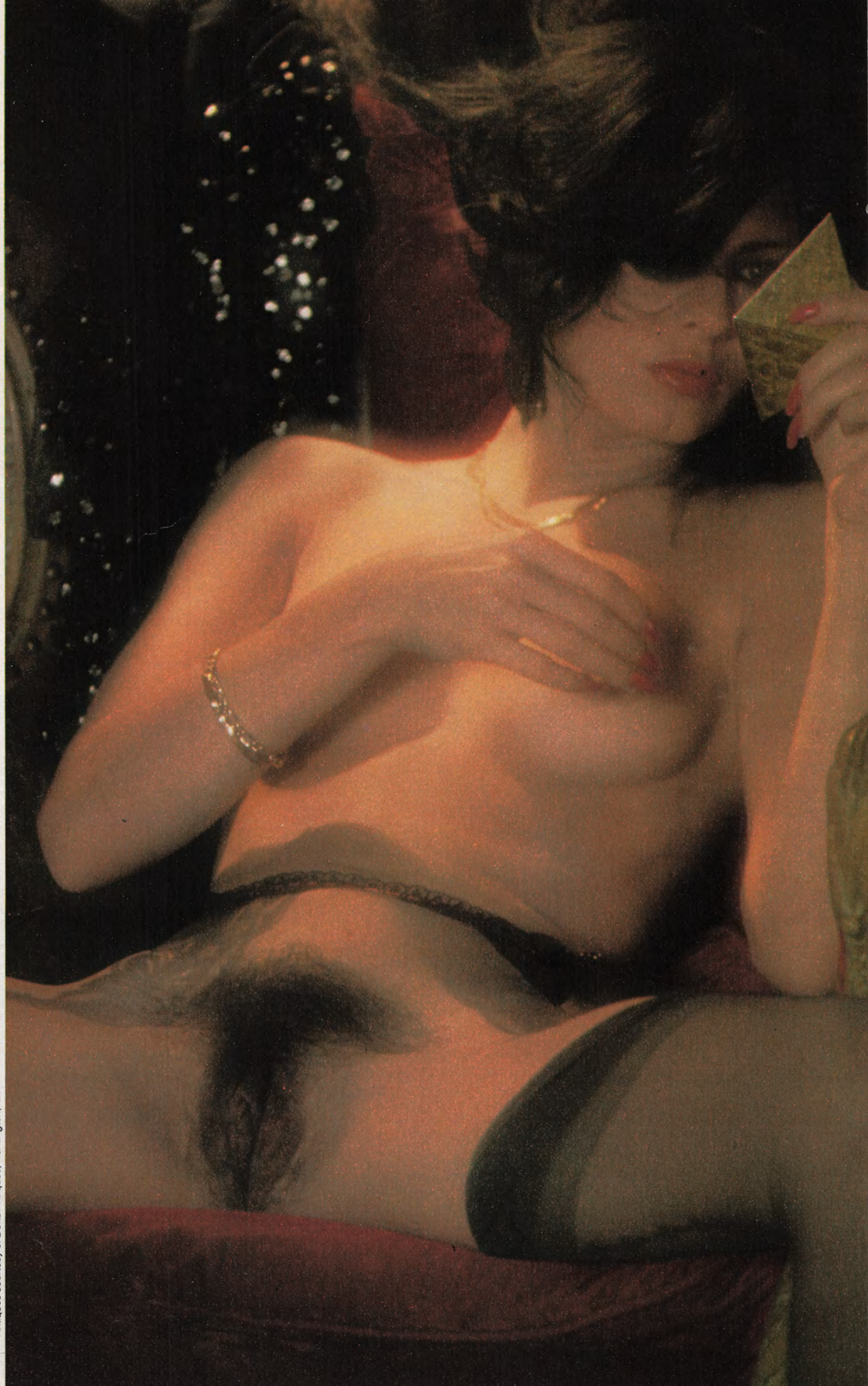
Meet Pet of the Month Nicole Monrowe—a streamlined beauty custom-built for life in the fast lane. Revved up with racy blue eyes and a cyclone of jet black hair, she has all she can do to slow for school zones, much less stop at red lights. Generally, she travels past the legal limit, often with her top down. (See next page.) Easy to see why no cop has given her a ticket, though her volunteer-fireman boyfriend does detain her on weekends. He's thrilled to find the apple of his eye in *Penthouse,* but worries that some other man might try to put her fire out.

Our surprisingly practical Pet is enrolled in secretarial school. Takes shorthand at 80, types a wild 65. (And her sultry phone manner could leave a heavy breather gasping for air.)

As befits a girl too beautiful for words, Nicole admits she's the quiet type. Becomingly modest, also–except about her delicate waist. "You can circle it with your hands," she boasts.

Does anyone but the fireman get to set her modesty ablaze? we wonder aloud. Well,

she does
have
this thing for
younger
men, admits
our Pet,
who is pushing
twenty-five.



Antiques courtesy of Doris Antiques, Huntington, N.Y.

Nothing like having a strapping youth to make her feel gorgeous, adored, and alive. Besides, they're so strong and active, she gushes, and, well, "so easily *excited!*" So are we, now that she mentions it!

Which isn't to say that she lies around in bed all the time. There are other things to life, after all. Dancing to punk rock bands like Squeeze.

Lingerie courtesy of The Secret Self, East Meadow, N.Y.

Window-shopping with girl friends. Playing with her chow chow Confucius. Gazing thoughtfully at a once and forever sunset...

But when pressed, our 34-20-34-inch Pet admits that sex is by far her favorite pastime: "A little too much is just enough!"

MISS NICOLE MONROWE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The Reagan budget knife has sliced deep into the very fiber of America in what has now become a downright embarrassment to many legislators on Capitol Hill. In an unpublicized portion of last year's budget, members of Congress axed Social Security benefits to widowed mothers for their dependent children and cut post-secondary school aid to those children. Apparently, in their zeal to carry out Reagan's supply-side mandate, many representatives didn't bother to read the fine print and were unaware that widows and children of men killed in action would be included in the housecleaning.

Since 1957, one of the added perks the military has offered its servicemen has been Social Security benefits. Active-duty soldiers were promised that should they be killed or disabled, their families would be provided for. Widows would receive Social Security compensation until their children turned eighteen, and student benefits, added in 1965, would extend payments to the orphans until they reached age twenty-two if they were in school. Never did the military mention that the benefits were contingent upon the whims of government. Yet that is exactly what happened.

With one simple vote, Congress snatched the promise away, jeopardizing college educations for some 46,000 Vietnam-era youngsters and another 15,000 dependents born since then. In effect since last summer, the new budget cuts stipulate that payments to mothers stop when their children turn sixteen, that dependents themselves receive no more compensation after they are eighteen, and that benefits to students now in college be slashed some 40 percent.

> Apparently, in its zeal to carry out Reagan's supply-side budget-cutting mandate, Congress was unaware that widows and children of men killed in action would be included in the housecleaning.

The men who died, the men to whom those promises were made, are buried and forgotten now. Only their families remember. Last Veterans Day, a group of outraged, frustrated military widows in Orange County, Calif., took matters into their own hands by founding Survivors of Sacrifice to fight the cutbacks. Financial hardships aside, SOS has been organized around a much deeper principle: the government is reneging on an agreement it once made with military widows' husbands. "You don't just send a man out to die and then tear up his contract," says Madeline Van Wagenen, one of SOS's founders.

Despite the group's limited resources and the sluggishness of the Social Security bureaucracy in informing recipients of the benefit changes, the grass-roots campaign has caught on by word of mouth and now claims some 300 to 500 members in a loosely knit network covering forty states across the country. Mostly middle-class women who are organizing for the first time, SOS members span the political spectrum. Yet together they have managed to put together a surprisingly intense lobbying campaign and are keeping the pressure on Capitol Hill.

Their diligence paid off last February when Congressman Duncan Hunter (Rep.-Calif.) introduced a bill to reinstate their benefits through a special fund that would be part of the Veterans Administration's budget. Hunter has managed to muster more than a hundred of his colleagues to cosponsor the legislation; the bill is still in committee. Another option being explored through companion bills, which cropped up last June in the Senate and House, would have the benefits come from the bloated defense budget. Still, all the bills are considered political hot potatoes, because they go against the current code words in Washington—"cut, cut, and cut some more." Other opposition stems from the fear that, if these benefits are restored, other projects and programs will have to be shelved.

That the group has gotten this far can only be attributed to the tireless legwork of some fifty hard-core women advocates, who have roamed the halls of Congress gathering support. They have come from as far away as California and Montana, spending days and weeks in Washington to let their demands be known. The women are financing their protest out of their own pockets and the meager contributions that have trickled in through letters of support from people around the country. Theirs is an uphill battle, but they are held together by their dedication to preserving the honor of their fallen husbands.

Mike Converse, Congressman Hunter's aide, says that restoring the funds cut would cost $20 to $30 million a year and that the cost of doing so would taper off substantially within twelve years. That hardly seems an outrageous sum in a trillion-dollar budget.

Besides, if the government doesn't live up to its agreement to these families, not only will it be establishing a dangerous precedent, but also it will make a mockery of the sacrifice of all the men and women who have died defending their country. What is to stop the government from changing any of its agreements in the future? Congress must take heed of the VA motto, "To care for him who has borne the battle, for his widow and his orphan," so that all Americans will not lose hope in democracy.—*Cherri Senders*

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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

John Muth

BY PETER McCABE

The author, former managing editor of *Harper's* magazine, is a New York–based writer whose articles have appeared in several national magazines. He has recently completed his first novel.

DISPOSABLE FATHERS

Divorced fathers are members of this country's most misrepresented minority group—hopeless fighters for a losing cause. There are now nearly 5 million of us in the U.S.; many are disenfranchised parents who are disposable objects in all but financial matters. And we have been ignored, by and large, despite all the media hoopla about the so-called new phenomenon of the single parent.

The irony is, being a conscientious father is almost a guarantee that one will get a lousy deal. It's no wonder so many men lose interest in their children. Faced with angry ex-wives, who for all intents and purposes have captured their children, and without joint-custody arrangements, fathers are reduced to the status of paying visitors or recreational directors. And if you are tempted to snicker at the revolutionary notion of fathers' rights, be warned—expecially if you're male. If you should become a father, the chances are about one in three you'll wind up a divorced one. *Then* you'll want your rights—and frankly, at present, these don't amount to much.

Take my situation. I have a son I'm very attached to. The way he slings his building blocks around leads me to think he might pitch a wicked fastball one day. But I'd be kidding myself if I expected to have endless hours to teach him to do that. Right now, I get to see him for just two three-hour periods a week. No, I'm not an alcoholic, nor do I have a record of child abuse or any other crimes. Visitation of a few hours a week, a day, maybe two half-days, is the norm for millions of divorced fathers whose ex-wives want it this way. Visitation arrangements like these make you feel a bit like a prisoner in maximum security—each week you look forward to a few precious hours in the exercise yard.

In spite of a growing body of evidence that children fare best after a divorce when they are free to develop full relationships with both parents, a custodial award in the mother's favor is a shoo-in in the vast majority of states, unless the mother is a criminal, a prostitute, or a junkie. Once a woman has secured custody and child-support payments, if she desires effectively to discourage a relationship between child and father, she is totally free to do so. This is the shocking reality of today's laws. If she wants Dad to remain a mere visitor in their child's life, Dad will remain one. Naturally, many women follow this course out of anger and vindictiveness. In fact, there is nothing in the present system to encourage *either* parent to set aside grievances and put the child's interests first.

In a recent book, *The Disposable Parent*, authors William Haddad and Mel Roman document the various strategies by which an ex-wife can virtually eliminate the father from his child's existence: by sending the child to stay with friends and relatives rather than the father whenever she is unavailable, restricting phone contact with the father, withholding information about the child's progress in school, and so forth. Without

"If you are tempted to snicker at the revolutionary notion of fathers' rights, be warned. If you should become a father, the chances are about one in three that you'll wind up a divorced one. *Then* you'll want your rights—and frankly, at present, these don't amount to much."

joint custody a father is entirely dependent on the mother's deciding to adopt a cooperative attitude toward him and his relationship with his child. Rarely does this happen, as many lawyers attest, and it especially does not happen in the first few years following a divorce. After this time, much of the traumatizing associated with the absenting or "dismissal" of the father has been done.

Here's what usually happens when the mother is hostile or noncooperative toward the father: he is at the mercy of the courts. I say "at the mercy of" rather than "dependent on" because a father, faced with a hostile ex-wife, goes to court only to seek relief against the worst cases of injustice—no time, or virtually no time, with his kids. More often he has to accept the slim pickings that the mother throws him in visitation time, because what he most likely will be awarded, in return for spending huge sums in legal fees and court costs, is so little additional time with his children that it is not surprising that some caring fathers are driven to acts of desperation, while others simply give up.

The tactics used by a father considering a court action for more visitation is a bit like a game of chicken. Mother risks losing only a few Brownie points if the case comes up before one of our few enlightened judges. Let's say the child is "of tender years," to use the legal terminology. Let's presume that the mother has offered the father a total of six hours a week with his child, knowing that if the father takes her to court, the court will award him *some* time with the child, probably about this amount. Father still feels that this is inadequate. What choices does he now have? Very simply, he can spend money. He can get a detective to spy on his ex-wife, and try to prove she is inadequate as a mother. He can try to prove she works too long hours, or goes out most evenings, or entertains disreputable men or men in disreputable numbers. Armed with this evidence, and his own character references, he can then begin an action for sole custody for himself, which he knows in advance he will lose almost certainly. But he hopes that the threat of this action will obtain him at least more liberal visitation. By the time he pays his lawyer, the detective, and a psychiatrist to testify on his behalf, the bill will be no less than $10,000. The idea, of course, is not to get to court at all; he is gambling that the mother will hate the idea of spending large amounts to defend herself, or, if she has the money, will not want to run the slim risk of winding up before one of our few liberal judges. Needless to say, the father doesn't want to end up in court either, where he is not likely to be awarded much more time with his child than his wife originally offered him, and he will be $10,000 lighter at the end of it.

If the case does go to court, a father may get more time with his kid because a judge was sufficiently impressed that the father went to this length and expense to try to see more of him. By this standard, the rich father cares; presumably, the poor father does not. But more often, the case does not go to court. What happens is: Dad agrees to cough up another hundred a month in child support, and for this he may get to see the kid alternate weekends as well.

These unenlightened legal roadblocks ignore many studies that categorically have favored consistent, predictable contact between children and *both* parents. Among these is the Wallerstein study, which concluded that "children not visited by the absent parent frequently showed diminished self-esteem." A recent paper presented to the American Orthopsychiatric Association reported: "Research is now abundantly clear that with few exceptions, the trauma of divorce can be minimized by the child's continuous open and easy access to both parents." And in an attack on the imposition of legal visitation restrictions, it stated: "We should do everything in our power to maximize contact between the child and both parents. One clear way is through joint-custody arrangements."

But the courts usually do just the opposite. Divorced fathers are victims of legal practices that were established early this century, after Freudian psychology gained wide acceptance. (Before this, and no less unfairly, the courts routinely placed children in the custody of their *fathers*.) After the pronouncements of Freud and his apostles, the mother was put in full charge of the nurturing and child-rearing business, as if, breasts aside, she had some gift or talent denied men. A few years back, one judge argued against this: Judge Sybil Hart Kooper wrote, "The simple fact of being a mother does not, by itself, indicate a capacity or willingness to render a quality or care different from that which the father can provide." Judge Kooper, unfortunately, is the exception rather than the rule. Most of what is handed down in family courts is devastating to the father, who is removed from his child in a way no demanding job ever could remove him, and is relegated to the role of a walk-on wallet.

And the most important and tragic victims of this legal and psychiatric blindness are the children of divorce, who have to pay a huge, unnecessary toll for their parents'—and the courts'—mistakes. The system now does everything possible to make an ex-father out of an ex-husband, despite the fact that 80 percent of divorced mothers now work, which means that millions of children suffer because they see less of both their parents.

Clearly, it is time for the law to show some sense of reality and compassion for all concerned, and begin imposing joint custody in the majority of cases. For those millions of men who are currently victimized—and for all those millions more who will join our ranks in the future—there remains no option but to fight to change the present system that separates divorced fathers from their children.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The odds were three to one, and the girl had the only head in town.

THREE-STUD POKER

BY MARTIN O'BRIEN

Munich at midnight was chill and shivery. And surprisingly empty—my taxi seemed to be the only car on the road. It was as if the whole city had been evacuated in the face of some strange menace. It felt a little discomforting to be the only one about, as if everyone else knew better.

At my hotel, in the center of the old town—equally empty—the night staff were on duty, old and slow, like soldiers in a home guard unit. Tired and grubby, I was shown to my room by an old man who looked very much like I felt. He dumped my case in the small hallway with an exaggerated sigh of relief, switched on the lights, opened the windows onto a deserted square, and left me with a low bow and a generous tip.

An hour later, showered and shaved with a change of shirt, I felt much better, ready to go. Despite appearances, I was sure Munich must have something to offer—somewhere. In the corner of my room, beneath the base of a standard lamp, I hid my passport and traveler's check—a wise precaution should I bring someone back with me—then locked the door behind me hanging the "Bitte Nicht Stören" sign from the handle. At reception I changed some money and left the hotel, stopping at the entrance to ask the head porter where I could find the center of town. He pointed across the small square to the orange glow I had seen from my room. Did I need a taxi, I asked? He shook his head. It was only a short walk. Before moving away, I pressed a neatly folded hundred-Deutschemark note into his hand. Should I return with company, his discretion was assured.

The real center of Munich, a web of streets surrounding the Frauenkirche, is closed to traffic, the roads paved over to make an enormous shopping

From the forthcoming book *All the Girls*, to be published by St. Martin's/Marek. © 1982 Martin O'Brien

PAINTING BY H.R. GIGER

and tourist precinct. At midday it's a hectic scrum of people, with shops, cafés, and squares jammed to bursting, but a little after one o'clock in the morning, and much to my dismay, it was so quiet I could hear my footsteps echoing off the Renaissance walls of the Michelskirche and, from far away, the tiny splash of the Brunnenbuberl fountain. No shop was open, the cafés were closed. No inviting shadows lingered on street corners.

Outside the Karlstor, one of the old city gates, I sat on a bench with the spray from the Stachus fountain settling like a drizzle on my face. I sat there for some time, looking towards the lights of Bayer and Shützenstrasse, Prielmeyer and Sonnenstrasse, wondering whether it was worth a walk. I was losing interest and hope in equal measure. When I saw the taxi draw up into an empty rank fifty yards away, a cream Citroën with its luminous green dial lights shining up on the driver's face, I decided I'd take a ride instead.

The driver was a crumpled, creased sort of fellow who looked as if he never got out of his car. His name was Kurt. He wore his hair long and had a gold cap covering the lower half of a front tooth. He looked unwashed, slightly manic, but harmless, like an out-of-work anarchist who never really made the grade. Where did I want to go? he asked. Somewhere more lively, I replied. He looked up at me for a moment and then nodded toward the backseat.

"I take you to Schwabing," he said, pulling away from the curb. "It is for students, artists, you know. Like Paris, cafés and clubs. They are open late."

"And girls?" I saw him glance at me in the mirror as if this question confirmed his suspicions.

"For girls . . . you must go further."

"How much further?"

"Out of town maybe—Trudering, I think." He was silent for a while. "But it is expensive, these houses—one hunnert fifty and you only get in," he continued, testing his potential fare. We were driving along a wide, straight avenue banked with shoveled snow. Like everywhere else it was deserted.

"Let's try," I suggested.

He said nothing, simply turned right at the next set of lights and tore off through a jigsaw of slippery side streets. A few minutes later we crossed a bridge over the Isar, the glow of the city now far behind us, the road ahead darkening and widening into an autobahn.

"Why so far out?"

"Munich is a boring town now." He turned and smiled with his gold tooth; he was settling back to enjoy the ride. "Everything is quiet. I used to live here but now I am in Berlin. I come here in two months to drive taxi to make money, then go back and live in Berlin. It is better there, I think."

"But why," I repeated the question, "are these houses so far away from the city?"

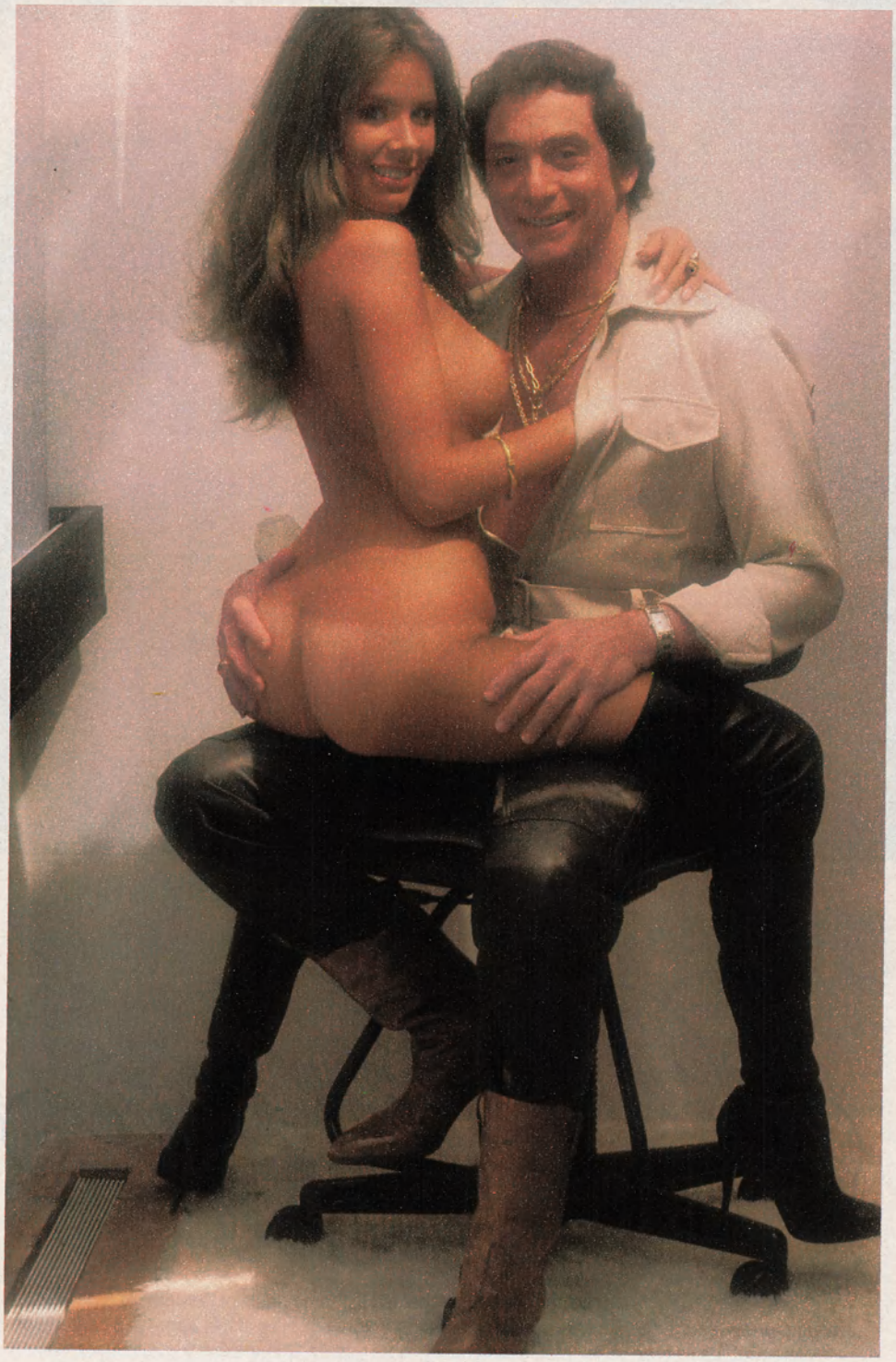
"This is the police, you see. They keep pushing them out into the suburbs. Munich is a strange town now. You would not believe. Me, I don't like. You used to find a zone for girls between Isartorplatz and the Viktualienmarkt, but no more. Me, I prefer Berlin."

Past a sign to Wasserburg he took a service road, braked, and left the highway. I could see the dark shadows of houses and a few lights, where before it had just been the high, snowy banks of the autobahn. After a number of short, sliding corners and long, sleeping residential streets, Kurt slowed down, crawled along the side of the road, then pulled over smartly, tires crunching over snow-covered gravel. He switched off the engine and the suspension drooped with a sigh. Everything was silent. Across the road was a field, and beyond, headlights were gliding along an overpass. On our side, a few feet back from the road, was a high hedge, a wrought-iron gate, and two pillars. On one of them was a metal plate with the word *Club* in bold, black lettering. Beside the plate was a bell, shining like a pearl in a shell.

I asked Kurt to wait and got out of the car. From the road it was impossible to see anything of the house. I rang the bell, waited a respectable time, then pushed open the gate and set off down the drive. Behind me, in the car, a match struck twice, then flared, and a radio came on. But ahead nothing stirred. I walked on, expecting to bump into someone at every turn, but there was no one. I reached the house, a low, stuccoed villa circled by thick black bushes, and made for a step-up porch that had ivy as black as seaweed clinging to its walls. The only windows I could see were shuttered; not a chink of light anywhere. I found another bell and rang it. There was no sound inside—no

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

"Do you mind if we turn out the light? I'm always a little self-conscious."

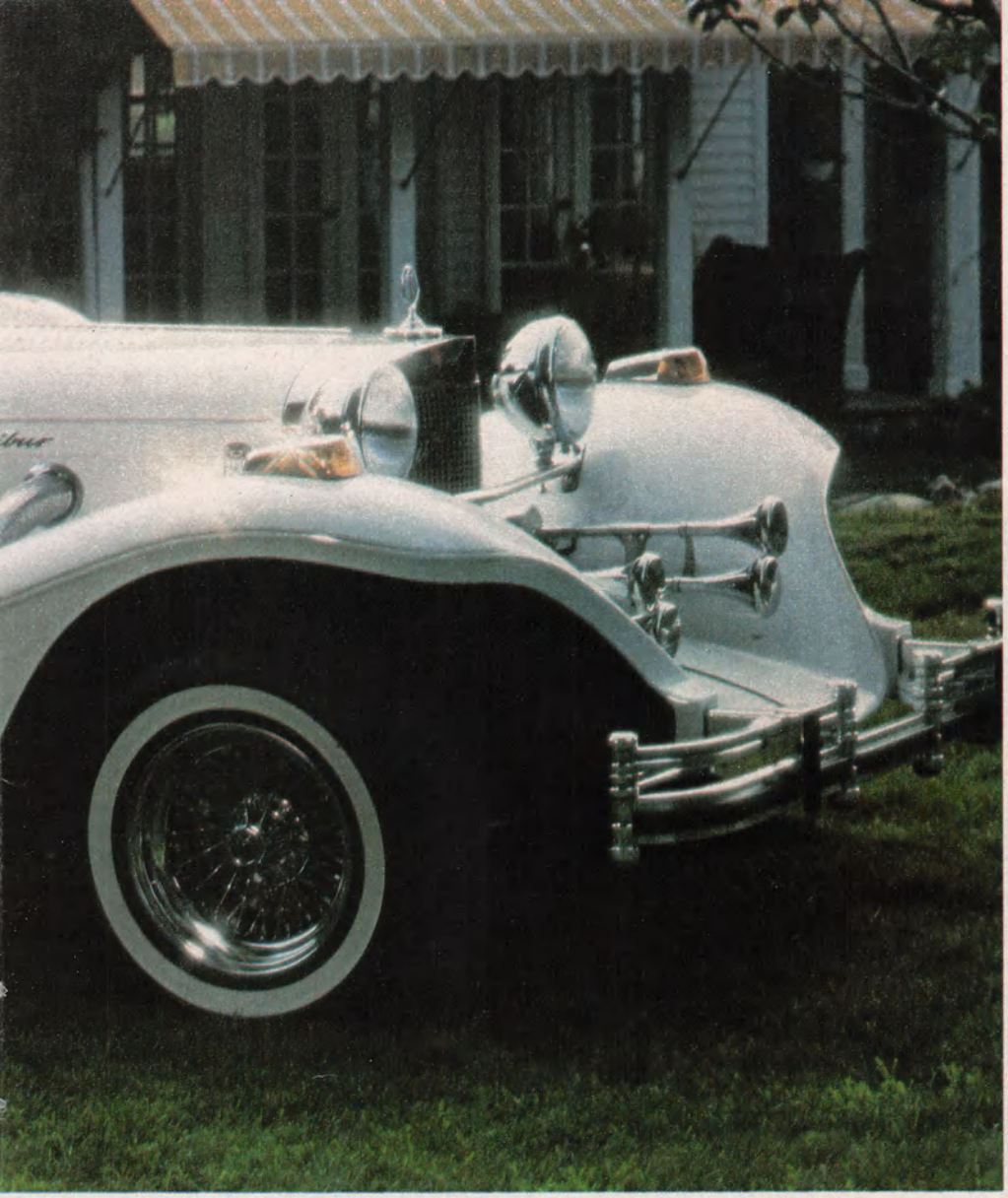


This is the man that has a better job than you that photographed the Pet that got your vote that became our 17th annual...

Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

And this is the beauty that set the precedent that led to the pinnacle of Petdom! At a dewey twenty-one, Corinne Alphen was a vision swimming before our eyes in the June 1978 centerfold "Water Babies." Three years later, a delightfully more mature Corinne encored as our centerfold in "Once More With Feeling" (August 1981), becoming the first ever to receive that special accolade a second time. And over the years, Corinne took time away from her promising acting career to make hundreds of personal appearances for *Penthouse*—becoming one of the most requested beauties in Pet promotions history. Small wonder that our recent Pet of the Year Play-off garnered our tawny two-timer an unprecedented avalanche of votes, resulting in the manslide victory celebrated here. During our four-year love affair with Corinne, her marvelous and very visible 37-23-36 measurements haven't changed, but her unseen dimensions have.



Corinne's Pet of the Year car is the matchless Excalibur Series IV Phaeton, given to her by Excalibur Automobile Corporation, 1735 South 106th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53214. Her dress is hand-worked bugle bead and rhinestone double chiffon by John Stavros.

Henry Wolf

Clothes by Therapy, 799 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

"I've grown more confident, and more... womanly. It's not just feeling comfortable in a slinky, sophisticated gown, but feeling more secure about what I want romantically as well as sexually."

Styling and makeup by Kathy Keeton.

For instance, when Corinne first appeared on these pages, she claimed she had "no stop signs sexually," believed in reckless adventures. Now she's discovered the joy of a well-chosen detour. "I recently fell in love again...for the very first time," she says, "and nothing has been a more erotic turn-on than being told he didn't intend to share me with other men. Instead of feeling stifled, I feel freer than ever!"

The lucky man, a successful young actor, has also helped our lovely Pet learn to "love myself. All that I have to keep and give others is inside. It's my equity...my capital...the only real investment I can ever make in life."

As for us, or so sayeth our deftly diplomatic ambassadress at large, we will remain part of her deathless love and gratitude forever. She also loves traveling (will tour the U.S., Japan, and Europe during her reign), but Corinne's greatest love is acting. She's just completed filming *Spring Break* in Florida, and three of the seven films she's made will soon be released: *Night People, Moon Beams* (with Michael Pollard and Tammy Grimes), and *Brain Waves* (with Tony Curtis).

Last year our sultry show-stopper also debuted onstage in an Off-Off-Broadway production of Tennessee Williams's *Baby Doll*, earning the kind of rave reviews our readers can understand.

Hair by Matthew of Guy Vienna Salon.

"I'm determined to make the big leap from celebrity/ beauty queen to recognition as a serious film star," she confesses. "And I owe it all to Bob and Kathy (Guccione and Keeton)."

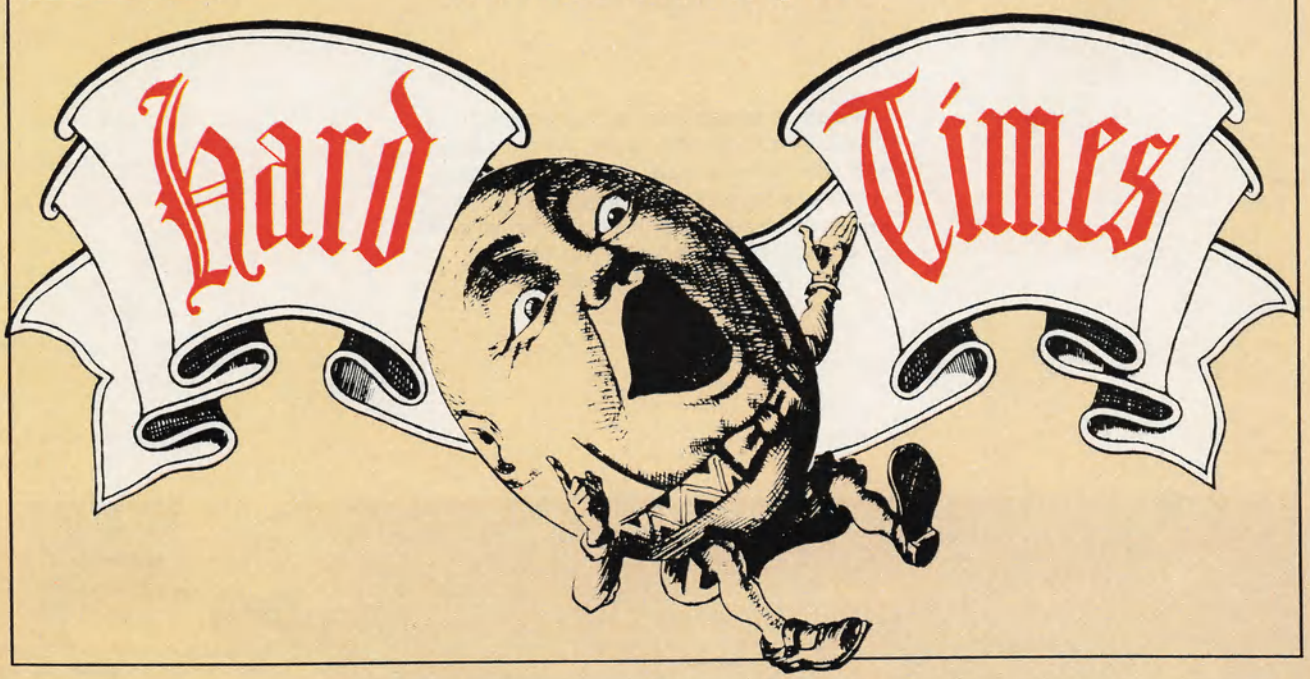
Nails by Elena of Guy Vienna.

"Besides all this fabulous *Penthouse* exposure, they've introduced me to the arts and the theater, and really believe in me as an actress. *Penthouse* people are like a family...growing up together... looking out for each other. I've gone from girlhood to womanhood with *Penthouse*–it's been a fantastic journey." We'll drink to that.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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ADOLF HITLER IS ALIVE!

The Bettman Archive, Inc.

Adolf Hitler is alive and well in Argentina–where he masterminded both the seizure of the Falkland Islands and the new outbreak of Middle East fighting as part of his insane drive for world domination.

As alert and ruthless as ever at 93, Hitler goaded the right-wing Argentine junta into occupying the Falklands to foment world chaos and pave the way for the rebirth of his monstrous Third Reich.

And the *Examiner* has also learned that the Führer is surrounded by a whole new generation of Nazi fanatics, prepared to lay down their lives for him.

His top aide is Dr. Joseph Mengele, the infamous "Angel of Death," who has kept Hitler alive with massive doses of a variety of drugs. He has convinced his beloved Führer that he's going to live to be 150–and has plenty of time to complete his lifelong dream of ruling the globe. (*Examiner*)

Hard Times For Pros

Streetwalkers in one African town are having such a tough time of it that they've fallen back on the world's oldest marketing gimmick–free samples!

The hookers' union in Kaduna, Nigeria, said all members will give away their services during a one-day promotion aimed at boosting sagging business.

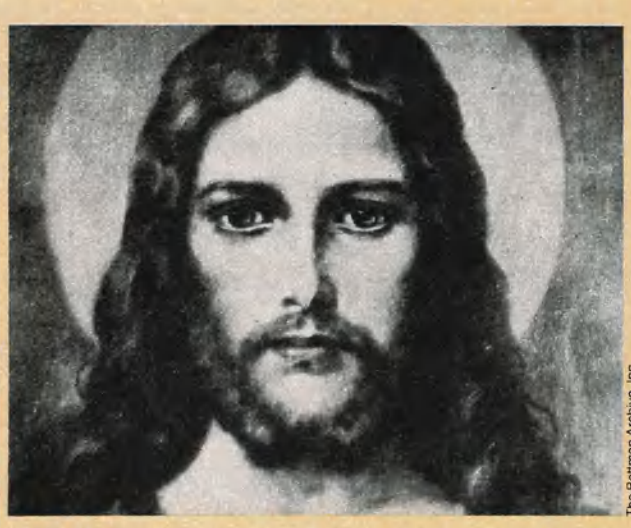
"Bad times are hitting us just like everyone else," said a union spokesman. "We've got to do something to pick things up." *(Weekly World News)*

HOLY TORTILLA LURES BELIEVERS SEEKING MIRACLES

***Lake Arthur, N.M.*–Maria Rubio was cooking lunch for her husband Eduardo when a startling thing happened. A face appeared on the tortilla sizzling in her skillet.**

It was, she believed, the face of Jesus Christ.

Since that time on Oct. 5, 1977, the Rubios' lives and those of their six children have been changed by what they think was a miracle. Part of the family's living room was transformed into a shrine–the shrine of the "holy tortilla"–and 10,190 pilgrims have trekked to the Rubio home to worship.



The Bettman Archive, Inc.

One woman crawled on her knees from the Lake Arthur railroad tracks. She paid her respects to the image on the tortilla, then crawled back to the tracks.

"At the beginning, a lot of ministers came by, and sometimes they'd argue with us," said Mrs. Rubio, 42. "They said this was idol worship.

"A lot of people said the image was painted on, and one woman said I'd made it with a hot medallion."

Others are less skeptical. Some even claim miracles resulted from the tortilla.

Each weekend brings a succession of visitors from as far away as California and Mexico who come to pray for a sick relative or give thanks for a recovery attributed to the tortilla. (*Miami Herald*–submitted by Lawrence Wilkatz)

6-YEAR-OLD GROOM AND HIS 18-MONTH-OLD BRIDE

Stern/Black Star © 1982

She's really just a baby. But 18-month-old Papli is about to become a bride–the wife of 6-year-old Babu! With tears glistening in her dark eyes, tiny Papli is wed in a bizarre ceremony in the isolated village of Nimbla in India. During the Hindu wedding ceremony, the baby bride is carried on a special platform while the groom holds her yellow veil. The couple circle a small fire four times to seal their marriage contract. Once married, the children will continue to live with their own families until the bride reaches childbearing age. Then she'll move into Babu's family home. In a land where boys are more highly valued than girls, parents rush to marry their daughters as early as possible–since the older the girls get, the less desirable they are as wives. And even though child marriages are outlawed by the Indian government, they still occur. Incredibly, the bride and groom often meet for the first time at their wedding. (*National Enquirer*)

Teddy Bear Murder

Police charged Jake Crawford, 28, with aggravated arson yesterday for setting his teddy bear–and his house–on fire because he thought the bear was possessed by demons.

"The fire started, according to Mr. Crawford, because his teddy bear was possessed by the devil and he poured alcohol on it and set it on fire and this is what started the house fire," Detective Andrew Franks said. Crawford told police the toy's eyes were camera lenses and the bear was spying on him. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by Mary Maguire)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"Nobody at the Defense Department tries to figure out ways to save money. They play golf with defense contractors, they go on vacations with them, they become buddies. . . . You know what this means to the nation's pocketbook? It is criminal."

SEN. HOWARD METZENBAUM

Howard Metzenbaum is the kind of name that belongs to the kid who is last to be chosen for the neighborhood baseball team. Howard Metzenbaum, the senator from Ohio, looks and sometimes seems like that kid grown up—stringbean, bespectacled, frequently absentminded.

But in reality "Metz," as his cult calls him, is the toughest guy in the U.S. Senate. At least, he's the toughest liberal Democrat, and if the Demos had twenty other members in the Senate with as much guts as Metz has, they might begin to win a few important battles.

Metz's strength comes mainly from the same source that used to give southern senators so much potency—a masterful grasp of parliamentary rules and a willingness to use those rules in such a way as to bring the business of government to a grinding halt, even if by doing so he incurs the hatred of many of his colleagues.

In short, Metzenbaum has become the Senate's most feared filibusterer. It is a title he has held for five years, ever since he and Sen. Jim Abourezk—the "Gruesome Twosome," as other senators called them with passion—paralyzed the U.S. Senate in a two-week filibuster that included the first all-night session in thirteen years. They were, in fact, the originators of a new type of filibustering. Instead of simply trying to talk the Senate into submission, they clobbered it with amendments, cooking up 550 of them—that's right, 550 amendments—to a single bill.

That filibuster, aimed at blocking the deregulation of natural gas prices, lost (consumers also lost—an extra $60 billion a year), because Metz and Abourezk got little support from other liberals and moderates, most of whom bowed to the intense and relentless oil company pressures.

Metz often loses. But not always, and not entirely. He filibustered to block passage of legislation to weaken the federal strip-mining reclamation laws; he lost that one, too, but not before pro-stripping senators agreed to an amendment that would force coal operators to restore prime farmland to a usable condition.

Usually, just the threat of a Metzenbaum filibuster is enough to make Senate leaders throw out, or severely modify, bad legislation. Last year the Republican majority tried to sneak through an amendment to give the oil industry a $40 billion tax break. Metz said that if the amendment weren't withdrawn, he (with the assistance of Sen. Edward Kennedy) would filibuster the entire appropriations machinery to a standstill. After Metz had talked only five hours—a mere whisper of time compared with real talkathons—Majority Leader Howard H. Baker, Jr., hurriedly withdrew the amendment.

One of the Senate brigands' favorite methods of robbing the U.S. Treasury is to slip through legislation in the hectic, closing hours of a session, giving fabulous tax breaks to special-interest groups. Usually the tax breaks are hidden within seemingly innocent bills. Metz got tired of this and, more than a month before the final tax legislation was to be processed through the Senate, assigned several members of his staff to start digging into every pending revenue bill to uncover the language of thievery. Among the items they uncovered was a bill that had left the House written in such a way as to exempt an Episcopal church organ in Greenwich, Conn., from a $5,000 import duty. But when the bill arrived in the Senate, it was altered by Sen. Howard W. Cannon of

Photograph by Dennis Brack/Black Star

INTRODUCTION AND INTERVIEW BY ROBERT SHERRILL

Nevada to give the gambling industry a multi-million-dollar tax break.

Armed with evidence of that sort, Metz placed a "hold" on twenty different tax bills—meaning that none of the bills could be passed without his being there to raise objections. Faced with Metz's threat of a multi-barreled filibuster, the Senate establishment threw out the offensive items so that they could wind up the year and go home. Savings to the Treasury: an estimated $5 billion.

Do his colleagues love him for protecting the taxpayers' interests in this fashion? Heck, no. But they grudgingly respect him. "Howard Metzenbaum is one of the select three senators who have mastered parliamentary procedure and the rules of the Senate," says Sen. Howell Heflin, an Alabama Democrat. (Heflin offered his praise shortly after Metz tripped up his effort to give a $10-a-tree tax break to pecan growers.)

Metzenbaum has been an outsider all his life, a loner, a fighter. He is the classic poor Jew who fought his way to the top, where he was not exactly welcomed by the WASP establishment. He grew up and became rich in Cleveland, but the power structure wanted no part of him because he was nouveau riche. The old-line clubs banned him because he was a Jew. But he fought back, suing them for discrimination, raising hell, going over their heads to the people, and winning political races that few felt he had a chance to win. He was in the Ohio state legislature from 1943 to 1950 and almost became the majority leader of the state senate at the age of thirty-two—he had lined up most of the Democratic members, but during the night before the balloting, members of Ohio's business elite began phoning key members and pressuring them into changing their vote; Metzenbaum, seeing it was hopeless, withdrew from the race and threw his support to another member, who was elected leader. Meanwhile, Metz ran the senate behind the scenes.

He was one of the most successful labor lawyers in the Middle West and, because of a nationwide airport parking-lot franchise, was a multimillionaire by the 1960s. But the business leaders of Cleveland never opened their doors to him. And when he ran for the U.S. Senate, he got *no* business support. That doesn't mean just a little support; it means *none*.

Anti-Semitism may be passé in America as a useful political weapon. But what seems an awful lot like covert anti-Semitism has been used against Metzenbaum repeatedly. In 1970, he beat ex-astronaut John Glenn, the first American to orbit the Earth, in the Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate. If he could whip an authentic hero like Glenn, he had one hell of a good chance to whip his Republican opponent, Robert Taft, Jr., despite the fact that Taft was considered to be almost a sacred name in Ohio. Panicking in the closing days of the race, Taft announced that contrary to rumors, he was not an enemy of Jews. Who said he was? Nobody. Why did he mention the matter? Some cynics believed that it was to call attention to what many simple Ohioans were until then unaware of—that Metzenbaum is a Jew. "Before Taft said what he said," Metz recalls wryly, "anti-Semitism was not an issue. By election day it sure was. In the closing days, people came to me and said, 'I didn't know you were Jewish.' The day after the election [which he narrowly lost], leaders of the various ethnic groups came to my office, many of them with tears in their eyes, and said, 'We didn't think the Jewish issue would raise its ugly head again.' " In 1974, Metz was defeated in the Democratic primary by Glenn, who went on to win a Senate seat and is now one of the front-runners for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1984. Glenn did not raise the Jewish issue.

The U.S. Senate is known as a rich man's club because about half the members are millionaires. Metz is also a millionaire, several times over, but he is hardly a member of the Senate club. For one thing, he has never developed the classic fat-cat attitude of soaking the taxpayer. When other millionaire members take junkets overseas, they do so at government expense; Metz pays his own way. When he loses a legislative fight in the Senate and then continues to fight the issue in the courts (as he is doing now over pipeline legislation), he pays for it out of his own pocket.

If Metz has made few close friends in the Senate, he has been highly successful in making powerful political enemies both in Washington and Ohio. President Nixon put him on his notorious "Enemies List," and Metz has made every important hit list since then. The Moral Majority and the oil industry marked him for extinction in this year's election, and for a while it was believed that the anti-Metzenbaum money from those two sources would make that Senate race the most expensive in the nation. Then fate, for once, came down on Metz's side. The man chosen by the right wing to defeat him, John Ashbrook, died. Now, ironically, it looks like the most liberal member of the Senate will have an easy reelection contest.

For liberals, both in and out of Congress, Metz's reelection is of great importance. To survive, let alone flourish, national liberalism requires a few leaders of the kamikazi type—the kind of leaders who in professional football would be used on the do-or-die kickoff specialty teams: men who are wacky enough to risk their necks and, by doing so, inspire the rest of the team to risk their necks, too. Robert Kennedy was developing into that kind of leader. In his heyday, before being ruined by Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey was often a kamakazi player. Guys like Birch Bayh, Frank Church, John Culver, Jim Abourezk, Wright Patman, John Moss, and George McGovern sometimes inspired liberals with moments of reckless idealism. But all are gone now. And what risk-takers are left? In the Senate, you can count them on one hand, chief among whom is the lanky fellow I talked to for several hours earlier this year. An edited version of our conversation was subsequently purchased by *Penthouse* . . . itself an erstwhile target of the Moral Majority.

Penthouse: You don't look very tough. You look like a gentleman and you sound like a gentleman. But you are tough. How did you get that way?

Metzenbaum: Sometimes I wonder myself. Maybe back in my background I felt I was getting crowded, getting pushed.

I used to raise hell in Cleveland in regard to the private clubs that had a discriminatory membership policy. The banks, the corporations, threw up a wall around the inner circle, and you couldn't get into their clubs if you were black or Jewish. You couldn't get in if you were Italian. You couldn't get in if you were ethnic. The Jews are getting into some of the community activities now. At least they are being allowed to help the symphony, help the arts societies. But the *ethnics* are now the victims of very strong prejudice, although I don't believe most of them are even aware of it. It bothers me.

Penthouse: Which ethnic groups do you see discrimination against?

Metzenbaum: I've got every kind in my constituency. I've got Poles, Czechs, Lithuanians, Slovinians, Germans.

Penthouse: Let's take any one of those groups. What kind of club would say quietly, "No soap to that group"?

Metzenbaum: I don't know that they would say "no soap." They just wouldn't even let them on the list to be considered.

Penthouse: What if the ethnic person were well-to-do?

Metzenbaum: Well, look and see who's in the Union Club, which is *the* club of Cleveland. I jumped all over the Union Club for years for having a discriminatory policy. They have now opened their doors to some Jews.

Penthouse: You mean they didn't then?

Metzenbaum: Oh no. Oh no.

Penthouse: Are you saying that aside from the toughness that the Great Depression instilled in you, some of your toughness results from your response to being a Jew in America?

Metzenbaum: I think it's possible, but I'm not certain. I look around at my peers and I see that my position is much more liberal, much more concerned with civil rights and civil liberties, concerned with the poor and the minorities. My peer group, my friends, the people I associate with—I think it's fair to say I'm not a reflection of their point of view. I know that they tolerate me. I know that they accept me. They believe I'm sincere. They know I have integrity and they accept me for what I am, but it's not been easy.

Penthouse: You're a rich guy, aren't you?

Metzenbaum: Well, I'm certainly well

enough off. I make no bones about it. I'm worth several million dollars. That's public information. But I'm not nearly so rich as most people think.

Penthouse: How much have you spent on politics in your life—getting yourself elected, getting others elected?

Metzenbaum: About $600,000 to $700,000, I suppose, most of it for myself, though my partner and I did give George McGovern a $150,000 campaign contribution, which is why I made Nixon's so-called Enemies List.

Penthouse: Speaking of enemies, does it bother you that so many of your Senate colleagues become enraged when you pull one of your filibusters?

Metzenbaum: It does bother me a bit. You try to maintain a cordial air, you try to laugh, but you do worry that it may hurt you on a long-range basis with your colleagues.

Penthouse: Has it hurt you?

Metzenbaum: No, as a matter of fact, if you play by the rules of the game, if you don't play dirty, overall the members of the Senate respect you in a filibuster. I've gotten under their skin, but I've never felt that they tried to get even.

Penthouse: How many filibusters have you taken part in?

Metzenbaum: I don't know how many, but I've *threatened* to take part in quite a few.

Penthouse: How many of the threats paid off?

Metzenbaum: All of them paid off. The one rule of filibustering is that you don't threaten unless you are willing to carry it out. On the last tax bill I threatened to filibuster a tax break for oil companies. They backed down, and I was credited with saving the people $13 billion. Actually, I shouldn't say I've threatened to filibuster. I never say, "I'm going to filibuster." I just say that I want a "hold" on a particular bill. That means they have to let me know when that bill is coming up so that I can be on the floor, but they get the message when I say I want a hold on a bill. They don't know whether I'm going to fight, or how long I'm willing to fight.

As a matter of fact, I don't believe in the filibuster. Whenever the Senate wants to change its rules so that fifty-one senators can close off debate and go about its business, I will totally support that change. I don't believe filibusters are the right way of doing the business of government. But so long as the filibuster is permitted by Senate rules, I have no hesitation in using it to support what I consider to be the public's position, and I will do so again.

Penthouse: Five years ago the federal government gave Northwest Alaska Pipeline Company exclusive rights to build a pipeline to bring natural gas from Alaska to consumers in forty-two states, but the franchise was granted on the condition that the pipeline would be built with private funds. Not long ago, John McMillian, chairman of Northwest Alaska, came back to Congress and asked that the rules be changed in such a way that they would not have to borrow from banks but would be allowed to force consumers to put up the money for building the pipeline—and force them to pay for it before a drop of natural gas was even delivered. You were the only member of the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee to vote against this.

CBS commentator Bill Moyers said that the shameful lobbying that went on for the pipeline bill showed that "the two-party system is not only up for grabs, it's up for sale." Is that your appraisal, too?

Metzenbaum: I would say that for both the Democrats and the Republicans, too many of their members who reach high office later become very high-priced lobbyists for special interests after they leave Congress.

Penthouse: Do some also serve as lobbyists even while they are in office?

Metzenbaum: Yes. Even while they are in office—in the sense that they "carry the water"—not that they are actually being paid a salary.

Penthouse: So maybe it's hard to say whether somebody is bought.

Metzenbaum: I don't think you can generalize.

Penthouse: Was Bill Moyers generalizing too much?

Metzenbaum: (long pause) I don't know if I would make a broad-brush statement like that. I *do* believe that the fact that the natural-gas pipeline lobby hired Anne Wexler [former assistant to President Carter] and Lee White [former Democratic chairman of the Federal Power Commission] and some of the other people like that—frankly, I was amazed to see some of those they did have lobbying for them. I don't think there's any question but that the power of money had an impact in that battle. The power of money has a constant impact around here. But I don't think senators and congressmen have to yield to it. It depends on whether you have integrity or don't have integrity. I believe that the mere taking of campaign contributions doesn't compromise your integrity unless you're the kind of person who is willing to let it.

Penthouse: But you also said that money does have an impact around here, which must mean that you think there are a significant number of people around here who don't have integrity.

Metzenbaum: You are correct.

Penthouse: Your lifetime rating with the Consumer Federation of America is one of the highest in Congress. But in the CFA's latest "Heroes and Zeroes" ratings you scored two points below hero level. I phoned CFA and asked where you had gone astray. They said you had made two bad votes, one of which was especially interesting to me. This was your vote to provide $135 million in federal subsidies to synthetic-fuel plants by giving owners 50 percent of the profits in return for only 2 percent of the costs. The owners of the synfuels plants—corporations like Exxon—are supposedly your blood enemies. How come you voted to help them?

Metzenbaum: I have no problem with that. By and large, I am a *very* strong supporter of synthetic fuels. Whether or not synfuels are developed by the bigger companies or by the smaller companies, I think we need them. Synfuels are the answer to a

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DOOMSDAY

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sequences of nuclear war: a twenty-megaton bomb over a major city would kill a million people outright and seriously injure half a million more. All water, transportation, and hospital facilities would be destroyed. Eighty percent of all doctors would be killed, leaving virtually no one to tend the severely injured. Fallout would soon spread over a wide area, killing millions miles from the blast. In those days there were far fewer warheads and they were much less accurate. Prospects are far worse now.

PSR also published the now famous 1962 study that revealed that the strontium 90 released into the biosphere by nuclear atmospheric tests was detectable in the baby teeth of American children. "It took less than six months after the release of that report for the government to sign the Limited Test Ban Treaty in 1963," said Dr. H. Jack Geiger, one of PSR's founders. "The report was directly related to pushing Washington into the test ban." After this success, however, PSR amounted to little more than a name. At its largest it had less than 1,000 members.

Almost fifteen years later, an M.I.T. psychiatrist, Dr. Eric Chivian, decided there should be more involvement by physicians in environmental issues. He heard Harvard Medical School pediatrics professor Helen Caldicott on a radio show talking about the dangers of nuclear power, called her, and the two of them got together. They organized a handful of doctors to publicize the dangers of nuclear power and other hazards. By 1978 there were about twenty doctors meeting every two weeks to discuss these issues. In the spring of 1979 an accident turned PSR into a major force.

"We took out a full-page ad in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, announcing our concern about the dangers of the nuclear fuel cycle," Dr. Chivian explains. And on the same day, reports of the reactor accident at Three Mile Island hit the news. The response was overwhelming.

"We got hundreds of letters from doctors all over the country wanting to join PSR," Chivian says. "Suddenly we were a national organization."

Doctors started joining PSR by the hundreds, then by the thousands. Helen Caldicott was elected president, quit her Harvard teaching job, and gave up her practice to devote full time to working against nuclear weapons. The PSR speeches by Caldicott, Geiger, and others were always the same: a blow-by-blow account of what happens when a nuclear explosion hits a large city.

PSR is probably the most effective group in the antinuclear weapons movement because its presentation is both horrifying and totally factual. It draws heavily on official documents, such as "Long-Term Worldwide Effects of Multiple Nuclear Weapons Detonations," published in 1975 by the National Academy of Sciences, which stresses that a large number of nuclear explosions over a short enough period of time would deplete the earth's ultraviolet-screening ozone layer to the point where UV radiation on the planet's surface would become intense enough to burn and blind unprotected humans and animals. This would ultimately lead to the collapse of the global ecosystem and the extinction of all animal life, and most plant life, on earth.

Another powerful scientific organization in the movement is the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS), which was formed in 1969 and has well over 100,000 members, including a brace of Nobel Prize-winners and veterans of the Manhattan Project, which built the first atom bomb. While against nuclear weapons, UCS is not a peace group. Its president, Henry Kendall, an M.I.T. physicist and former weapons scientist, answered emphatically, "Absolutely not," when asked if he was a pacifist. "The bottom line is that this country needs a powerful, secure defense, but not one that will lead to our blowing ourselves up," he says. He is squarely against unilateral disarmament and thinks, on the contrary, that the superpowers should together begin immediate reductions in their nuclear arsenals.

The backbone of the antinuclear weapons movement, though, is the American public and its unprecedented response to the issue of nuclear war. The success of one of the largest citizens' action groups is an illustration.

In June 1981, Dr. Roger Molander, forty-one, formed an organization called Ground Zero ("ground zero" is the area directly beneath a nuclear explosion). Molander was a government nuclear-weapons strategy expert who had worked at both the Pentagon and the State Department. He joined the White House Staff of the National Security Council in 1974 and later helped formulate U.S. policies for the SALT II talks.

"The old consensus solutions like SALT weren't working," he says, "the number of weapons was still going up and U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations were as bad as ever." He was uneasy about the wisdom of the so-called arms experts. They were coming to him for answers, and he knew at least as much as they did.

Ground Zero is a nonpartisan, nonpolitical effort to take the nuclear weapons issue to the American public. Its goal is educational, to reach as many people as possible and involve them directly in the arms-control debate. Molander and his twin brother, Earl, a professor of business management at Portland State University in Oregon, formulated a program to generate good, accurate information. Molander declared April 18–25, 1982, Ground Zero Week, during which all the antinuclear weapons groups in the U.S. would coordinate a nationwide wave of teach-ins, seminars, lectures, hearings,

ARMAGEDDON

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the rules of this new nuclear game, and so far there is no evidence that they have done so. And even if they did accept the proposition that limited nuclear attacks are best answered with limited, not total, retaliation, how could we know that they knew that the incoming missiles they spotted on their radar screens were making only a "limited" attack and not a total one?

There are other problems. Controlling a nuclear war requires reliable, enduring communications with dispersed forces. But one of the initial effects of any nuclear detonation is a powerful surge of electromagnetic radiation, which would destroy much of today's electronic equipment. (U.S. command posts are now being "hardened" against its effects.) Controlling a nuclear war requires good intelligence, about what is happening not only in your enemy's territory but also in your own. Has Detroit been bombed? If the answer is yes, you can't call Detroit and find out. Controlling a nuclear war requires rational and restrained judgments by national leaders after tens of millions of their countrymen have already died horrible deaths as a result of their enemy's "limited" attacks.

Finally, controlling a nuclear war requires that your weapons be accurate enough to hit the targets they're aimed at and not the urban areas a few miles away. Skeptics have pointed out that American (and Russian) missiles, which are affected by magnetic fields and other atmospheric conditions, have never been tested over the polar routes they would fly in a war.

Pentagon officials express confidence that their missiles can hit what they're aimed at, which is heartening, in a way, but creates yet another, more dangerous problem. If the new generations of American missiles (the land-based MX and the submarine-launched D-5) can, as advertised, hit and destroy Russian missiles in their silos (and vice versa), then we've created what arms controllers call "instability." "Improvements in missile accuracy . . . might increase the incentive for either side to strike first in an extreme crisis," the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency reported last year. In military circles, this situation is known as "use 'em or lose 'em." If you think your missiles can be destroyed by your enemy's missiles, and you suspect he's thinking of striking first, then *you* have to strike first or take a chance on being disarmed. So the highly accurate missiles we're introducing, in part to enable us to control a nuclear war, could help create a nuclear war. It's one more paradox of the nuclear age—and this one could kill us all.

and activities to raise public consciousness.

"Ground Zero is a statement of a very fundamental faith in democracy," Molander says, "in the judgment that the common sense of the people is the finest sense in the world. That's why this fundamental survival issue has to be taken out there and the common sense of all of us, as human beings, has to dominate it. Let the public decide the policy, not just the experts and the elected officials."

Ground Zero is strictly nonprescriptive and does not endorse the freeze or any other suggested solutions to the problem.

In February 1982 *The New Yorker* magazine published a three-issue serialization of a book about the dangers, moral and political implications, and political aspects of nuclear weapons. Called *The Fate of the Earth*, it had been five years in the writing by Jonathan Schell, and it was a blockbuster. Dense, repetitive, and awkward at times, *The Fate of the Earth* was also completely successful in its methodical explanation of the nature and destructive power of nuclear weapons, using official government data to demonstrate how all-out nuclear war would most likely lead to the extinction of all human and animal life on earth. Schell disputed the assumptions on which defense policy has been based for thirty-seven years, claiming that the theory of deterrence was not only illogical but one that completely ignored the unthinkable destructiveness of nuclear weapons. He made a good case that all official thinking about nuclear war has been close to, if not actually, insane, and he outlined the moral responsibility that our possession of nuclear weapons has placed on us, hammering home that we are facing potential extinction, the last act, the end of everything for all time.

Sen. Alan Cranston (Dem.-Calif.) read portions of the work into the *Congressional Record*. Copies of the magazine passed from hand to hand, friends urged them on other friends. Some people's lives were literally changed by the work. Jean Oliver, New York attorney and former assistant Manhattan D.A., explains how Schell's articles affected her:

"I found them devastating," she says. "I had put the nuclear issue out of my mind for years, but after reading those articles it came to the forefront of my mind in such a way that I didn't think I would ever be able to shove it aside. I actually stopped working for a day and a half to read it. I couldn't think about anything else. Everything I was doing suddenly seemed very precarious."

Rather than "staying up all night worrying about it," Oliver took some action to make herself feel better. She called Ground Zero and arranged to work with them, and organized a New York chapter of the Lawyers' Alliance for Nuclear Arms Control, a Boston-based group that had started the year before. Oliver's experience was being duplicated all over the country, and not just as a result of the Schell book. The national freeze campaign was being felt in towns everywhere. SANE, the nuclear disarmament group founded in 1957, was expanding like a balloon: its membership had swelled to 30,000 over fifteen months, from 18,000 before the 1980 election. New groups were popping up "like mushrooms after a rain," as someone said: Business Alert to Nuclear War, Parenting in the Nuclear Age, Artists for Survival, Educators for Social Responsibility, Performing Artists for Nuclear Disarmament—there were hundreds of them.

In December 1981, a group called Californians for a Bilateral Nuclear Freeze had launched a massive statewide campaign to collect 350,000 signatures to put the freeze on the November 1982 ballot. The group was led by millionaire businessman Harold Willens, a longtime antiwar activist; as a marine intelligence officer, Willens had been to Hiroshima and Nagasaki soon after both cities were destroyed by atomic bombs. By early March the California group had collected 500,000 signatures on its freeze petitions, guaranteeing its presence on the November ballot. It would ultimately collect 750,000 names. The National Clearinghouse for the Freeze had collected another 500,000 nationwide. And the California group had conducted several experiments, using direct-mail campaigning, that indicated that it was possible to build a national freeze movement of 225,000 active members that would bring in a yearly income of $5 million or more.

Typical of the local, grass-roots character of the antinuclear weapons movement was a town meeting that took place in Salisbury, Conn., on April 16 for the purpose of voting to support the nuclear freeze. Salisbury is in the so-called Northwest Corner of Connecticut, traditionally politically conservative country, which went for Ronald Reagan in a big way in 1980.

Salisbury has only 2,700 residents. The meeting started at 8:00 P.M., but by 7:45 you could barely get in the door of the two-story white colonial town hall. The crowd was jammed body to body up the stairwell to the meeting hall. Inside every seat was taken and every square foot of floor was covered by sitting people. The crowd at the rear of the hall stood seven or eight deep. The crowd was a perfect cross section—from teenagers to people in their sixties and seventies, from people in tailored suits to folks in work clothes. The freeze resolution was introduced and seconded with applause, and then thrown open to discussion.

One by one, speakers rose to give their opinions. Gradually, however, many comments began to focus on the issue that arises in every public discussion about nuclear arms: What about the Russians? Everyone who opposed the freeze seemed to reject it out of fear that the Russians are intractable, nonhuman, and would not enter serious arms-control agreements for any reason. Those against the freeze—and there were only a handful of them, all sitting together in a small knot—drew polite, almost compassionate applause from the rest of the crowd.

When the time came for a voice vote, the freeze resolution passed with a shout.

...with a $100 Scotch behind it.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc. New York, NY © 1982

The final count was 276 to 45 in favor of the freeze. Salisbury would send letters to that effect to Ronald Reagan, Leonid Brezhnev, and the Connecticut state assembly. Charlotte Reid, first selectman of Salisbury, said the turnout for the meeting was without precedent.

The Salisbury meeting did not materialize out of thin air. It was the product of months of work by a few local people.

"This is not an issue of partisan politics," says Gary Chassman, forty-one, a publishing consultant who lives in Salisbury. Chassman and his wife, Robyn Bem, thirty, an editor, began the antinuclear weapons campaign that culminated in the town meeting.

"I can't tell you exactly who's a Republican, conservative, or liberal among the people who supported the freeze resolution at the meeting," Chassman says. "People know that any attempt to divide them along political lines on this is a way of diverting their attention from the issue. That was proven last night."

The history of Chassman and Bem's involvement within the movement is typical. During December of 1980 they heard Helen Caldicott speak in Cambridge, Mass. Until then they had not thought very much about nuclear war. "Suddenly we were forced to confront the issue," Chassman explains. "I was extremely disturbed and frightened, and I felt I had a personal responsibility to do something about it."

They decided to form their own antinuclear weapons group. They called it the Northwest Corner Coalition for Nuclear Disarmament. It had two members: Robyn and Gary. They have never been connected with the National Freeze Campaign or Ground Zero, although they circulated freeze petitions and organized Ground Zero Week activities. They use those groups only as resources. "It's all completely homegrown. We did it all ourselves," says Chassman.

During the spring of 1981 they got a tape of Caldicott's talk, incorporated it into a slide show, took out an ad in a local paper, and tacked up a few posters around town announcing a meeting. Twenty people showed up. Soon after, they showed a film at the town hall and seventy people showed up.

"When we started there was no consciousness here about the issue—none," Chassman says. The first few meetings yielded a core of four or five people who were willing to work, and about sixty more who put their names on a mailing list. They began to hold regular meetings and one film or lecture a month at the town hall. The programs started to draw from six or seven surrounding communities, and every meeting brought a new set of faces. "I think that's part of what spread it," Chassman says. Slowly but surely, the issue penetrated more and more minds around the Northwest Corner. By mid-October 1981, when the movement began getting national press coverage, Chassman and Bem had formed a steering committee of a

THE DEADLY HOAX OF CIVIL DEFENSE

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

The famous doomsday clock on the cover of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has been moved up to four minutes before midnight, an unmistakable sign of the increasing nervousness with which the scientific community regards the nonsense emanating these days from President Reagan's Pentagon.

And well they might be nervous, for in the talk of "strategic buildup" and "enhanced strategic war-fighting capability" and other such antiseptic phrases lie the beginnings of a potential disaster.

Regrettably, almost all of this newly revived attempt to prepare this country to fight a so-called counterforce (military targets only) war with the Soviet Union has escaped public notice and debate. It is regrettable because what the American public does not know is that they are to be the expendable pawns in what Reagan's defense strategists perceive as a tit-for-tat "limited nuclear exchange" with Moscow. They also do not know that they are about to spend billions on something even more nonsensical: a full-scale civil defense program. Despite the fact that scientific estimates say that all-out nuclear war will be the greatest catastrophe in world history—more than half of the entire population of both countries killed or injured in the first moments of such a war; deadly fallout spreading all over the globe for twelve days, poisoning all living things it touches; and residual effects that would in effect destroy civilization as we know it—the Reagan administration has advanced the proposition that a nuclear war between the Soviet Union and the United States is "winnable" by this country, provided that certain "protective measures" are taken. That means civil defense, defined as protecting the bulk of the American population from Soviet nuclear attack, thereby diminishing casualties in an all-out war. If the American nuclear weapons at the same time can kill a lot of Russians—with, most important, more casualties inflicted on them than are inflicted on us—then this country would be the "winner" in such a nuclear exchange.

In its baldest form, this is the heart of the so-called limited-war strategy, a conviction among many nuclear war strategists that a future nuclear war between the Soviets and this country most likely would take the form of what they call "counterforce." That means each side would attack only the other side's purely military targets—missile launching sites, submarine bases, military airfields, etc. Since the Carter administration, a growing portion of American nuclear forces have been reoriented against counterforce targets in the Soviet Union to fight such a war, a process now being accelerated by the Reagan administration.

The strategy sets a high premium on civil defense, since civilian populations around counterforce targets would have to be protected. Protected how? Not by fallout shelters, since even a modest full-scale shelter program in this country, according to one estimate, would cost nearly $80 billion. Instead, the Reagan administration has proposed something called CPR (Crisis Relocation Planning), a deceptively simple scheme that calls for millions of Americans to be evacuated from prime target areas in the event that nuclear war seems imminent.

To that end, the administration has asked for $252 million in the current fiscal year to put this plan into effect, nearly double what this country spent last year on civil defense. However, the plan has met opposition and outright refusals to cooperate from states and municipalities across the country.

The opposition has been provided with plenty of ammunition by the people involved in CPR. Consider these incredible examples, only a few from a long list:

• A study on civil defense plans prepared by researchers at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee, under contract to the Department of Energy, recommends that survivors of a nuclear attack in this country send old people to forage for food and water so that the young be spared the effects of radiation exposure. "Older people," the study said, "will come to the end of their natural life spans before reaching the end of the risk plateau. Thus the same exposure may produce fewer total excess cancers in this group than with a younger segment of the population."

• Telephone directories in several communities surrounding major air force bases now contain inserts telling residents what to do in event of nuclear attack. These inserts, written in a bureaucratese so dense as to be illiterate, advocate that as soon as the Russian missiles hit, people should begin reading the inserts and decide what to do.

• The Internal Revenue Service, in a complicated plan called "Design of an Emergency Tax System," has worked out a scheme to collect taxes after a nuclear war has struck this country. While the plan concedes difficulty in the IRS's carrying out tax audits, it goes on to ad-

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dozen people and begun a series of weekend freeze petition drives, setting up tables in Salisbury and surrounding towns.

"The most important thing was not the signatures but the chance to engage people in a dialogue and inform them about the issues," he explains. Chassman addressed a meeting of area clergymen, and suddenly a brace of local congregations was drawn into the movement. A week before the town meeting, they were mobbed by people before they could even finish setting up their petition table.

"The people in this town read the newspapers," Chassman says. "They're not going to be fooled. The strongest element in our constituency is working people—garage mechanics, plumbers, storekeepers, just folks." By the time of the town meeting, Chassman and Bem had become the regional leadership of the antinuclear weapons movement. "People from seven towns around are calling us up, asking how they can set up their own freeze drives," he says.

Chassman is not unaware of the irony of the grass-roots antinuclear movement in the light of some of President Reagan's pleas to the American public. "Reagan made a request for more voluntarism on the part of Americans in dealing with important social problems," he says. "I'd say this is part of that, though it might not be what he had in mind, and I'm going to commit myself to the utmost."

Along with "just folks" like these, the movement includes some of the most powerful and influential citizens in the country. These senior-grade diplomatic, military, and national-security experts of the last three decades are among perhaps the strangest supporters of the movement. The most august of them is George Kennan, former ambassador to Moscow, currently professor emeritus of diplomatic history at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Studies, onetime adviser to Dwight Eisenhower, and one of the major architects of the U.S. policy toward the Soviets during the 1950s.

In May 1981 Kennan was awarded the Albert Einstein Peace Prize. In his acceptance speech he methodically impaled U.S. nuclear weapons policy and the degeneration of relations between the superpowers: "We have gone on piling weapon upon weapon, missile upon missile, new levels of destructiveness upon old ones," he declared. "We have done this helplessly, almost involuntarily, like the victims of some sort of hypnotism, like men in a dream, like lemmings headed for the sea, like the children of Hamlin marching blindly along behind their Pied Piper. And the result is that today we have achieved, we and the Russians together, in the creation of these devices and their means of delivery, levels of redundancy of such grotesque dimensions as to defy rational understanding."

He called the H-bomb "the most useless weapon ever invented. It can be employed to no rational purpose." He talked of the "inner momentum, the independent momentum" of the arms race and of how he had seen the same kind of compulsion overtake great powers in military competition throughout history, "leading both parties, invariably and inexorably, to the war they no longer knew how to avoid." He spoke of how we and the Soviets misread each other's intentions and of how military planners "make war inevitable by assuming its inevitability." He said flatly that the numbers game of who has more or fewer nuclear weapons is an illusion.

Kennan's outspoken stand broke the ground for a host of other "establishment" critics of nuclear policy and nuclear weapons. After President Reagan's March 31 statement that the Soviets have a substantive superiority over the U.S. in nuclear weapons, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter's national security adviser and an unabashed hawk, said the president didn't know what he was talking about. Paul Warnke, Carter's chief SALT II negotiator, has come out foursquare in favor of the freeze. At a seminar in New York, ex-Secretary of State Cyrus Vance said, "There is a rough parity between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. I reject the idea that there is superiority on either side. . . . I believe there is no such thing as limited nuclear war . . . the issue must be discussed and debated. We must do something to stop this senselessness." Vance also said he believed the Soviets would accept intelligent control agreements.

The International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, the most respected defense institute in the West, has released a report stating unequivocally that there is no such thing as a limited nuclear war. Any nuclear war would escalate into a world-destroying holocaust. And in June, the Independent Commission on Disarmament and Security Issues, a panel of prominent citizens from seventeen countries in the West, the Soviet Union, and the Third World, chaired by former Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme, made a series of concrete proposals to reduce the nuclear threat. Among them were a proposal to make Europe a nuclear-free zone by 1983 and a comprehensive nuclear-test-ban treaty within two years. A few days later, the International Lawyers Committee on Nuclear Policy, with members from the U.S., Japan, and Europe, declared that the manufacture or use of nuclear weapons violated established tenets of international law and that the weapons were, in effect, illegal.

The degree to which the Reagan administration has been forced to react to the antinuclear weapons movement was made very plain by the timing and circumstances of a speech given on April 7 by former Secretary of State Alexander Haig. In the speech, Haig condemned the freeze, and emphatically declared that the U.S. would not renounce the notion of using nuclear weapons first in Europe against a hypothetical Warsaw Pact invasion. There was an underlying reason for the timing of Haig's speech—the State Department admitted that it had been rushed out to "take the steam out of" the antinuclear movement and to rebut in advance an article in the magazine *Foreign Affairs*. The article was written by four pri-

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mary architects of U.S. nuclear policy: Robert S. McNamara, ex-Secretary of Defense; McGeorge Bundy, national security adviser to presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Gerald Smith, chief of the U.S. SALT I delegation; and George Kennan. In it the four called for the U.S. to adopt a no-first-use nuclear policy in Europe mainly because nuclear war could not be limited.

But rather than "taking the steam out" of the article, Haig's speech had the opposite effect. The article's publication made the front pages, and McNamara, Kennan, Bundy, and Smith were mobbed at a press conference they gave the next day. They challenged the administration's planning for a limited nuclear war, which McNamara called "inconceivable to me—madness," and they challenged the president's assertion of Soviet superiority. "Continuation of the present policy will add to the risk of nuclear war," read their statement.

Clearly Reagan could not forever ignore such an all-encompassing movement. He has started to soften at least the outward shape of his stand on nuclear weapons and arms control, calling for arms talks and a mutual reduction by one third in the arsenals of both sides in land, sea, and airborne delivery systems and declaring that "nothing is excluded" from his willingness to talk. It sounds good, but so have all the other attempts at mutual arms reductions, which have ultimately bogged down in the nitpicking arithmetic of crossed perceptions by both sides. But the fact that Reagan had made the offer to negotiate at all meant something. It recalled the words of Dwight D. Eisenhower, possibly the only president who, in addition to understanding how the military-industrial complex could warp national security notions, actually comprehended the real horror of nuclear war. "I'd like to believe," he said, "that the people in the long run are going to do more to promote peace than our governments. Indeed, I think that people want peace so much that one of these days governments better get out of their way and let them have it."

And on June 12, as if to prove the prescience of Eisenhower's words, almost 750,000 people marched for a nuclear freeze and nuclear disarmament in New York City during the second U.N. Special Session on Disarmament. It was the largest political demonstration in U.S. history, and it was enough to make anyone wonder if Ronald Reagan would respond in the spirit of the words he himself uttered more than seventeen years before, during his first campaign for governor of California:

"We have come to a crossroads—a time of decision—and the path we follow turns away from any idea that the government and those who serve it are omnipotent," Reagan said. "It is a path impossible to follow unless we have faith in the collective wisdom and genius of the people. Along this path government will lead but not rule, listen but not lecture. It is the path of the creative society."

CIVIL DEFENSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

vocate that all Americans be assessed a special general sales tax after nuclear war has broken out. (Left unexplained is how this tax is to be collected.)

- Civil defense planners in New York advocate relocating millions of residents of New York City to small communities upstate, despite the fact that even if these millions somehow are able to leave—especially considering the city's traffic jams at rush hour—there will be insufficient food supplies for them.
- The Los Angeles civil defense director has proposed a "Noah's Ark" plan, under which only the young and healthy would be evacuated and all others would remain behind to die. Under his plan, the elderly, the infirm, the unskilled, and any other persons who would place a "burden" on the survivors would be left to die in a nuclear attack.

These schemes, and others like them, read like a script for amateur night in the theater of the absurd. And the lunacy that surrounds such thinking has caused a lengthening list of municipalities and communities throughout the country to reject any participation in such mad folly. California Gov. Jerry Brown, for example, when confronted with plans to evacuate residents of his state into desert areas, where there is no food or water, pronounced such ideas "utterly unworkable" and has refused to have anything to do with them.

The Achilles heel of all so-called crisis relocation is the notion that thousands and even millions of people can be moved out of cities over transportation networks that can barely handle even a portion of their residents. No one who has ever driven in Los Angeles during peak traffic periods, for instance, can doubt the empty-headedness of a federal civil defense plan that actually proposes that 7.3 million people in the city can be evacuated in a short period of time.

The people of Los Angeles find such a proposition laughable, the same reaction that the citizens of Baltimore displayed when the federal government said it planned to move city residents all over the South (including a group of 867 people to West Virginia, for some reason). When the city council of Baltimore got the plan and was asked to implement it, the council members openly laughed it out of city hall.

More direct opposition to the federal plans has come in a number of cities, the most stubborn occurring in Greensboro, N.C., where the city's civil defense head pronounced the federal relocation plans to be unworkable. That conclusion was reached after the city was presented with a federal plan that called for the relocation of 360,000 residents of Greensboro to several outlying, rural counties. The problem, as Greensboro discovered, was that the rural counties have no facilities whatsoever for dealing with such a large influx into small farming communities. Moreover, the notion that once city residents reached the countryside, they could live off the land was undercut by the fact that in the event of nuclear attack, deadly fallout would contaminate livestock and any food in the open, thus rendering the food supply inedible.

Federal planners also apparently have not bothered asking small communities if they are prepared to handle influxes of refugees from large cities. For example, the small town of Webster Springs, W. Va., discovered that the federal government had decreed it the site for 19,000 residents of the city of Washington, D.C., to be relocated there (one would hope) just before nuclear attack. The plan appalled the town (population 1,000), whose residents noted that they have only two food stores, hardly adequate to feed 19,000 extra mouths.

Thus far, any sense of reality seems to have eluded the bureaucrats of the Federal Emergency Management Agency, who continue to churn out fantasy evacuation plans and who continue to insist that these plans are the only possible way to protect Americans in a nuclear war. In the process, they have paid no notice to studies produced by another government bureaucracy, the Office of Technology Assessment, which has carried out detailed studies on the probable effect of a major nuclear attack on the United States. Their conclusions are that there would be about 20 million casualties from even a limited counterforce attack; and in the event of an all-out nuclear war, which would include the targeting of major population areas, about 40 percent of the entire U.S. population would be killed in the first moments of the attack.

The plain truth, according to these studies, is that there is *no* protection against an attack utilizing modern thermonuclear weapons of incredible destructive power. Even with fallout shelters, it is estimated, only about 60 million Americans would survive—and they would nonetheless be exposed to radiation poisoning, food shortages, and disease.

These facts underscore what may be an expensive exercise in futility (the Reagan administration advocates spending $4.2 billion over the next seven years for civil defense). As Marilyn Braum, head of civil defense in Greensboro, N.C., put it, "We could not come up with anything that would provide up to 80 percent protection for our citizens from nuclear war. I couldn't develop a plan, because there isn't any to develop."

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OMNI

THE LIGHT STUFF

BY BRIG. GEN. CHARLES ("CHUCK") YEAGER

Low 'n' slow, put-putting aloft at 50 mph, these gawky, gaudy machines are the latest thrill in aviation. But how do they *fly*? A legendary test pilot reports on ultralights.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY WOLFF

Larry Newman

They're the latest sight in the sky: strange, spidery contraptions that speed aloft at a mere 50 miles per hour, rarely venture above 500 feet (though the altitude record is over 20,000 feet), and cost as little as $3,000. Heirs to the hang-gliding fad and much of its technology, ultralights are both a throwback to Kitty Hawk and revolutionary flying machines. No need for a pilot's license (though training is a must), nor does a pilot need JFK Airport. Most ultralights zip into the air after a fifty-to-seventy-five-foot run and can land almost vertically—in any cow pasture. Then just fold up the wings and strap atop the car. Best of all, there's the thrill of the wind in your face and the ecstasy of soaring among, and like, the hawks. Indeed, such is the excitement of ultralight flying that last year more than 10,000 planes were sold throughout the West, Midwest, and Sunbelt. At Penthouse, *meanwhile, we wondered what it was actually* like *to fly these marvelous motorized kites. Are they really as much fun, as safe, and as simple to operate as their enthusiasts claim? To get the answers, we contacted the world's most famous test pilot, the man who first cracked the sound barrier (in the rocket-powered Bell X-1) and whose airborne exploits were so magnificently detailed in Tom Wolfe's book* The Right Stuff: *Brig. Gen. Charles ("Chuck") Yeager. Of the thirty or so available ultralight designs, General Yeager selected three to test-fly.*

When *Penthouse* asked me to test-fly some of the best ultralights and report the results, I took a quick review of my qualifications. Though I've flown mostly high-powered aircraft, during World War II, and primarily jets, I have had experience with simpler planes. In the old days, my friend Paul Mantz, one of the outstanding movie stunt pilots, let me take up his more exotic World War I machines, like the Spads, Fokkers, and Sopwith Camels. I've flown a hang glider, which is in many ways the true prototype of today's ultralights. And I suppose my real introduction came one day back in 1946 when I was doing air shows with some of the first jet planes, the P-80s, and I started talking to a pilot who was flying a rebuilt 1911 Curtis Pusher. To fly this biplane, you sat in a wicker basket out in front of the engine with a stick and a throttle. That was it—no gauges, nothing. I asked the pilot how to tell how fast you were going. He gave me an amused look—I'd taken the blouse off my uniform and wore a tie—and said, "Well, I'll tell you. If your eyes water you're going too fast. And if your tie hangs down you're going too slow."

Flying an ultralight can be just about as primitive. Don't assume, however, that you can just buy a plane and be up in the air ten minutes later. My own instructor, Jeff Mott—an excellent ultralight pilot and dealer for Larry Newman's Eagle—is typically safety-conscious and recommends a three-day training course. However, Jeff must have figured that with forty years of flying and 11,000 hours in the air, I could probably grasp the essentials in just one morning. So we met at dawn one day near Petaluma, Calif., at Liberty Field—a grassy plot owned by a salty old pilot named Will Green who has been flying about as long as I've been living—to assemble and fly the Eagle.

Of the three ultralights I wanted to test, I selected the Eagle to learn on because it's one of the lightest and most stable. It's also surprisingly quiet. One of the first things to hit me at Liberty Field was the advances that have been made in ultralight power plants. The original engines I'd heard sounded like chain saws or a motocross bike. But the engine Jeff had mounted on Larry's Eagle, a two-stroke Zenoah that develops 20 horsepower, was extremely quiet and muffled, closer to the sound of a light aircraft like a Cub. These engines, by the way, are not only cheap to run—consuming about a gallon of fuel per hour—but also safe and reliable. With proper maintenance you can count on 400 hours of service.

Since I'd never flown an ultralight, I

(Previous page) Chuck Yeager flying low and slow in a test of the ultralight "hot rod"—the Pterodactyl; below, an Eagle built exclusively for Penthouse *by the plane's designer, Larry Newman; (ieft) Yeager aloft in the U-2 Mitchell Wing; (above) fast and fun at 90 mph: Yeager scooting along in the comfortably enclosed pod of another Mitchell Wing, the B-10.*

started with slow taxiing. Right away, I realized I had to forget everything I'd been taught in a lifetime spent with military aircraft. The controls responded in reverse. Normally, if the plane begins to drift to the left and you want to bring the nose right, you push on right rudder. In ground taxiing the Eagle, that's 180 degrees out. Totally wrong. To make the nose go left, you push on your right foot, and vice versa. Jeff asked if I'd ever built a bobsled. I told him yes, I was raised in the mountains of West Virginia and as a young boy built many bobsleds. "Remember sitting on that bobsled," said Jeff, "and when you wanted that sled to go left, you pushed on the *right* foot?" Immediately it seemed simple: I just reverted to my childhood.

Next, Jeff surprised me with a technique I'd never seen before on ultralight aircraft. He took the prop off the plane and hooked a 100-foot rope between the plane's nose and the back of his automobile. With another man driving, Jeff sat on the back and held the rope while I practiced takeoff and landing. It reminded me of 1964, when the first lifting body, the M2F1, was developed by the NASA High Speed Flight Research Center at Edwards Air Force Base. I was the first military pilot to fly that plane, and in order to become familiar with its handling characteristics, we used a technique of towing it behind a car and getting it fifteen to twenty feet off the ground.

Like the wingless M2F1, which got its lift just from the aerodynamic shape of the fuselage, Larry Newman's Eagle had no ailerons. For takeoff, I'd get the Eagle up to airspeeds of about 25 miles per hour, then lean back in the seat, which pulled the elevators up on the canard wing out in front of the plane. That, in turn, pulled the elevator up, which put more lift on the canard—and that raised the nose off the ground. With the nose gear up, I had to steer with the rudder—not so easy at first. Let me stress again that while ultralights are basically simple in structure and design, they do require training, even for experienced pilots. For example, raising and lowering the nose works in reverse. In any heavy airplane, like a bomber, you pull back on the controls to raise the nose, push forward to lower the nose. This ultralight worked exactly opposite.

Landing the plane took more practice. When I was up about fifty feet, Jeff would release the tow rope, and I'd lean forward, lower the nose, keep my airspeed up, then—about ten feet off the ground—gradually lean back and flare the airplane. Jeff seemed content, so we put the prop back on the plane and completed another

ten flights like this without wrapping the Eagle up, until Jeff finally said, "Okay, we've spent half a day fooling around. It's time to get airborne." I lined up on the runway, gave the engine full power, and was in the air after about a seventy-five-foot run.

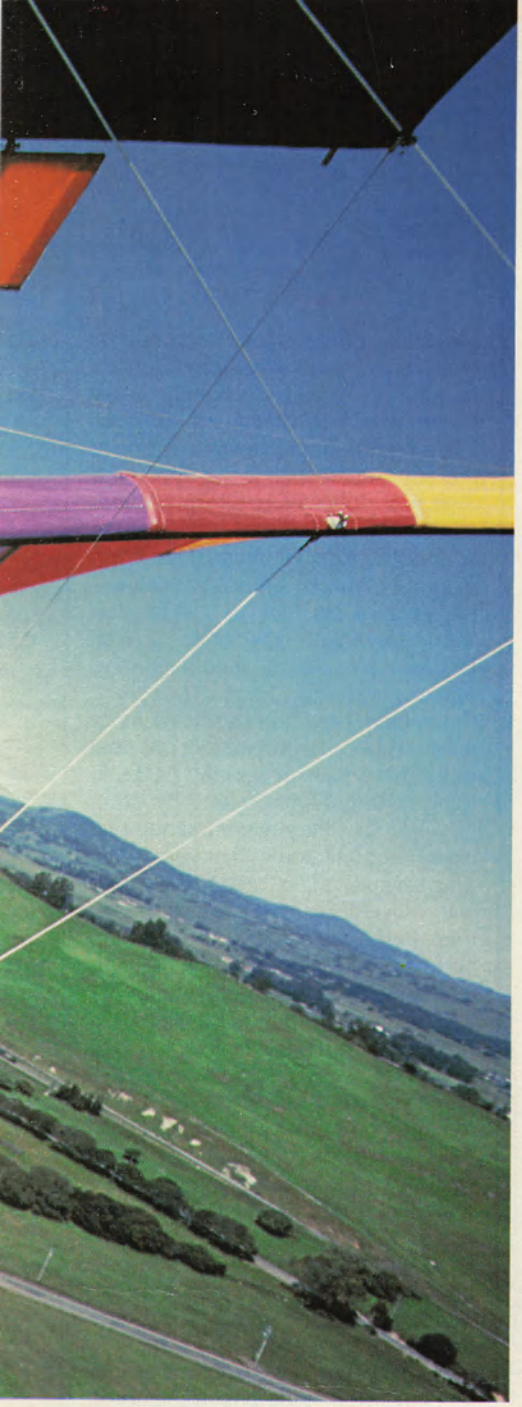
It really was a fun way to fly. Going at 40 miles per hour, I just enjoyed the wind in my face and looked around at the farmhouse and all the cattle grazing the green pastures. Then I got high enough, about 300 feet, to see across some ridges and into the valleys beyond. There were a couple of hawks soaring, and I moved over and flew alongside them for about 100 feet, which didn't seem to bother them at all. After making a few 360-degree turns and checking out the feel of the airplane, I came in and landed, taxied in, and told Jeff what a beautiful plane he had.

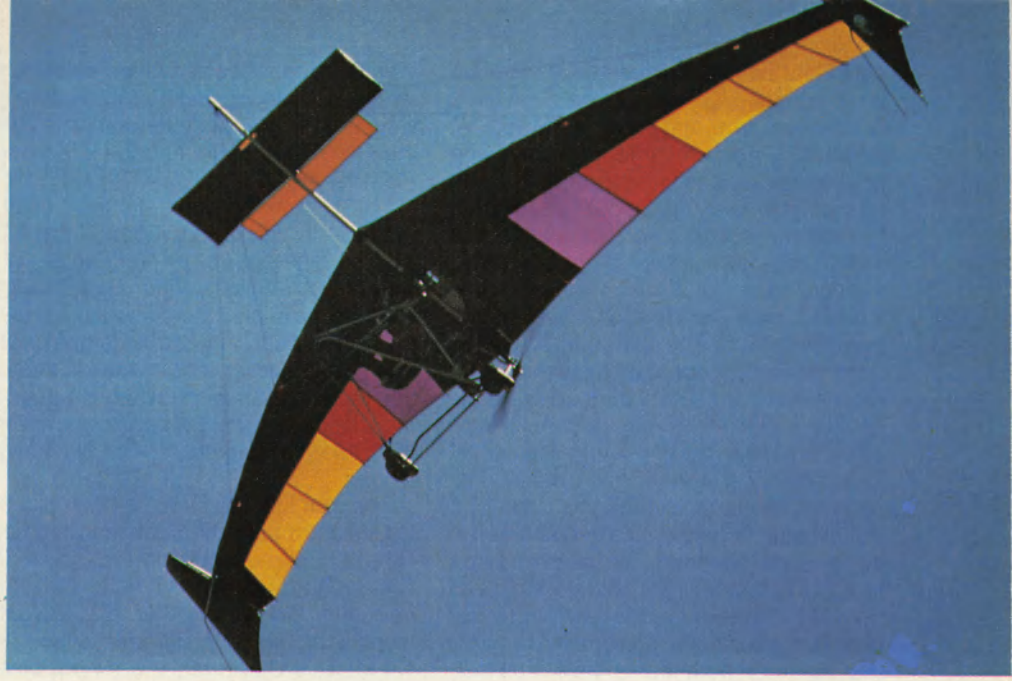
The next airplane I tried was the Pterodactyl, reputedly the hot rod of ultralight aircraft. Powered by a 30-horsepower Zenoah engine, it's an extremely popular ultralight, with more than a thousand existing around the world. I met the president of Pterodactyl, Jack McCornack, down near Monterey Bay, where Jack has a strip that overlooks the Pacific Ocean, with plenty of opportunity for cliff soaring when the breeze is right.

Jack put me through the same basic training program I'd received on the Eagle, the major difference being the Pterodactyl's use of rudders. With a stick to maneuver the airplane directionally and longitudinally, the Pterodactyl flew a bit more like a conventional aircraft than the Eagle. It was a little easier to control the aircraft pitch-wise, though I did notice that the rudders didn't become truly effective until I reached 15 to 20 miles per hour.

Hovering over the ground, I'd been using only about one-third throttle. To get the Pterodactyl flying, I gave it better than half throttle, and after about a 100-foot roll the airplane shot into the air. I took it up to about 100 feet and flew out over the cliff for a view of the ocean. Another Pterodactyl was up there flying, and I got in formation. As a fighter pilot, about one third of all my flying time has been on the wing or in formation; and I can report the Pterodactyl flew formation very well. Compared with the Eagle, however, it was harder to maintain directional control of the airplane. I had to be very careful in landing, making sure to keep the plane straight in the middle of the runway and again when I killed the power and the Pterodactyl settled on the ground.

Jack was sufficiently happy with my





Test pilot Yeager giving the lowdown on the high and the mighty: (clockwise, from above right) putting Larry Newman's Eagle through its paces; in the San Joaquin Valley, poised for takeoff in the unusually designed P-38 Mitchell airplane—heaviest of the ultralights; full throttle in a Pterodactyl with Yeager 300 feet over the Pacific; a hawk's-eye view of the landscape in an Eagle.

performance that he fueled up his own three-bladed prop aircraft and suggested we get airborne and have some fun. At about 300 feet, he came in on my wing and we flew formation for a while. Then he flew up and down the beach at about three feet off the ground before he landed and waved me down. I set up my approach, then cut back the power and glided onto the sand. Next, I made a full-power takeoff from the beach. The Pterodactyl jumped into the air after about a fifty-foot roll and climbed at a smooth thirty-degree angle right up to 200 feet. It was really a fun little airplane to fly. I had only two reservations. The directional control, as I mentioned, can be a bit marginal, though it's really no trouble after you've gotten accustomed to the airplane. Second, the seating structure can be somewhat uncomfortable and possibly dangerous. The way the nose gear is hooked to the Pterodactyl requires that you keep both feet up on a crossbar, which is somewhat awkward. And if you ever land with an excessive sink rate and the nose gear collapses, there's a good chance you'll break both ankles and legs.

My final stop was Porterville in the southern San Joaquin Valley, just north of Bakersfield, where I planned to test the Mitchell Wing. Right away I got a big surprise. I'd expected just one aircraft; in fact, there were three Mitchell Wings. I started out with the P-38, named, of course, after the twin-boom P-38 flown during World War II. Probably it's stretching the term *ultralight* to include the P-38, because it weighs over 300 pounds (compared with the 170-pound Eagle and the 215-pound Pterodactyl).

And with its conventional flight-control system—fly stick and rudder—the P-38 isn't so different from a very small lightweight aircraft like a Piper Cub. You pull back on the stick, the nose goes up: push the right rudder, and the nose goes right. There is, however, one major difference: you're sitting out in the wind, exposed to the slipstream. The sensation's very similar to that in a hang glider or other ultralight aircraft.

The next Mitchell airplane I flew was the U-2, named after the Lockheed high-altitude aircraft. I'd first been exposed to the flying wings back in 1947, when Bob Hoover, Jack Ridley, and I were at Edwards working on the X-1 program and flying the N9-M. This U-2 is really a sweet, clean, trimmed-down flying wing, powered by a 20-horsepower engine and capable of humming along at speeds of up to 80 miles per hour. In fact, it flew exactly like the N9-M, except that it had vertical rudders (whereas the N9-M split the ailerons for drag on the wing tips to get directional control).

Because the U-2's pilot is enclosed in a canopy, it's a warm, comfortable airplane to fly. And with its folding wings, the U-2 can be carted just about anywhere on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 224

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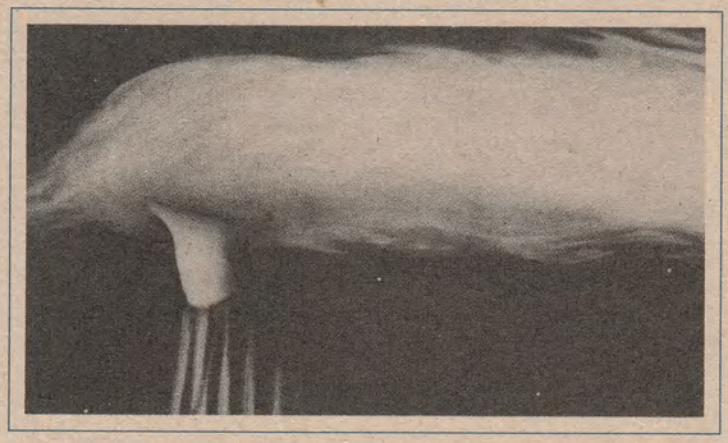
FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Maverick, daredevil, entrepreneurial sharpie, ace pilot—that's the Eagle's thirty-four-year-old designer, Larry Newman. Often described as aviation's Joe Namath (Newman is one of the 100 eligible elite in the upcoming Simon & Schuster book *The American Bachelor Register*), the dashing and outspoken Newman has commanded attention since age twelve—the year of his first solo flight. Explains Newman: "My father, a pilot, just took me out on a country road one day and said, 'Time to fly, son.'" Since then, Newman has flown more than 10,000 hours in aircraft that range from Concordes and F-15s to hang gliders, Learjets, and the *Double Eagle V*—the helium balloon that Newman copiloted in last year's historic trans-Pacific crossing. Along with co-venturer Ben Abruzzo, Newman had previously made the first across-the-Atlantic balloon flight, a feat that earned him international notoriety and a rare presidential Gold Medal for aviation.

One of hang gliding's tenacious pioneers, Newman created his own design company, Electra Flyer, in 1974, and three years later had built it into the world's largest hang glider manufacturer. "In 1979," says Newman, "I saw the trend toward ultralights. Thanks to hang gliding, we already had the technology; all we had to do was add aerodynamic controls, steering wheels, and a little engine. However, we knew the winner wouldn't be just the best airplane—it would be the easiest plane to fly with the best training program." And in keeping with that strategy, all of Newman's 150 Eagle dealers must offer a $250 training program that Newman promises "will have anyone up in the air, *safely*, after three days." Among the 1,800 Eagles built this year were two that Newman designed specially for *Penthouse* and *Omni* publisher Bob Guccione; both planes, bearing the *Penthouse* and *Omni* insignia, were flown during this summer's spectacular ultralight convention at Oshkosh, Wis.—an event first highlighted in an *Omni* TV show. As to the future of ultralights, entrepreneur Newman is typically candid: "Once the quick-buck guys are gone, it's *very* promising. On the retail sales level there are especially exciting business opportunities."

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Angie, age eighteen

I left home early, so at eighteen years old I have already been married and divorced. I have also had women lovers, one of whom I lived with for a while. I am five feet two inches and ninety-five pounds, have blond hair and blue eyes, and am "cute," I guess. I am living with a man who is twenty-two. My boyfriend is jealous of me around men or women. I love him and am satisfied with our relationship. I have traveled all over the U.S., and have lived in Miami, Fla., Norfolk, Va., and here in Texas now for five months. I am also a lucky recipient of multiple orgasms—I guess, from masturbating frequently throughout my life.

My dream takes place in a beautiful house of wood paneling, octagonal-shaped, with huge picture windows looking out at the night. There are huge rafters in the ceiling. I am lying on a fluffy pillow on a big couch, which is in a sunken living room. I am lying back and feel hazy, kind of high. I turn my head and see a tall, beautiful black girl walk toward me. I am in such a dreamy state that I cannot move.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

The girl approaches me, saying nice things in a whisper, reassuring me. She leans over me and gently begins taking off my clothes. As she does this, I look over her shoulder and see a nude man. I look at his face but cannot really see it. The girl puts a gauzy blue shirt on me and it tickles my nipples and makes them hard. As the girl starts Frenching me and I'm getting so wet, the man in the background is saying things in a strange language. I try to sit up to see who the man is, but soon I am too caught up in the lovemaking to do anything but love this girl back. After we've both come, I jump up to go closer to the man, but he fades away. I turn to ask the girl about it but she, too, is gone. I put on my sundress and go outside. I stand on the top step outside the house and I view the beach. The breeze feels good on my bare legs and damp pussy.

Standing there, I hear young voices. There is a group of people next to a bonfire. I toss off my dress, which is bothersome, and walk over to them. They invite me to party and no one seems to notice my nudity. It feels natural. I see that the people are all friends I've met in the past. I party awhile and then leave to walk down the street to a girl's house. I ask if I can stay overnight and I sleep alone in a guest room. As I wake up it is morning (in my dream) and the girl is preparing for a party, making food and decorating with streamers. I ask, "What kind of party?" and she answers, "Just food, drink, pot, and friends."

> "As the girl starts Frenching me, the man in the background is saying things in a strange language."

People come over and I study the bodies of the men because I had not seen that mysterious man's face back at the octagonal house. It's hard to tell by bodies, as these men are dressed and the night before the man was nude.

I now feel peaceful, watching everyone party and dance. Soon a pretty girl asks me to help her fix her hair and we end up making out on the bed in the guest room. Once again I hear the strange language and know that the man is here, and that he loves our lovemaking and that all is natural. I try to look at him, then poof! I wake up.

Do you think this means I'm still bisexual? I do. However, my boyfriend lets me act out fantasies, and he knows that I love looking at the beautiful *Penthouse* women. What do you make of it all?

Dr. Ellis comments:

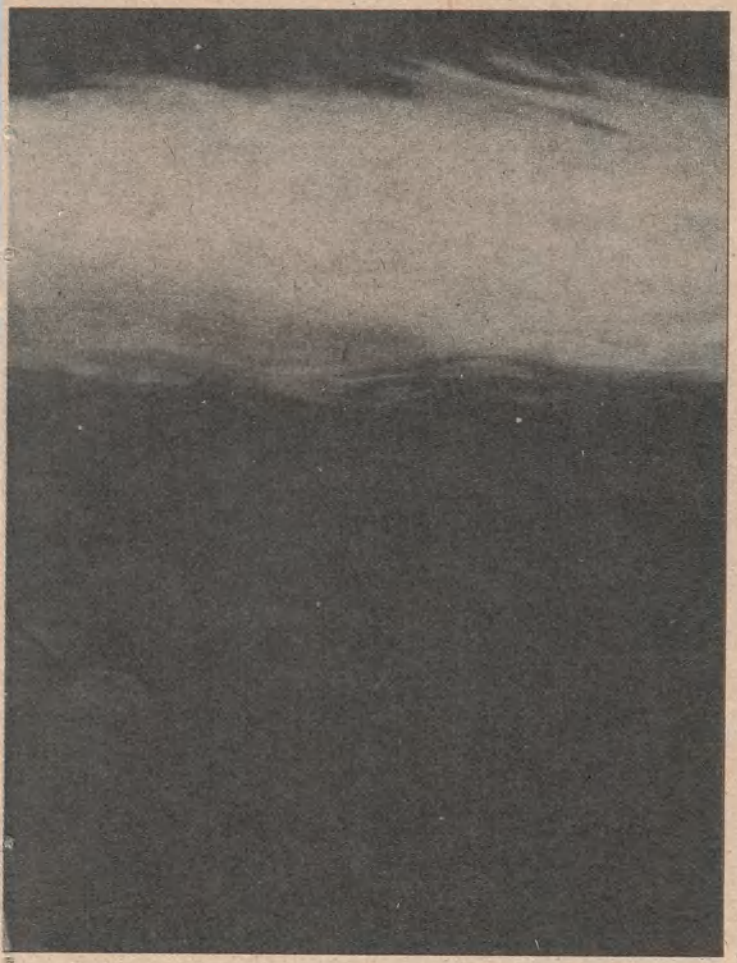
Yes, you seem to be bisexual and to enjoy both men and women. But you apparently want to make sure that your desires for women are perfectly proper—and that even a man would approve of them. Your boyfriend lets you engage in fantasies and look at Penthouse *women. But would he really approve of actual, acted-out bisexuality on your part? Ah!*

You seem, in your dream, to hope that he (or other representative men) would endorse your sex with women. But you find a man who would do so anonymous and elusive. You do not know exactly who he is or where and how to really meet him. So you keep dreaming—and hoping, probably, that you will find a male partner who truly approves of your bisexuality. Since your actual lover is jealous of your having other men or women, you invent a dream lover who "loves our lovemaking" and who finds "that all is natural." Quite an ideal partner for a lusty bisexual like you! A "dream man" indeed!

Allen, age thirty

I have been married for almost seven years. I am currently an officer aboard a U.S. military ship on an extended patrol. A dream I had was very graphic and took place near the end of the patrol, at which point it had been quite some time since I'd been in the company of any woman. The dream went like this:

I am walking at night with a shipmate in the streets of Waikiki in Honolulu. It has been a while since we've been ashore. The streets are unlighted but there is enough light from the moon and stars to see two women crossing our path right in front of us. The first is a blonde, who is wearing a yellow halter top and cutoff blue jeans. I let her pass us. Her friend is a brunette, who is wearing a dark-gray shirt and long blue jeans. I can't really see her face. As she walks in front of me, I get this tremendous rush of boldness and grab her around the waist and bring her with me to the ground. At first she makes an attempt to resist me, but I start kissing her hungrily. She starts to respond to my kisses but still does not completely welcome my advances. I put my hand down the front of her jeans and discover that her vagina and clitoris are moist. I begin rubbing her clit and circling the entrance to her vagina, causing her to surrender completely. She responds by sighing and spreading her legs.



My penis is proudly erect, the hardest it's ever been, and stretches the fabric of my shorts. Somehow I've gotten rid of my shirt, and the girl no longer has her shirt on. I resume kissing the girl, who is resting on her back. I use my elbows to keep me up, and the position brings the head of my shaft into the opening of her vagina.

Taking my shaft in my hand, I guide it into her vagina. I make a slow entry. She's really lubricated and tight, and the feeling of initial penetration is exquisite. She moans and tosses her head back. I continue my slow penetration to the hilt, then begin a slow withdrawal. The sensations are electric. I then begin a very slow, leisurely fucking. She brings her knees up to her chest, resting her heels on her ass, and presents her mound more fully to me. I begin a slow, deep plunge and stop, hilt deep. I begin flexing my penis by contracting the muscles at its base. Each time I flex, the girl gasps in ecstasy and counters by grasping my shaft with her vagina. I gasp each time she does this to me. We continue like this for a while, then we begin the slow fucking again.

The dream changes at this point, and I'm not sure if either of us has come. That doesn't seem to matter to either of us, however. We are now in what appears to be a doctor's examination room with two examination tables side by side. I'm lying on my side on the one that has sheets. The other table belongs to the girl, but it has no sheets, just black vinyl upholstery. The girl is not on the table but is instead sitting on the floor between the tables on a pillow. The pillow has one of those hospital-green pillow covers. I now recognize the girl, Pam, as one of my high-school steadies. She is sitting back, showing off her pussy to me. I can't help but admire the view; she has smallish, firm breasts, a thin waist, nice slender long legs, and a beautiful pussy. Her pubic hair is mature but thin, and doesn't cover up her pussy. This affords me a good view of her clitoris and vagina, which are both shiny and moist from our recent lovemaking. I look into her eyes, and she tells me that she's being treated for some sort of female condition. I know that it isn't venereal disease and that it wasn't caused by our lovemaking. I look at her vagina and notice some clear droplets of liquid on her nether lips. She calls them something like "water blisters." I awaken with a warm, loving feeling, but wish the dream had continued.

After I awoke, I was a bit surprised, as I hadn't thought of Pam for years. We went together when we were fourteen and fifteen years old, but that ended about fourteen years ago. I never had sex with her and never made any attempts with her. Curiously, I felt no guilt at having made love with a woman who wasn't my wife. If the situation had occurred in real life, I'd have felt guilty of betraying my wife and daughters, and would have a difficult time justifying the act in my own mind.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Spurred on, most probably, by your not having sex for a while, you naturally think of having it—but not necessarily with your wife. You often think of how much better you might have done in your past life, if only you had known then what you know now. One of your past errors seems to have been to go with Pam and never have any sex with her—because you foolishly did not try. So in your dream you make up for this omission and finally get Pam to spread her legs and pump her ass until you both approach ecstasy. Apparently, your present knowledge of sex, at least in this dream, pays off for you.

Why Pam? Well, you never did finish what you intended to do with her years ago, and now you are. Also, by dreaming of teenaged Pam, you avoid thinking of a woman closer to your wife's age; and you thereby diminish the possible guilt you might experience from having a real affair. So you nicely make up for your past lapses and guiltlessly enjoy the here and now in this doubly delicious dream!

"I begin rubbing her clit and circling the entrance to her vagina, causing her to surrender completely."

Tina, age twenty-two

I am an art student. My main hobby is scuba diving; I feel very much at home and free in the water. Nothing could be better in the world than sitting on a rock thirty feet deep, feeding fish swirling all above.

In my dream I am naked underwater in the black waters of a lake, floating vertically as if I am standing. I float-turn around, and in front of me—within reach—is Luke, who is also naked. (Luke was a very dominating and highly magnetic lover for three to four years. Our relationship never officially ended; he just moved 1,000 miles away. I often think of him and his dominating character, though he's been gone for more than a year.) I reach out above his shoulders

> "I felt someone making love to me. I think it was the devil, because I could feel his hot breath and the heat from his penis when he entered me."

but don't touch him as I "outline" his powerful arms with my hands. He does not smile or gesture in any way—he floats and looks beyond me. Then the waters begin to move with large, ocean-type waves or swells—I want to turn away and ride them across the lake (we can only be four feet under), but he grabs me. I don't know if I should push him away or body surf across the water.

Then I wake up—next to Ben. I've known Ben a few months and began living in his apartment about three days before this dream. He is not at all caustic—no, he is the most tender, excellent, gentle, and fulfilling lover I ever rolled with . . . and he pleases my eyes and ears and heart as deeply as my flesh.

Why did I dream of fucker Luke when I have excellent Ben? I overlooked Luke's harsh orders and demands as "love"—I needed someone to pay physical attention to me and I thought Luke was the one. Now he's gone—I tried others but none have been as reciprocally affectionate as Ben. Am I still dominated by Luke? I wish I could push him away and glide out with the water.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Although you are highly pleased by Ben and probably in many ways truly love him, a part of you still seems to want to be dominated and magnetized by Luke. This does not mean that you only *want to be dominated by men but merely that there is something about Luke that you don't want to surrender and that you are ever tempted to try to recapture.*

You may also be somewhat guilty about still wanting Luke when you have found such an excellent, tender, and fulfilling lover as Ben. If so, your guilt will tend to keep you obsessed with Luke. If you see that your thoughts about him are quite allowable and that you are not an evil or rotten person for having them, you will probably lose your guilty obsession, perhaps think of Luke occasionally, but mainly immerse yourself in the relationship with Ben—and then not be perfectly *but at least* reasonably *content with undominating tenderness.*

Manuel, age thirty-three

My wife, Consuela, age twenty-nine, had two puzzling dreams, one before and one after we were married. She's too embarrassed to write them down, but wants to know what they might mean. I also want some idea of what they are about. We are having a difficult time with our marriage and are about to break up, even though I am trying to prevent this in every way I can. I must add that my wife is of Puerto Rican heritage, and it is common in the culture to engage spiritualists in their lives.

Her first dream occurred about a year before she became my wife. She describes it: "I was sleeping in bed, and slept soundly as usual, but in my dream I felt someone making love to me. I think it was the devil, because I could feel his hot breath and the heat from his penis when he entered me. This dream was so vivid that I am not certain to this day if it was real or just a dream. I remember waking up, but I couldn't get up, because this thing I could not see was still in me. I could feel the pressure of a body actually on top of me. I remember perspiring and coming."

About two weeks ago she described another, similar dream: "I was invited to a sort of party where they were trying to get some girl or lady pregnant. I remember seeing my late mother and stepfather (who were both alive in this dream), but I didn't know any of the other faces. Suddenly, while I was sitting down, I started to rub a book I was holding against my breasts. I realized that I was doing this against my will. I was nervous and asked my mother what was happening to me, but she didn't answer. She just laughed, and my stepfather said, 'This girl is going to get pregnant.' I remember crying, and then my stomach was suddenly big—and I was pregnant."

What do you make of all this?

Dr. Ellis comments:

Your wife, Consuela, apparently comes from a culture where women are supposed to feel ashamed of having sex before marriage. Having a powerful creature like the devil, however, rape her in her sleep and having him *practically force her to come would not seem too blameworthy. So, rather than accept responsibility for her own hot breath and bodily heat, she assigns these characteristics to the devil—and thereby gets guiltlessly fucked!*

In her second dream, she probably adopts another cultural view: that a married female is hardly a real woman unless she becomes pregnant. So, being on the verge of a marital breakup and therefore nowhere near being a happily pregnant wife, in her dream she quickly and miraculously makes herself pregnant.

Both Consuela's dreams appear to be strong wish fulfillments; and, more importantly, both give her what she really wants sexually—and give it to her pretty damned easily!

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A MAN OR A MOUSE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-seven questions to help you discover just how shy you are

PSYCHOGRAPH

Just about everyone is shy at one time or another, but for some men shyness is a crippling disease. These are the guys who, in high school, couldn't cross a dance floor without suffering cardiac arrest and who, as adults, break into a cold sweat when a woman speaks to them.

Shyness, though it is endemic to virtually every human culture, is one of the least studied areas of psychology. That state of affairs has begun to change recently, however, thanks in substantial measure to the work of psychologist Philip Zimbardo and his colleagues at Stanford University. Within the past decade Zimbardo has established a pioneering shyness clinic at Stanford and has developed a shyness survey that has been administered to more than 5,000 people. (In his excellent and readable book *Shyness: What It Is; What to Do About It*, Zimbardo notes that he became a leading expert in this field by default: shy students asked him for help and he, in turn, found there had been little helpful or authoritative research on the subject. That's how experts are made.)

Current research reveals a number of interesting facts about shyness:

- Shyness not only cuts down on the amount of sex one engages in (as could be expected), but it also inhibits one's enjoyment of sex. Shy men experience less enjoyment during sex than non-shy men. Shy women enjoy oral sex less than other women and often can't even take pleasure in masturbating.
- Men and women are about equally shy. According to Zimbardo's research, approximately four out of every ten people consider themselves shy.
- Shy men, while they appear timid, are not basically fearful people. They'll climb mountains, explore jungles, shoot rapids singlehandedly, hunt big game—as long as there aren't too many people around to watch them. Only human beings, it seems, frighten them.
- The social skills of shy men are just as well developed as those of other men. These guys are not social incompetents. However, their extreme self-consciousness prevents them from using the *savoir-faire* they possess.
- Shy people are not uglier, stupider, or more loathsome than the rest of the population. They just think they are.

With these facts under your belt, you're ready for the questionnaire. Answer the questions as honestly, accurately, and quickly as possible. Your initial impulse upon reading a question is likely to be the most accurate one.

1. You're standing on a street corner and overhear the person next to you giving directions to a tourist. The directions, unfortunately, are incorrect. You know the correct directions. What do you do?
   (a) I ignore them. What the fuck do I care if a tourist gets lost? He can always ask somebody else later.
   (b) I break into the conversation and supply the correct information.
   (c) I wait until the direction-giver goes on his way and then tell the tourist the right way to go.
   (d) I don't say anything and then feel bad that I didn't speak up.

2. You're in a foreign country. You speak the native language a little but not very well. How do you handle the situation?
   (a) I use the native language as little as possible. I'd rather say nothing than to sound like a jerk.
   (b) I use the language as often as I can. It's a great opportunity for practice.

3. When you were a kid in school and knew the answer to a question the teacher had asked, you usually:
   (a) raised your hand
   (b) sat and hoped you wouldn't be called on

4. You're driving your car and think you are lost. In a situation like this do you often go miles out of your way before you'll ask for directions?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. If you had a personal problem that was really troubling you, would you be likely to seek help from a clergyman, a psychologist, or some other similar professional?
   (a) yes
   (b) perhaps
   (c) no

6. If you had a serious personal problem, would you be likely to talk it over with someone *close* to you, like a parent, lover, wife, or best friend?
   (a) yes
   (b) perhaps
   (c) no

7. How strongly does the following statement apply to you: "I often feel people are laughing at me and ridiculing me behind my back"?
   (a) very strongly
   (b) quite strongly
   (c) somewhat
   (d) a little
   (e) not at all

8. Do you often feel depressed, anxious, and lonely?
   (a) No, I rarely feel any of those emotions.
   (b) I occasionally experience one or more of those emotions.
   (c) I often experience at least one of those emotions.
   (d) I often experience all of those emotions intensely.

9. Would you say the following statement applies to you: "When I'm in a social group, I have trouble thinking clearly; if I say anything, it comes out confused and often is not what I really mean to say"?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) quite a bit
   (c) somewhat
   (d) a little
   (e) not at all

10. Have you ever found out by accident that people consider you snobbish, indifferent, or emotionally cold?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. When talking to a stranger, do you have trouble keeping eye contact?
    (a) yes
    (b) somewhat or occasionally
    (c) no

12. When you're talking with *friends*, do you have trouble maintaining eye contact?
    (a) yes
    (b) somewhat or occasionally
    (c) no

13. Do people often ask you to repeat yourself or to speak louder?
    (a) yes
    (b) occasionally
    (c) rarely or never

14. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Anything I do in public usually turns out badly"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

15. Do you have erotic desires that you consider so kinky that you would never ask your wife or lover to respond to them with you?
    (a) yes, many
    (b) some

(c) very few or none

16. When you're having sex, do you worry about being able to keep up your hard-on?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never
(d) I wouldn't know; I'm a virgin

17. When you are having sex, are you more likely to prefer taking an active role (lots of foreplay, cunnilingus, etc.) or a passive role (such as lying on your back and being "serviced" by your partner)?
(a) I prefer being the active initiator.
(b) It depends upon whom I'm with and the circumstances. Sometimes I like being the aggressor, sometimes the passive one.
(c) I prefer taking the passive role.

18. How would you rate yourself as a sexual partner? Be honest!
(a) good; I'm generally caring, smooth and attentive
(b) average; I'm no Casanova, but I'm not a klutz either
(c) poor; I'm basically awkward and fumbling

19. In social situations (parties, family gatherings, in bars, etc.), do you often drink and/or smoke too much?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

20. When you're with a group of people, do you find that you often get stuck with the most boring, dull, or aggressive person in the group?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

21. Would you say that people who have authority over you (such as teachers or bosses) have often been basically inferior to you in terms of intelligence, creativity, and skill?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

22. Do you spend considerable amounts of time analyzing your own thoughts, feelings, and actions?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Do you frequently feel that you are ugly, worthless, inferior, and/or incompetent?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

24. Do you ever feel like you're divorced from your body, almost as if you were another person watching yourself talk, act, and think?
(a) yes, frequently
(b) occasionally
(c) rarely or never

25. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your childhood relationship with your parents?
(a) My parents always seemed quite proud of what I did. I never got the feeling that they were disappointed in me.
(b) At least one of my parents was demanding and impossible to satisfy. No matter how well I did at anything, it was never good enough.

26. Were you the oldest (or only) child in your family?
(a) yes
(b) no

27. Were you popular with your classmates in school?
(a) yes
(b) about average
(c) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 114; the lowest, 27.

1. a-2, b-1, c-1, d-4
2. a-4, b-1
3. a-1, b-4
4. a-3, b-1
5. a-1, b-2, c-4
6. a-1, b-2, c-6
7. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1, e-1
8. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-4
9. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-2, e-1
10. a-4, b-1
11. a-4, b-2, c-1
12. a-6, b-4, c-1
13. a-4, b-2, c-1
14. a-4, b-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-4
17. a-1, b-1, c-4
18. a-1, b-2, c-4
19. a-5, b-2, c-1
20. a-4, b-2, c-1
21. a-4, b-1, c-1
22. a-4, b-1
23. a-4, b-2, c-1
24. a-4, b-2, c-1
25. a-1, b-3
26. a-3, b-1
27. a-1, b-2, c-4

If you scored 93 to 114 points:
You are extraordinarily shy. Chances are you have a much worse opinion of yourself than other people do. Because of your poor self-image, you are likely to avoid virtually all social situations. Shyness can be overcome. Dr. Zimbardo's book contains dozens of exercises designed to make you feel progressively more comfortable among your fellow human beings. Some things you might try to combat your shyness: look in a mirror and accurately describe what you see, good points as well as bad points; force yourself to talk to at least one stranger every day; keep a shyness diary and review it periodically to see which situations and people give you the most trouble.

If nothing works, you at least have the consolation of knowing that shy people are generally good people. They don't start wars and fuck up the world.

71 to 92 points:
You are very shy but not to the pathological extent of those in the category above. While they have trouble functioning at all in social situations, you usually manage to muddle through. You may not be the life of the party, but you're not so weirdly silent that you spook people. In fact, some men in this category overcompensate for their shyness by becoming extremely verbal in public. Some merely become boorish loudmouths, but others go on to become some of the most eloquent actors, comedians, and statesmen. If your shyness bothers you, try some of the exercises described above.

49 to 70 points:
You are probably shy in some social situations and with some people, but this is only normal. In general, shyness does not handicap you. It just makes you circumspect until you know the lay of the land, as it were, and feel comfortable. You are likely to be viewed as a relatively modest, sedate, competent person. Because of your apparent probity, you are the type of person who often rises to positions of responsibility and power. You might wish you were more outgoing, but it's probably just as well that you aren't. You are likely to be most effective just as you are.

27 to 48 points:
You are extremely outgoing. Next to you, Godzilla would look shy. You are the type of man who is sought after as a party guest and dinner companion because he has a bottomless cache of anecdotes and chatter. You probably get up in the morning looking for somebody's hand to shake. You love meeting new people. You'd probably make a hell of a salesman or politician. Some people may consider you shallow, but they're unlikely to find you dull.

"Watch your step with him. He's a closet liberal!"

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

rine, I just can't turn down those lovely Latin ladies.—C. M.

Your worries are over: you may get awfully tired but you won't become sterile. The male reproductive system is continually making sperm regardless of how often you exhaust your supply. Enjoy the ladies and let them enjoy you. I myself have loved a few boys in blue, and I found their dedication to the service, mine as well as theirs, unbelievably exciting!

DEVIL IN HER HEART

I just turned twenty-one and have been told I am quite attractive. I was brought up in a fairly strict religious family and was a virgin until my last birthday. I was taught to have high morals and to "save myself" for marriage. It was not a problem until I met Dave. We have been engaged since April.

We did everything but have sex, including heavy petting and mutual masturbation. Dave understood my reluctance about having sex and we discussed it openly. He thought my attitude was a bit Victorian but accepted it and never pushed me physically or emotionally. Everything changed on my last birthday.

Dave planned a special evening at the theater with a late dinner at our favorite spot. After saying good-night to my roommate, he stepped just inside the door and said that after the play and dinner "we're going to my place, where we're going to make passionate love all night long."

At first I thought he was joking, but as his deep-blue eyes bore into mine I could tell it was anything but a joke. "Once we go through this door, there'll be no turning back. Are you ready?" After looking at him for what seemed forever, I finally, numbly, nodded yes. He smiled and kissed me softly and we left.

I remember little of the early evening. We made conversation, but I couldn't tell you what we talked about. My mind was focused on only one thing. My body throbbed. I was on fire, and I was convinced he could feel the heat that seemed to pour from me. Back at his apartment, Dave opened a bottle of champagne and we sat close together on the couch. We talked softly, and finally, after our second drink, he took the empty glass from me and took me in his arms. After his first kiss I was wild with desire. In no time I was being carried to his bed. There he slowly undressed me and my next awareness was of his hard, lean body against mine. He caressed me with his lips and hands for what seemed like hours.

Suddenly I gasped as I felt the hard, smooth, hot bulb of his cock enter me, and as he gently pushed deeper I shuddered in an orgasm before he was even all the way in. Nothing I had ever experienced before was like that, and I moaned again as he split my insides until I felt him

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE OCTOBER 21

GENIUS HUNTING

GENETIC MARKERS

FICTION

COMPUTER KIDS—Good-bye, blackboard and erasers; hello, TRS-80, Apple, and Atari. There is a new generation of children growing up who handle the intricacies of computer language the way other generations learned how to ride a bike. For better or worse, the computer has become a fixture in modern childhood. This issue of *Omni* shows how the first wave of computer kids is using this tool for fun and, in some disturbing instances, for profit, too.

GENIUS TRUST—If you have a few million dollars that you must give away, to whom do you give it? That was one enviable problem facing the John D. and Catherine MacArthur Foundation recently. The solution was called the Prize Fellows Program, or the Genius Trust. In this month's *Omni*, find out who some of the scientists were who received the MacArthur largess, what the large—up to a quarter million dollars—grants have done to them and for them, and how the American version of the Nobel Prize hasn't quite measured up.

FUTURE MAN—The time is millions of years from now. The place, planet Earth. And the hard-shelled creature sucking water through its trunk is our own, altered descendant. Acting on a suggestion advanced by *Omni*, paleontologist/model maker Dougal Dixon has created an extravaganza of pictures that forecast the future of man. But because Dixon's vision is peculiarly his own, we asked other paleontologists and geneticists to furnish their views on tomorrow's evolution. To see what form our heirs might take, read *Omni*.

GENETIC MARKERS—Is it possible to detect the presence of the gene that causes multiple sclerosis? The day is approaching when inherited defective chromosomes will be wiped out. Genetic researchers are now almost able to peer into your biochemistry and to predict, years or even decades in advance, what diseases you are likely to contract. Read about the genetic key that could reshape our biological destiny, in the November *Omni*.

FICTION—Stephen Robinett, a contributor to *Omni*, has written a gem of a story, "Number Thirteen," in which the thirteenth re-creation of the First Officer of a space-colony ship examines his past lives for clues to his future. Steve Perry, a new contributor to the magazine and a former paramedic, puts his medical experience to use in "Augenblick." Perry's hero is a dedicated doctor with a talent that leads him to a serious moral and professional dilemma.

pressed tightly against me, deep in my vagina. His hands roamed over my body, our mouths devouring each other. His strength, centered as it was in my burning core, seemed overwhelming; yet he was gentle with me until I felt him press deep and explode, his hot juices flooding me. My deflowering had taken only minutes but had been so beautiful.

I understand the philosophy these days of "if it feels good, do it," but I know that what I did was wrong in the eyes of God and that despite my rapturous deflowering and newfound sensuality, I will have to come to grips with it spiritually, for I still feel very religious. Does religion no longer mean anything concerning sex? How do other young women handle it today? I feel very guilty about this. Can you give me any insight that will help me solve this problem?—S. C.

It's not really my style to get involved in a theological discussion, but I think you should remember and keep in mind that while the rules of religion—and this is what I believe—should be guidelines to behavior, an intelligent person must make his or her own decisions about them and how they apply to each situation. You have to consider carefully your love for Dave and your feelings about the religious beliefs you grew up with. It was drummed into you that sex before marriage was against God's will, but do you agree with that?

Anyway, by the time you read this answer you'll already be married, so you won't be breaking any commandments. Write me again when you need advice about extramarital sex.

THE FIRST TIME

My friend Lynn invited me to spend the night at her house one Friday. Well, we were the best of friends, and if she wasn't staying at my house, I was at her house. We were in her room listening to some records. We turned out the lights and shut her bedroom door. After talking for a while we climbed into her bed to retire for the night. We were talking about sex and what it would be like to be a star in a sexy movie. She said, "Let's try and kiss like the movie stars do." We put our arms around each other and started kissing. I could feel her soft, wet tongue slipping in and out of my mouth. We were both getting really hot and were very reluctant to stop. Then we took our nightgowns off to make it "more like the movies." We began kissing again and I could feel her hands rubbing my breasts and pinching my already hard nipples. I returned the caresses. Gently I played with her breasts. Her nipples were so beautiful and hard that I couldn't resist any longer, and I bent my head down to her breasts. I began licking and sucking on her stiff, erect nipples. Just as I had returned her caresses before, she returned mine. After kissing and sucking my breasts, her hands wandered downward and brushed against my flat stomach. I find it hard to explain the way it feels to have another female's soft, gentle hands caress the lips of your pussy. Then one slender finger traced my slit and then penetrated past those soft inner lips, and I felt a warm gush of hot love juices. She kissed my stomach. She teasingly kissed my inner thighs. Then she started kissing my pussy, her tongue reaching inside me to taste my juices, so like her own. She kissed my pussy for what seemed an eternity. Then I wanted to explore her love nest. My fingers caressed and penetrated her lovely slit. Her inner lips felt like soft velvet. I had to taste her, so I kissed and licked my way to her pussy. It was so hot and wet. I was swallowing her come and teasing her with my tongue. We fell asleep in each other's arms.

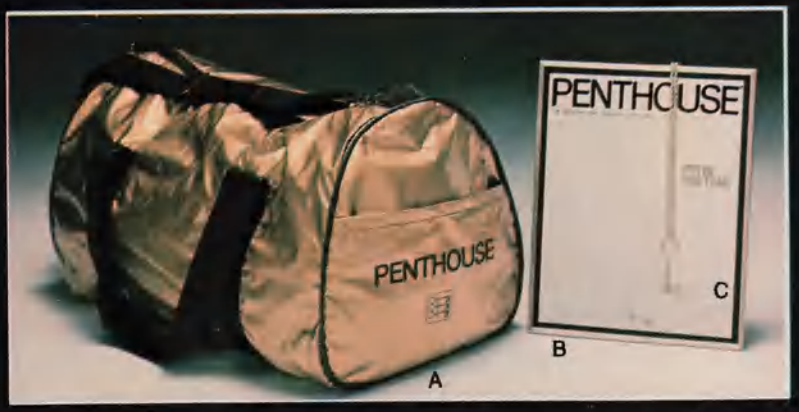
I fantasize about this happening again. Neither one of us has said anything to the other about our lovemaking that night. She is still my best friend. She is engaged and I am steadily dating a guy I met at school. I want to talk to her about this and tell her that I would enjoy repeating the episode. I don't know how to bring it up or how she will react. Have you any suggestions? What was your first experience with another female like?—A. F.

My first experience with another female was when I was fifteen. I fell in love with a beautiful girl of sixteen called Helga, who went to the same school as I. I really fancied her big boobs, her long dark hair, and her sensuous way of walking. However . . . in those days I was so terribly naive that I did not know it was called lesbianism. I simply wanted to be near her. I followed her whenever I could, even joined the same rowing club and tennis club as she did. We became friends, but she was quite a prude and actually a cunt teaser. She had not a clue that I was craving to hold her. Finally she asked me to teach her how to kiss, since she was to go out that night with a somewhat older boy from school and she was totally innocent. We shared an incredible kiss underneath the stairway. How exciting just teaching a girl to kiss can be with all the fumbling around and unhooking of brassieres!

As far as your childhood experience is concerned, it seems your girl friend considers it some kind of growing-up stage and is a bit embarrassed to repeat it, maybe for fear that her boyfriend may find out, or for fear she prefers women.

The same kind of thing often happens among men who have been to an all-male high school, and for lack of women or out of curiosity have had sexual relationships with other boys. The moment they leave school and start dating girls they often look back at that period of their life with disgust, which I find absolutely silly. Deep down, some of them may be latent homosexuals for life, but society and its taboos make them suppress any homosexual feelings, until maybe much later.

THE PENTHOUSE LOOK



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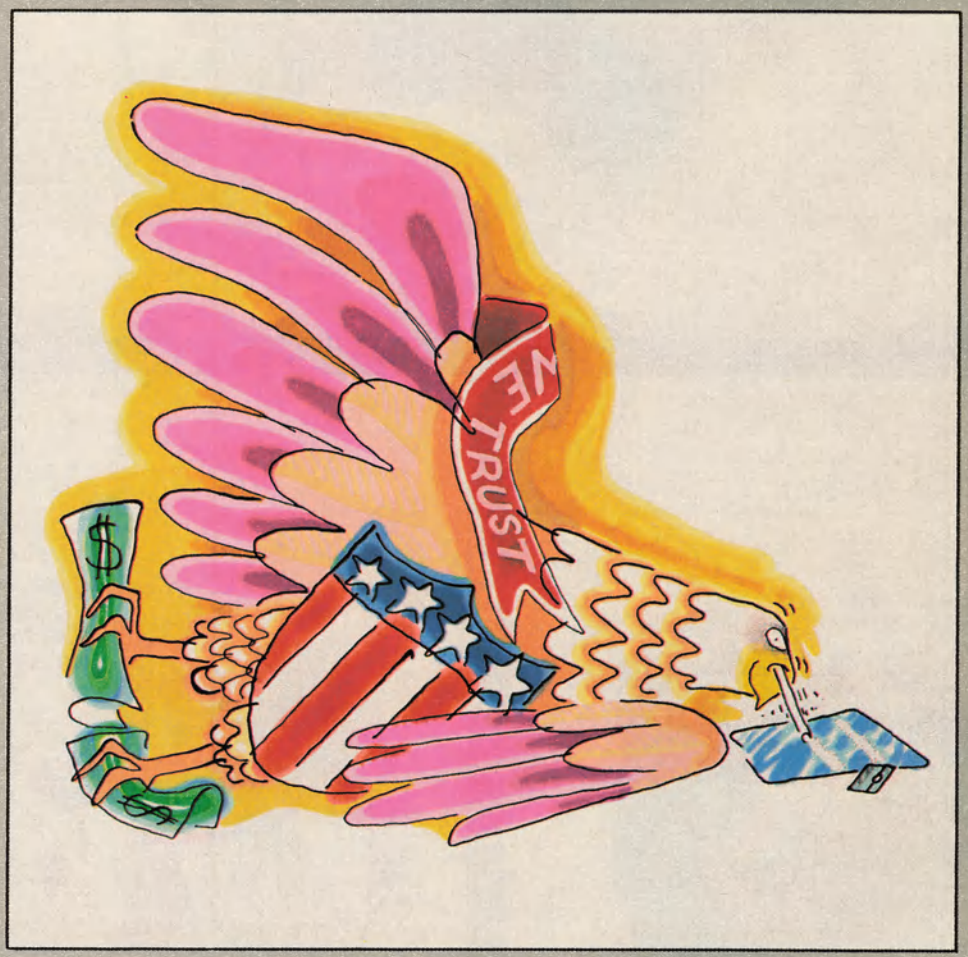
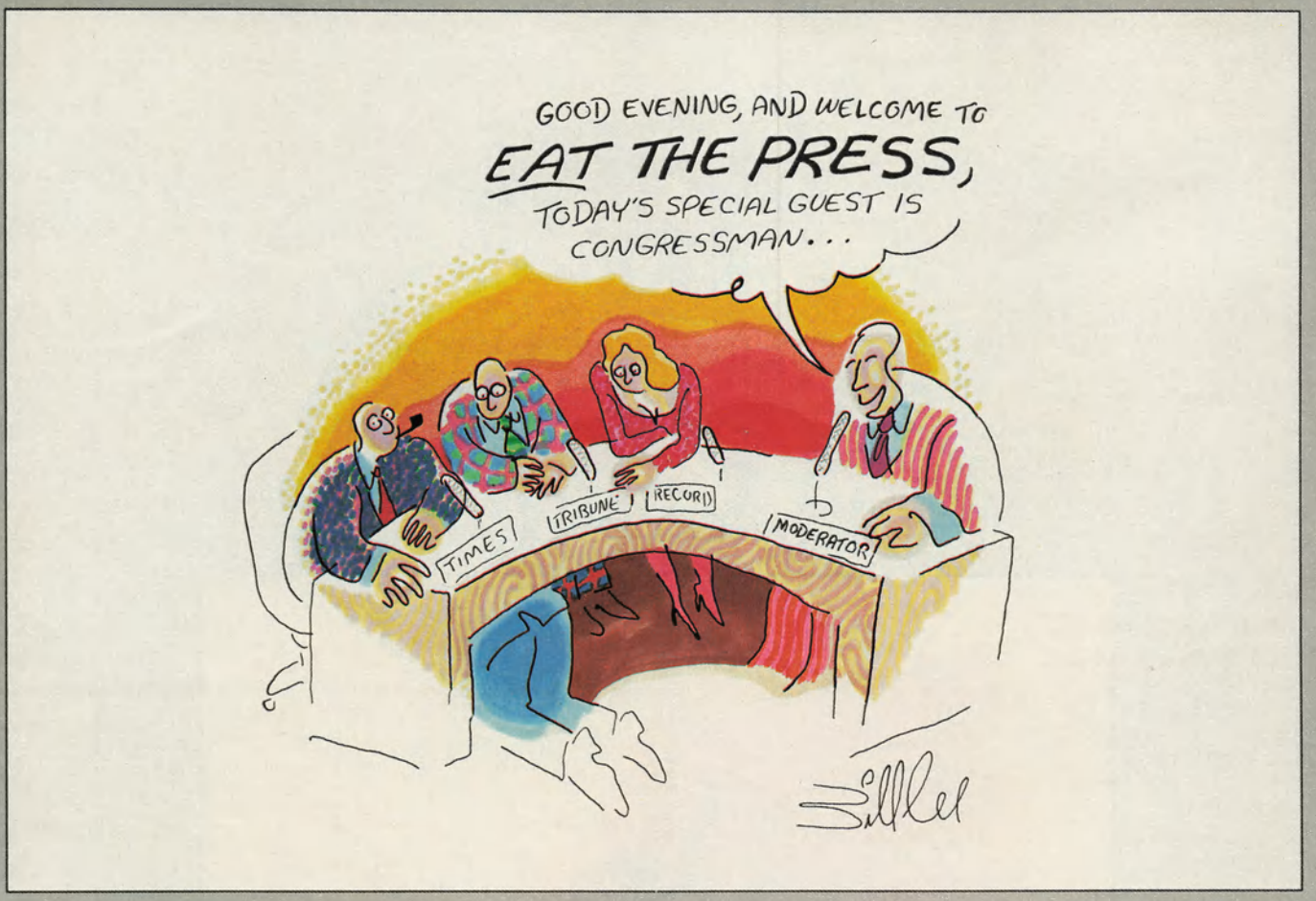


SATIRE BY BILL LEE

"On nights when the Congress works late, a lantern burns high in the Capitol dome, like a signal bonfire, to show that the people's representatives are at work" (from the *Washington Post Guide to Washington*). Well, yes . . . but working at *what*? Stories of extracurricular activities involving congressmen and their teenaged pages prompted *Penthouse*'s humor editor to file the following investigative report.

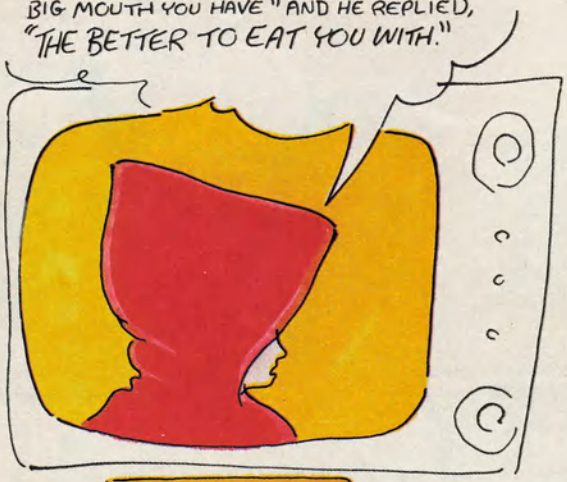

GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME TO
EAT THE PRESS,
TODAY'S SPECIAL GUEST IS
CONGRESSMAN...
TIMES
TRIBUNE
RECORD
MODERATOR
Silllee

IT'S SO NICE TO SEE A
REPUBLICAN AND A DEMOCRAT
GETTING ALONG SO WELL,
IN SPITE OF THEIR
POLITICAL DIFFERENCES
Silllee

I'M AN IRATE TAXPAYER,
SENATOR, AND I'M GOING TO TEACH
YOU FISCAL RESPONSIBILITY

HONEY, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A *LIBERAL* AND A *CONSERVATIVE* IS: A *CONSERVATIVE* WANTS TO MAKE LOVE WITH ALL OF ***HIS*** CLOTHING ON, AND A *LIBERAL* WANTS TO MAKE LOVE WITH ALL OF ***MY*** CLOTHING ON!!

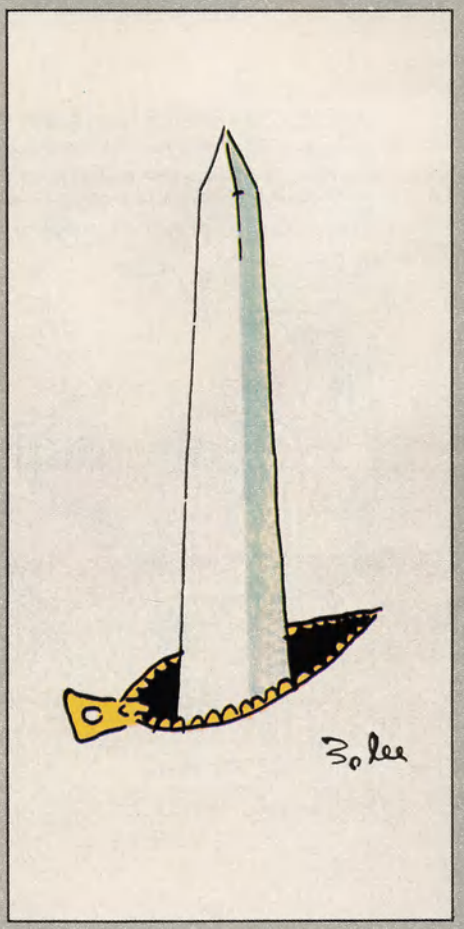
I SAID, "CONGRESSMAN, WHAT A BIG MOUTH YOU HAVE" AND HE REPLIED, "THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH."

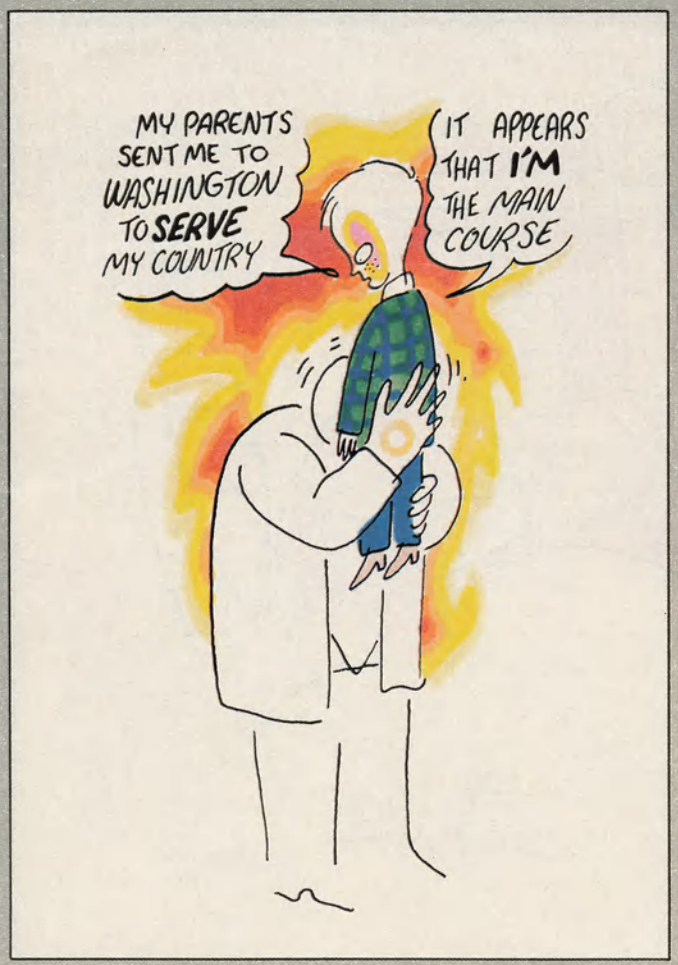


Voice and image have been changed to protect witness identity.

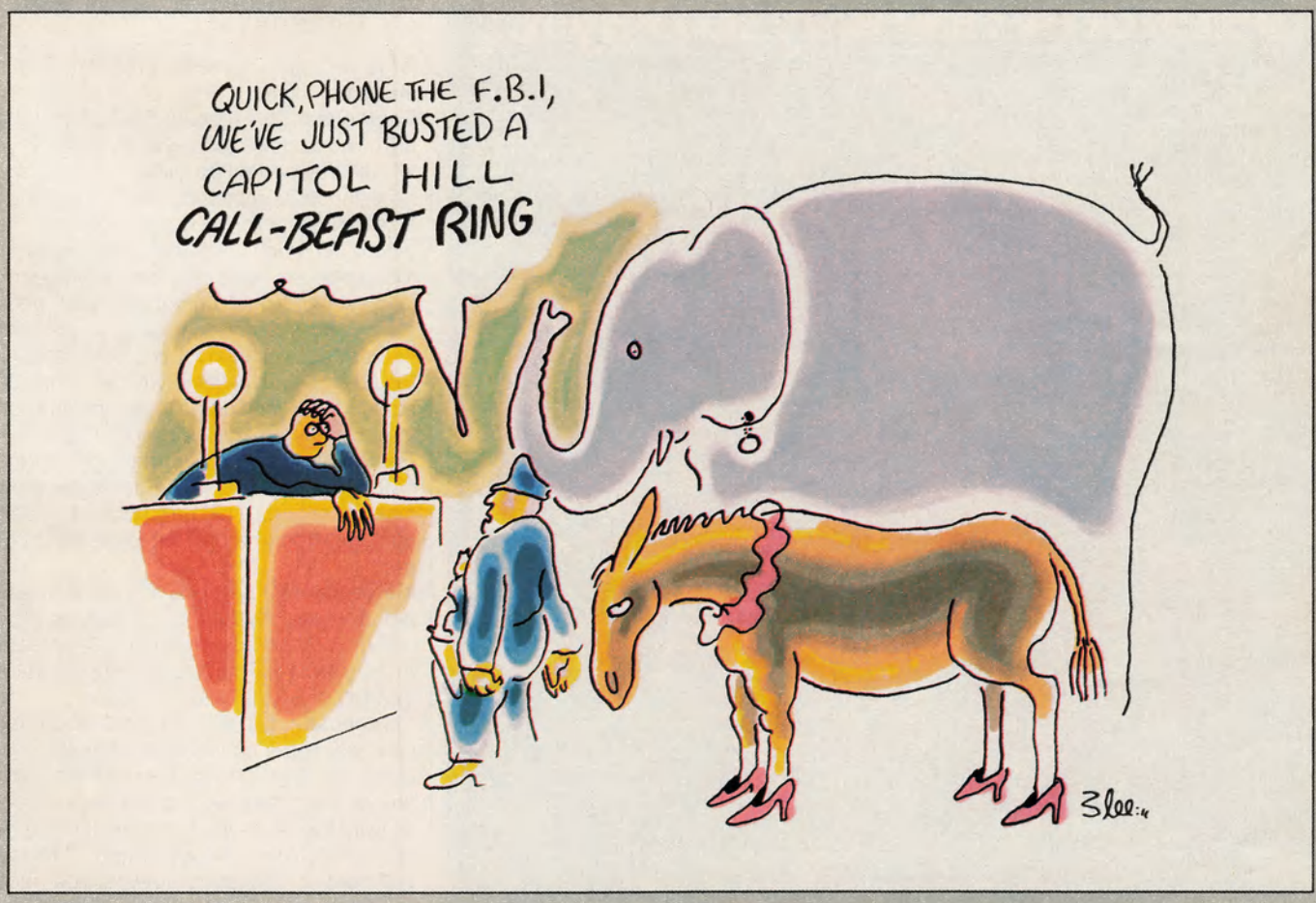
HELLO, MOMMY, I MET THIS NICE POLITICAL LEADER FROM THE *MORAL MAJORITY* ON *CAPITOL HILL*,...

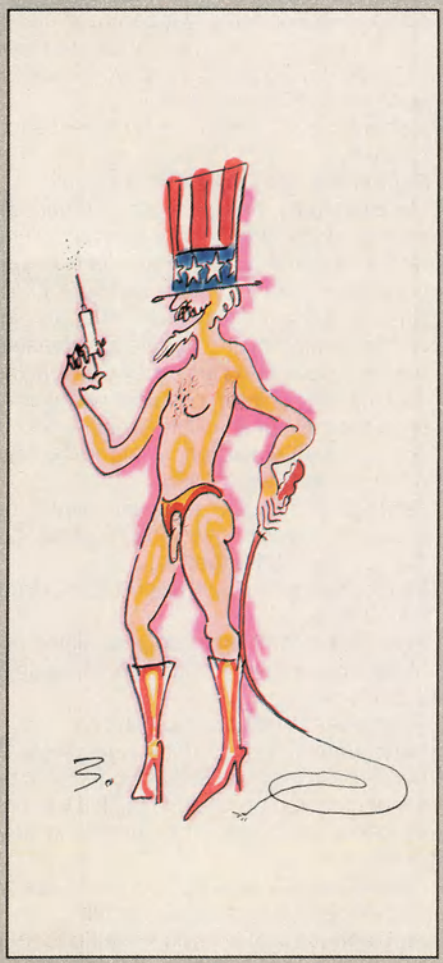
IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS OF HOMOSEXUALITY AMONG YOUR COLLEAGUES IN CONGRESS???
UH,...ER,.. CONGRESSMAN,...???
WBTV




MY PARENTS SENT ME TO WASHINGTON TO SERVE MY COUNTRY
IT APPEARS THAT I'M THE MAIN COURSE

HE INSISTS WE STUFF IT FULL OF YES VOTES
YES


QUICK, PHONE THE F.B.I,
WE'VE JUST BUSTED A
CAPITOL HILL
CALL-BEAST RING



WILL YOU STILL RESPECT ME AFTER THIS??
YEA, SURE, BUT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE PEOPLE THAT VOTED FOR YOU

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145

large part of our energy problem. That's the bottom line.

Penthouse: CFA resents the fact that the big oil companies rushed in and bought up all the coal, bought up all the uranium, and now those companies want somebody else—namely, the taxpayer—to foot the bill for developing alternative energies.

Metzenbaum: I resent it, too, but you can't let your wish that somebody else do a thing stop you from helping to get that thing done. I'm against war and I think it would be much nicer if we never had to fight, but that isn't going to prevent my voting for an adequate defense budget.

Penthouse: I'm glad you brought up the defense budget. I'd like to know how much you think could be safely cut, in percentage, from the present Pentagon budget.

Metzenbaum: I propose that we increase the defense budget 5 percent in real growth, compared with Reagan's increase of 14 percent. That would bring about a savings of $12.9 billion in 1982.

Penthouse: Just as I was getting to like you, you come up with a chickenshit proposal like that. Five percent growth! Boy, you are a great big hero. *Five percent growth!* Wouldn't you like to tell those military assholes at the Pentagon, "You've got plenty of money to do what you need to do if you spend your money wisely. You could have wonderful weapons and plenty of manpower if you didn't throw our money away. We're going to cut you back 25 percent, or 10 percent"?

Metzenbaum: You know why that doesn't happen?

Penthouse: Why doesn't it happen?

Metzenbaum: Because the American people don't want it to happen. They would defeat any politician. Even I, who considers himself a severe critic of the military, even I am always sensitive, as one who is elected by the people, or defeated by the people, knowing pretty well that the vast majority of my constituents want us to have the strongest military in the world. If you said you would be willing to be second to some other nation . . .

Penthouse: Do you think we would be second in strength if we took 10 percent of the Pentagon's budget?

Metzenbaum: I'm not talking now about what *I* think.

Penthouse: Well, what *do* you think?

Metzenbaum: I think that the perception of the people . . .

Penthouse: What do *you* think?

Metzenbaum: I don't think if you took 10 percent out of the defense budget we'd be second to anybody. I don't think if we took 20 percent out we'd be second to anybody.

Penthouse: Wouldn't you love to spend that money on something useful?

Metzenbaum: I'll tell you what I'd love to do. I'd love to see somebody who was so

tough that he could run the Department of Defense in the nation's best interest. We haven't had a secretary of defense that tough yet. I always thought it was interesting that President Eisenhower waited until he was *out of office* before he complained about the military-industrial complex. What could be more absurd than to wait until you are out of office? Here was the president of the United States, the commander in chief, and he didn't do anything to try to whip the military-industrial complex into line. The military-industrial complex is as powerful around the Congress as the oil industry is, and I have said that the oil companies are as powerful as the Congress of the United States and the president as well. The president can't stand up to the military-industrial complex, and neither can Congress.

Penthouse: If you were president, do you think you could stand up to them?

Metzenbaum: Yes, I think I could stand up to them, but I'm not sure—I'm not sure—that I could cut through that bureaucracy, that "in" group, of the military-industrial complex. If I were president, I would call in my secretary of defense, I would call in my chief of staff, and I would call in the heads of the three services, and I would say, "I'm going to give you sixty days to shake up the whole goddamn Department of Defense and put it on a basis that will work right. I want to hear from you in sixty days, and if your changes aren't draconian, the one who has failed is *out*. He's *out*! Automatically retired. I'll put somebody else in. And if that guy doesn't do it, he's out. And if the next guy doesn't do it, he's out.

There are two things I would do as president that would have a hell of an impact on how we spend our money at the Pentagon. We have virtually no competitive bidding for defense work. You know what that means to the nation's pocketbook? We did a study and found things like this: a nut assembly that cost $246.26 when bought without competitive bidding was bought competitively for $36.75; a panel assembly costing $1,454 on a sole-source basis was bought competitively for $245. That's the difference. And yet 94 percent of the Pentagon's work is done without sealed bids. Unbelievable! *Unbelievable!* That is criminal. Actually, the law requires competitive bidding. But there are seventeen exemptions. With seventeen exemptions, everything goes through like through a sieve.

Now, I'll tell you what I would do if I were president, or if I were secretary of defense. I would get a guy who was a sonofabitch—I would get a guy by the name of Sherrill—and I'd bring him in and I'd tell the Pentagon officials, "You can't do one single thing without competitive bidding unless Sherrill says you can. And if you do, I'll have you prosecuted under the law." I'd put a second guy in—some bastard like Metzenbaum—and I'd say, "Nobody in the Department of Defense can agree to pay one dollar over the contract price, except for inflation increases, for

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any item you're buying unless Metzenbaum says it's okay." You know what that would put a stop to? It would put a stop to things like this: in September 1978, the Pentagon said it would have to pay $4.14 billion for 545 YAH-64 helicopters, but in late 1980 the Pentagon said the cost had gone up to $5.85 billion—a 40 percent increase in just two years. That goes on all the time.

Nobody at the Defense Department tries to figure out ways to save money. They play golf with defense contractors, they go on vacations with them, they have banquets with them, they become buddies. It's the buddy system. Private business wouldn't permit the kind of incredible cost overruns that occur at the Pentagon. It should be run like a private business. If "Cap the Knife" Weinberger were half the man he's supposed to be, he wouldn't be running around the world selling weapons. He'd be right here in Washington watching the Pentagon's books.

Penthouse: Regarding your proposed 5 percent growth for the Pentagon budget, we remind you that some people feel that by establishing a certain percentage of growth for the entire budget, this makes a dollar spent on commissaries or military marching bands as important as a dollar spent on weapons. If that is true, don't you think it is dangerous to aim for a certain overall growth rate rather than to look hard at each program?

Metzenbaum: When I say 5 percent growth rate, what I am really saying is that we must slash the Reagan budget. I would certainly agree with you that you have to look at program by program, detail by detail, line by line, as to what you are talking about. But I think you also have to have some overall goal, and I think if we can hold it at 5 percent growth rate, that will be an achievement itself, since Reagan is talking about a 14 percent growth rate. I have to be realistic about the world in which I live and play, and I have to shoot for what is *possible*.

Besides, I went to one of the military camps after deciding that I should see what they were talking about when they say their equipment is old, and I looked at their equipment, and I tell you, it was beat. I'll have to be honest about that. There's no question about it: it was beat. It was extremely old equipment. They showed me a piece—maybe they showed it to me because they knew I was coming. They showed me an artillery piece. On the barrel of the artillery piece was a rifle, and instead of shooting the artillery piece, they shot the rifle, because they didn't have enough money for ammunition for the artillery piece. They could afford only rifle bullets. Now, I know they have these military marching bands all over Washington. We spend about $90 million on military bands. The military is unbelievably wasteful. But having said that, it is still a fact that cannot be refuted that the condition of the traditional ground forces and their equipment is quite antiquated.

"Thanksgiving isn't until tomorrow, George!"

Penthouse: Despite President Kennedy's New Frontier and despite Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, the percentage of poor people in the population is still very high. Does this mean that poor people will always be with us, that we can't lick poverty in this country?

Metzenbaum: A lot depends on the government's motivation. So long as government feels a responsibility to help the luckless, to help those who haven't been able to cut it on their own, we have a chance to save the poor from permanent poverty. In the past we have tried several—many—programs aimed in that direction. Many of the programs didn't work. But at least we were trying. The Reagan administration has a policy of shoving the poor down even lower. This president is only interested in his image. He doesn't want to be *perceived* as being indifferent to the poor, but he doesn't care about really helping the poor. He's turning the wheel tighter and tighter on the poor people.

Penthouse: But apparently you cannot have the kind of "butter" that you are talking about as well as the guns that the Democrats and Republicans constantly talk about, without increasing taxes, and nobody in politics seems to want to do that.

Metzenbaum: I'm not willing to accept the concept that every program has to be so costly. We have wasted so much money. In other words, I think some programs can work without bankrupting the country. I think one of the greatest programs is senior-citizen housing. I think it has solved the problem and it hasn't been that expensive. And it's given people a worthwhile existence.

Penthouse: Why is it that so many of the humanitarian programs set up by Congress in recent years have become so crooked? For example, Medicaid. Here in the District of Columbia, a doctor got $600,000 from Medicaid over a three-year period for his "fat farm"—giving ghetto women treatment for being overweight. Surely, Medicaid wasn't set up to pay for that kind of stuff. Instead of training people for useful trades, as it was supposed to do, CETA staffed city halls all across the country with deadbeats. Why does it always have to be that way? You guys in Congress are the guys who are doing it.

Metzenbaum: No, I'm not willing to say that we are the guys who do it. We are part of the process. The trouble is, this country has lost the proper motivations. It doesn't have the drive for quality production and excellence. It just isn't there. Nobody wants to build better products, to do a better job. Nobody's hustling. And second,

we don't have that passion for quality among our bureaucrats. I seldom run into a bureaucrat who is dedicated to his or her job.

Penthouse: Have the American people and the bureaucrats always been this way? If not, what has changed them?

Metzenbaum: I don't think they have always been this way. I think we have become more crass. We have lost the feeling of uplift at the top. You may challenge me on this, but I believe that was one thing that John Kennedy gave us—the motivation to do better. "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country." He gave us the desire to do quality work. I don't find that desire in government anymore. I don't find it anyplace at all.

Penthouse: You think that failure at the White House level has deprived us of that motivation?

Metzenbaum: I think that the president can set the tone. I think that Jimmy Carter hoped to set that tone and started off down that path and was doing reasonably well until he lost his credibility with the American people. I think he *was* that kind of person. I think there are very few who can get us to rally around, well, I don't want to say the flag, but rally around the leader to make our country greater. I don't find any of that today. Look what happened in Carter's administration. There was a guy heading the General Services Administration named Jay Solomon. He determined that there was corruption and improprieties in the GSA, and he started to reform the place.

Penthouse: Which angered House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who put the squeeze on Carter, and Carter kicked Solomon out.

Metzenbaum: Absolutely right. And when that happened, what a letdown of feeling for everybody in that department who wanted to do right! They saw that the fixers and the wheeler-dealers and operators had friends in high places and could get away with their mischief. You remember, there were people who were getting paid two or three times for doing the same work, and sometimes for work they had never done even once. And this man Solomon tried to do something about it. And for his reward, he was thrown out.

Penthouse: When we were talking yesterday, you said you would have a hard time thinking of five great leaders. You mentioned as exceptions Martin Luther King, Jr., and Pope John XXIII, and you said that Franklin Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson had "elements of greatness." I think it's interesting that all of your examples are dead. But anyway, I'd be curious to know what "elements of greatness" you think Kennedy had.

Metzenbaum: I think he knew what the right goals were, that he had a highness of purpose. I think he had the courage to stand up and be counted on many of the issues.

Penthouse: Wait a second. I want to press you on that. I don't want to let you get away

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with saying that John Kennedy had "elements of greatness" and then support it with such general stuff. I want to hear you tell me specific things that he fought for and achieved.

Metzenbaum: His record of achievements is not nearly so great . . .

Penthouse: His record of achievements is almost nonexistent, isn't it?

Metzenbaum: I can't say for sure, because I don't know.

Penthouse: But you should know, because you are an admirer of his.

Metzenbaum: Yes, but I'll tell you one thing he did that I think was an element of greatness. He made the peoples of the world believe that he was concerned about them as people and that he was on their side, and in doing so they were supportive of our country. The peoples of the world don't believe in many of our presidents anymore. They did believe in JFK. They did believe in Harry Truman. But in the main, we've lost the peoples of the world. We've lost their belief that we are on their side.

Penthouse: You obviously think Lyndon Johnson did more good than harm.

Metzenbaum: Oh, yes, more good than harm. Excellent on civil rights.

Penthouse: What about those 35,000 corpses he left over there in Vietnam? How does that weigh with a voting-rights act that probably would have been passed anyway? How do you balance out, in terms of good and evil, 35,000 American boys dead in Vietnam versus some rather indifferent voters getting to go to the polls in this country?

Metzenbaum: I'm not willing to measure one against the other. I can criticize him for what he did in Vietnam without weighing that against the good that he did. I think he led this country further in civil rights than probably any other president, and he was one of the few leaders who could have gotten by with it.

Penthouse: In his recent book *America in Search of Itself*, Theodore White says that this country has been held together by "an idea of opportunity and equality." He says that from the 1950s until 1980 we were a "culture of hope," but that this culture finally collapsed and the idea of opportunity and equality collapsed, and Reagan was elected because of the nation's new negativism. Do you agree?

Metzenbaum: No. I don't buy that. I really believe that it was the idea of hope that got Reagan elected. That's what he's traveling on now. He offers the rhetoric of hope. The people somehow think he is an able leader and that he will lead us down the primrose path. But no politician can get by on speeches alone. When people see how he is turning back the clock for blacks and minorities . . .

Penthouse: Don't you think that a great deal of his support comes from people who *know* he feels that way toward blacks and minorities and approve of it?

Metzenbaum: No.

Penthouse: Don't you think that the middle class has developed a considerable irritation toward blacks and minorities?

Metzenbaum: No, I think there is some of that, but I think a lot of his support is not related to that problem.

Penthouse: You don't think that white, middle-class America has seen its own income shrink and finally said, "We've been generous long enough"?

Metzenbaum: Oh, yes, I think there is some of that.

Penthouse: And that's directed at blacks and minorities?

Metzenbaum: Oh, yes, there is some of that, but that's not where Reagan gets his real support. This man gets on the tube and smiles, and people feel good toward him. He's excellent at it.

Penthouse: You don't think that they see in him their best chance in a long while that minorities will become invisible again?

Metzenbaum: No. George Wallace tried that route and wound up with only 15 percent of the national vote.

Penthouse: Ronald Reagan is a nice George Wallace, isn't he?

Metzenbaum: No, the difference is that Wallace was explicit in his lack of caring for blacks. He was explicit in his support for segregation. Ronald Reagan is never explicit.

Penthouse: Reagan says he grew up not knowing there was a race problem.

Metzenbaum: I don't know how anybody could work in the movie industry and not know there was a race problem.

Penthouse: But let's take him at his word. Let's assume he really does want to return to an era when he wasn't aware that blacks were alive. And maybe a lot of Americans feel the same, and that's why they supported him.

Metzenbaum: If you judged him on the basis of what he does rather than what he says, then Ronald Reagan would have to be considered a racist.

Penthouse: If you were president, would you give financial incentives to lower-income women not to have children?

Metzenbaum: Hell, no, I wouldn't do that.

Penthouse: You are, of course, for plentiful abortions for the poor.

Metzenbaum: No, I wouldn't say it that way at all. I just don't think the laws of this country should make it possible for the rich to have abortions and not the poor. Some of my colleagues in Congress have exploited this issue to the nth degree, to such an extent that we are going to wind up with a situation where rich women can have abortions and poor women can't. I happen to think that any woman who has been raped or whose life is endangered by pregnancy, no matter what her income, should be able to have an abortion. I think there is rank discrimination in the situation as it exists today.

Penthouse: What would you do about dairy farmers? I understand we subsidize them by about $4 billion a year and that

they have been caught bribing a lot of politicians to keep that subsidy in place. Would you continue the subsidy?

Metzenbaum: That one becomes more difficult, because if you have a program that makes it more difficult for dairy farmers to make a profit, then they drop out of the business, you have less milk, and the price goes up. They should be able to stand on their own feet, but until we are sure that they can, a modified subsidy may be in order.

Penthouse: High interest rates are the main cause of the nation's present economic distress. The banks are doing it to us, with the assistance of the Federal Reserve Board. Nobody in government seems to want to challenge the banks' power to ruin us. You are very interested in antitrust enforcement. If tomorrow morning Chase Manhattan Bank set its prime rate at 18 percent and within a matter of hours all the big banks across the country followed suit, would you be in favor of prosecuting them for price fixing?

Metzenbaum: As a matter of fact, I've never thought of that possibility. I'd be interested in exploring it. I'm not so sure that it couldn't be done. I don't think the banks are exempt from antitrust laws. You've prompted an interesting thought. I suppose the key point would be, could we prove a conspiracy?

Penthouse: If you checked the record over the years, it would be easy to find a pattern of collusion. The big banks change their prime rates together. There is virtually no competition in interest rates.

Metzenbaum: Let me go further with you. Maybe it's time for us to consider an extension of the antitrust laws to provide that whenever an industry is so dominated or limited in competition that when one or several in the group of dominant companies make a change in their position all of the others immediately follow suit, maybe that should be considered a violation of our nation's antitrust laws.

Penthouse: Just on the face of it.

Metzenbaum: Yes. But you're not going to get a change like that without running up against a ferocious lobbying campaign opposing you. Look what's happening in the bottling industry, for example. I fought the bottling industry's exemption from the antitrust laws. I ran into a magnificently well orchestrated lobbying effort against me. I got only three votes to kill the antitrust exemption for bottlers. Now, if you can tell me why the hell, in a free enterprise system, the bottler from one city in Ohio can't bring his product into another city in Ohio and discount it, why that shouldn't be permitted, you'll be explaining something to me I can't figure out for myself. But I tell you, I got only three votes. They filibustered against me to keep me from bringing up my dynamite amendment. Here is an exemption from the antitrust laws because of an extremely well orchestrated lobby.

Penthouse: Yeah. Just like the newspapers have an exemption from the antitrust laws because they are a well-orchestrated lobby.

Metzenbaum: But take a look at insurance companies! I tried to make the insurance companies subject to antitrust law. You would have thought I was trying to shake the whole foundation of our government. As a matter of fact, the Supreme Court had ruled that the insurance companies were subject to antitrust laws. So Congress passed a law saying that if the states adequately regulated insurance companies, then the federal government would not do so. I was in the Ohio legislature at the time, and I remember when some of the heavyweight Republican lobbyists came and said they wanted to put through this bill to regulate the insurance industry. I couldn't believe it—until I started to find out what was going on. What they did was provide for *ostensible* state regulation—absolutely inadequate, *absolutely no regulation* whatsoever—and did it as a way to exempt themselves from federal regulation.

Penthouse: How many states would you say today are adequately regulating insurance companies?

Metzenbaum: Three or four. In the main, state regulation of insurance companies is a sham.

Penthouse: Reagan was elected by only 50.7 percent of the voters who bothered to go to the polls. That's not what you would call a landslide. So why is it that liberals and moderates in Congress panicked and jumped on the bandwagon of a kooky president who was elected by a majority of only a fraction of one percentage point?

Metzenbaum: I think that the politicians were victimized by the media, which stressed that Reagan won almost all of the electoral votes.

Penthouse: Do you think that presidents should be elected by popular vote rather than by the electoral college?

Metzenbaum: Yes, oh yes, I've supported that idea consistently.

Penthouse: And if the president were elected by popular vote, it would do away with this kind of misconception of a "landslide" based on the electoral-college vote.

Metzenbaum: That's right. But anyway, I just believe that that's the democratic way to go.

Penthouse: I don't like your answer as to why the liberals panicked. Blaming the press doesn't make sense.

Metzenbaum: Well, I don't think they did panic. The tried-and-true liberals in the Senate have hung tough.

Penthouse: And how many tried-and-true liberals do you count in the Senate?

Metzenbaum: I would say ten.

Penthouse: Why are you guys so skittish about being called liberals?

Metzenbaum: "Liberal" has become almost an epithet. It shouldn't be. It's a garbled term. People don't understand what you're saying when you call yourself a lib-

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eral. If by liberal you mean a person who believes in seeing that people are fed, housed, and medically cared for, then I will welcome being called a liberal. But if you mean a big spender who doesn't believe in a balanced budget or the free enterprise system, then I don't buy the term at all.

Penthouse: Do you think that conservatives don't believe that people should be fed, housed, and cared for medically?

Metzenbaum: I don't think it is a top priority with them.

Penthouse: What is their top priority?

Metzenbaum: When all is said and done, their top priority is in making money and keeping it.

Penthouse: Do you think the conservatives you know in Congress would object to your definition of conservatism?

Metzenbaum: I think that every person in Congress would *claim* they were concerned with feeding, clothing, and housing people. But you have to judge them by their voting records as to what they really care about.

Penthouse: You are against the high deficit. Everyone is. But you voted for the Reagan tax cuts, and you voted against the reconciliation bill calling for federal spending cuts. How does that jibe?

Metzenbaum: I voted against and was one of the strongest opponents of the Reagan budget. I said the budget was cruel, inhumane, unfair, and unjust. I continued that refrain—cruel, inhumane, unfair, and unjust—often enough that when the president went to the Carpenters Union convention, he specifically denied two of those phrases. I don't remember which two he denied.

Penthouse: He allowed you to say cruel and inhumane but objected to unfair and unjust?

Metzenbaum: (laughing) Yeah. I forget which two it was. But I saw that we had got to him. On the tax bill I felt an ambivalence. The ambivalence came about because I felt that my constituents actually wanted the tax cuts. They had been sold on the idea that it was good for the country, that it would help the economy, that it would bring down inflation, that it would help employment. I did have real reservations about the tax bill, though. And I do claim there is no louder spokesperson for eliminating tax loopholes than I am.

Penthouse: Maybe so, but the fact remains that you did vote for the tax cuts and you voted against reducing spending, and so you approved an economic course that automatically leads to a deficit. There's no other way to interpret it.

Metzenbaum: You're right, you're right. But what I'm saying to you is that my vote for the tax cut was not a great vote. You're right: you can't balance the budget by cutting taxes and increasing spending.

Penthouse: Are you for raising taxes now, senator?

Metzenbaum: I'm for eliminating the tax cut beginning in 1983. And I'm for moving in and getting about $50 billion a year by closing some of the unbelievable tax loopholes that presently exist.

Penthouse: Generally speaking, you are against subsidizing industry, against handouts to big business. How come you voted to authorize the loan guarantee for Chrysler? How many Chrysler workers do you have in Ohio?

Metzenbaum: A hell of a lot. But you're right—that was a lousy vote. The fact is, you say to yourself, "This is a terrible thing we're doing for Chrysler, but do I really think it is a good thing overall to see Chrysler go under?" And I know goddamn well that it isn't a good thing to see Chrysler fold. It would have a tremendously bad influence on the economy. I say to myself, "I know I shouldn't be doing this, but what's my choice?" And one thing you've got to remember is, being a legislator doesn't give you a chance to vote "maybe." You've got to say I'm for the synthetic fuel subsidy or I'm against it, I'm for the Chrysler loan or I'm against it. I can't vote maybe. Check the record; you'll find I don't duck the hot issues. The really hot issues—abortion, busing—I've gone out of my way to be sure that I was here for the vote, that I did not duck the issue. The nearest you can come to voting a maybe is to stay away when the roll is called on the hot ones, and I don't do that.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

ty"—long hours together behind closed doors with the lights off—to consummate the attachment. In puritan Massachusetts, at least, such indiscretions can influence a judge's decision on the key questions of alimony payments and child custody.

"Nighttime is playtime," says Lewis, explaining his seven-night-a-week work schedule in pursuit of strays. He has long ago given himself over to a rhythm that's the reverse of his clients' and of most people's. While they're at play, he's at work. "I have to bust my balls to get enough evidence, because you have to be sure it goes down in court. So you can't just catch the guy with his secretary once. You've got to nail him over and over."

The view of human nature that Lewis gets from his nightly hiding place is more intimate than that of a priest, therapist, or cop; he sees people raw, in their passions and furies, in their violent loves and hates. Yet, watching day after day, Lewis also sees the drab monotony of many people's lives, and after all this time he's come to understand their attempts to break the routine, even if it means a family's destruction. "Most guys just come home, pat the dog on the head, hug the kids, kiss the wife on the cheek, grab a beer, and flip on the TV, and that's it. That's America. All those guys can think of for variety is to change channels."

So when one of these humdrum family men decides to play some forbidden games, Lewis isn't one to object. Though cast in the role of avenging angel, Lewis knows better than to moralize. "I deal with adultery rationally and objectively. I try to be untouched by it, because I need to be objective. It's only the facts that are any use. I know that everybody's fucking somebody. It's human nature."

Sometimes it actually cheers him up. He still smiles at the memory of the time he was watching the windows of a downtown office building after working hours. Suddenly the banker he was pursuing loomed up naked in the window to thump his chest like Tarzan and give out a piercing jungle cry before dropping back down, Lewis assumed, into the waiting arms of his secretary. Another time, sneaking into the motel room that one pair of aging lovers had just left, Lewis was startled to find the place a shambles, with mounds of drying soapsuds everywhere—the remains, apparently, of a shaving-cream orgy.

An elderly woman once called Lewis because her husband had squandered his pension money on a flashy Trans-Am, jacking up its rear and taking off every night for unknown destinations. "She was afraid the old guy was on the make," says Lewis, chuckling. "But I found out he wasn't after broads—he'd signed on with the Mafia as a nightly numbers runner."

Better still was the story of the newlywed who hired Lewis to pursue her husband when he drove off at night because she believed he was cruising for homosexual pickups. She didn't mind that her husband was gay; she just wanted to make sure he hadn't developed a steady lover. "I followed him a few nights," says the detective. "There was no problem. He was picking up a different guy each time."

Because of the lively nature of the work, Lewis has resigned himself to curious clients asking about the "action" on his other cases, as well as wondering about Lewis's motives in their own case. "My adultery cases are the hardest part of my business to explain," the detective begins. "Everybody just naturally assumes I'm getting off on the sex. Well, if a normal, red-blooded American male gets interested in that stuff, maybe I'm not a normal, red-blooded American male. If I got excited, I couldn't do the job right. The client is counting on me to handle the case discreetly and sensibly.

"Besides, with the sex, you've got to remember that it's not like seeing a porno movie. There's no story to it, no pace, usually no sound. Sometimes the sex does get elaborate, with all sorts of costumes and kinky behavior, but it's always someone else's fantasy, not my own."

And sometimes, as in the Jenkins case, when Lewis gets too close, the work seems worse than boring or kinky. "Nobody looks good when you catch them in the act," he says. "It's a terrible invasion of their privacy. When you're right there, you feel it so strongly you can't even see them as people—it's animalistic. For me it's like looking at a corpse. I look just long enough to be sure it's dead."

"NOT THE BIGGEST BUT THE BEST," reads Lewis's ad in the Quincy, Mass., Yellow Pages. "SURVEILLANCE OUR SPECIALTY." While Lewis takes pride in all aspects of his work, his surveillance techniques are the ones that truly set him apart. Lewis tracks missing persons mostly by phone and performs defense investigations in person, but he generally investigates adultery cases from his car: tailing romantic wanderers on their nocturnal trysts hour after hour; parking by bedroom windows to catch a glimpse of clandestine lovers through curtains; cruising through apartment parking lots in search of a certain stray husband's automobile. On a typical night Lewis drives some 300 miles.

The wealthier the client, the more exotic the extramarital liaison, and the higher the retainer for the detective. In pursuit, Lewis has made several all-expense-paid trips to faraway places to snag his subjects. He has traveled to Caribbean islands and southern hotspots, and once, for a custody fight, sent an associate as far as Copenhagen to do a background check on a spouse's psychiatrist. But the case that stands out most in Lewis's memory was one he calls the Case of the Falcon's Nest.

Lewis first met his client, Josephine Brenner, in the plush, mahogany-paneled waiting room of her lawyer's downtown of-

fice. She could have been any one of the wealthy middle-aged women in furs and high heels one sees traipsing through Back Bay art galleries before lunch at the club. Lewis took her into the quiet back room the law firm reserves for intimate questioning, poured her a cup of coffee, and sat down to hear her story.

She had been married for nearly twenty years to Alfred Brenner, a wealthy shipowner with interests on four continents. Because of his work, Alfred spent considerable time away from home, and Josephine had always suspected other women in his life. But he'd been so generous to his wife, she'd felt guilty about her doubts. He'd bought her a custom-made Lincoln, acquired the latest modern sculpture to adorn her living-room, shelled out thousands for Parisian shopping sprees.

Then last year, for her birthday, Alfred took her out to a sumptuous dinner at a splashy restaurant, then drove her to a high-rise building by the river. Expecting a surprise, she didn't question him. Besides, she was too drunk to protest.

Upstairs, he unlocked the apartment door with a key on his chain and showed his wife inside. The room was dimly lit, and it took Josephine a moment to notice the heavily made-up woman seated on the couch, dressed only in a negligee.

"Darling," the woman said to Alfred, "you kept me waiting." She sidled up to Josephine, slipped an arm around her, and purred, "Come on, honey, don't you want to play?"

"You bastard!" Josephine screamed at her husband. Then she slapped him and ran from the room, grabbed a taxi home, and tried to sleep, wanting to believe it had all been a bad dream. But when Alfred returned at four that morning, smelling of cologne, she stopped pretending. The two fought like cats until dawn, she screaming at him in outrage and shock, he insisting he'd done nothing wrong. He was just giving her a birthday present! Josephine, he said, was a prude.

Alfred was home very little after that, and when he was, he kept up a constant stream of abuse—alternately calling her frigid and daring her to return to his love nest. At last, sick of her husband's games, she changed the locks on her apartment. She hadn't heard from Alfred since, she explained to Lewis.

Which was fine with Josephine—until her bank balance started to run low. That's when she called her lawyer, who managed to obtain a court order forcing Alfred to cough up $500 a week. But Josephine needed more. And that's where Lewis came in. "I knew what I had to do. I had to catch Brenner with his pants down."

He began immediately. From Josephine's description, it was simple to locate Brenner's riverside hideaway. Brenner's name was even listed inside the front door, for apartment 6E. But Lewis also found a closed-circuit TV system in the lobby, a security patrol at every entrance, and a uniformed guard at the gate to the parking garage. "The place was like Fort Knox." Worse, drifting through the lot, Lewis discovered that Brenner's car, a silver Mercedes, would be even harder to see into than Lewis's own. "It was like a hearse, with curtains all around. He could drive in with five broads and unless I was right there when they stepped out, I'd never know."

Since the parking-lot elevator rose directly into the apartment building, Lewis wasn't likely to have that chance. A fix on Brenner and his guests required a view through his apartment windows. But which *were* his windows? To find out, Lewis cruised the parking garage to be sure Brenner's car was gone, worked his old ruse of sneaking inside by walking behind someone, holding packages in both arms and waving a set of keys to get through the front entrance, then stepped into the elevator.

As Lewis might have guessed, 6E turned out to be a corner apartment on the river side. He oriented himself by glancing out the window over the emergency stairs, then went down to the lobby rental office to secure a copy of the floor plan by pretending interest in renting a corner apartment.

The next day, Lewis found a good spot for watching Brenner's side windows from the fifth floor of a nearby parking garage. For the next few weeks, he practically took up residence there, peering at Brenner's windows from ten to one during the day (in case of a lunch-hour rendezvous), then four to nine at night. He smoked pack after pack of his favorite Muriel Coronella cigars, and ran through several cases of Pepsi trying to stay alert, but the shades were always pulled. "It's waiting for that first break," he says. "That's when you get the jitters and the gray hairs."

The break finally came after three weeks. Lewis was at his garage post when a traffic jam formed on the street below, sending up angry shouts and loud horn honking. Suddenly, the shade to 6E went up. A tall man with silver hair appeared in the window with a black woman, nearly as tall, by his side.

"It was Brenner all right," says Lewis. "And the lady wasn't room service. But the trouble was, they'd only come to the window to check out the noise. I knew I needed something better or I'd be an old man before I got anything through those side windows. I wondered—what about that far bank of the river? I got my binoculars and drove around to one of the hotels on the other side of the water and climbed up the emergency stairs. Through the binoculars I could see that all the shades on 6E were up. Even Brenner couldn't resist a river view. I could just make out the guy prancing around in his underwear.

"I knew I'd need pictures, or nobody would believe me. I was a half-mile away! So I called up Duane, and he was all excited, as usual. He told me he could rig up a camera attachment on a telescope to get some shots. So I rented a suite on the top floor of this hotel, across the river, and we

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smuggled the stuff in in our suitcases. Cost eighty bucks a day, but I got the dough up front."

After all those hours in the concrete parking garage, this was comfort: room service, TV, double bed, air conditioning, bathroom, armchairs. A detective's dream. There was only one problem: Brenner was in the Bahamas.

Lewis waited eight days in a state of suspended animation. On the ninth day, Brenner was back. At about 5:30 P.M. a blond woman in a pinstriped skirt let herself into the apartment carrying an attaché case. Through the telescope, Lewis could make out every stripe. He telephoned Duane. "It looks like action," he said. Duane was on his way.

Up in the hotel room, Duane fitted his camera to the telescope and peered into Brenner's windows. It wouldn't be easy taking pictures from this distance. Any heat or mist rising off the water would blur the image. Heavy traffic on the street below could jiggle the tripod. And the reflection off Brenner's west-facing windows might also cause trouble. Gil told Duane to do his best.

Duane brought his eye back down to the telescope. Brenner had come in and the blonde was fixing dinner while he sat at the table wearing a black robe, embroidered with gold and silver, with a red Oriental seal emblazoned on the back. So proudly did Brenner lord it over the little birds who took such loving care of him in his aerie that Lewis soon dubbed him the Falcon.

As Duane watched through the telescope and Lewis through the binoculars, the woman put Brenner's supper on the table and slipped into the bedroom. Moments later she returned in a bright yellow halter top and spangled, puffy pantaloons.

"Hey, get a load of that!" drawled Smith. "Whoo-ie! That guy's in for a fun time tonight!" She put on a record and then, while the big bird calmly ate dinner, danced in front of him, swirling and wiggling her hips like an Arabian belly dancer. Duane clicked madly away at the scene; Lewis just watched, unmoved as the Falcon himself.

But when Brenner finished his meal, he clapped his hands and the blonde cleared the dishes away. She swirled about him once more and, with a quick motion of her hands, pulled off the halter to reveal a pair of plump breasts tipped with gold tassles. As she jiggled her shoulders the tassles spun like propellers. Next the pantaloons disappeared and the woman stood before Brenner in only the tassles and a matching gold G-string.

"Oh, *boy*!" Duane exclaimed.

"Just take the pictures," said Lewis.

Soon the rest of the girl's costume was gone, too. She was dancing closer to him now, rubbing each breast up against his cheek. Finally she pushed her hands into his robe, kneeled down before him, and put her face between his legs. At last Brenner's face relaxed into a thin smile.

Duane developed the pictures the next morning and many of them came out as if he'd been standing right next to the duo. But Lewis knew they wouldn't be enough to convince a judge. Brenner could argue that this was just a one-night fling, nothing serious, a temporary diversion. "I needed more," says the detective.

He kept watch for nearly two months, and Brenner's sexual Scheherazade act continued the whole time. Lewis had Duane photograph everything: the erotic dancing, the costumes (Brenner had a closetful), the kinky sex. Duane enjoyed the blonde particularly. "Whenever I'd call to tell him there was action," Lewis recalls, "he'd ask—is it the blonde? He'd be there in a flash if it was."

Lewis himself had no preferences. Tailing the women as they left, Lewis found out that Brenner actually flew them in from as far away as Korea. Others came from New York, Chicago, and Miami. Lewis could see that Brenner's secret sex life had become all-absorbing—no wonder he wanted to get his wife into the act.

In two months, the case was finished. Lewis furnished Josephine's lawyer with a sixty-page report citing dates and times of the "action" along with thirty glossy photographs and a bill for a total of $21,000. The lawyer took one look at the evidence and saw that he had a bargain. When he met with Brenner's lawyer later that week, he simply removed the glossies from his briefcase and laid them face down on the opposing lawyer's desk, then flipped them over one by one.

Josephine Brenner got all the alimony she asked for.

But now Josephine wanted something else. About a month into the case, she'd asked Lewis if she could see for herself what her husband was up to. Lewis had been keeping her informed of the developments, and called her every time he ran up another $2,000. Surprisingly, Lewis agreed to the idea. Even though Josephine's presence might prove an unnecessary complication, he believes in the therapeutic effect of cold reality after months and years of deception—some wives come to doubt their sanity after they've been lied to for so long. When Josephine joined him in his hotel lookout, he didn't doubt the wisdom of his approach.

"She looked horrible," Lewis remembers. "She'd lost thirty pounds from nervousness and dread over the breakup. Her skin was blotchy and her eyes sunken. She needed some sort of shock to jolt her into action again."

Brenner arrived at his apartment shortly after his wife arrived across the water. And, as always, a woman soon arrived to begin her nightly ministrations. As Josephine watched, the sight of Alfred carrying on with another woman seemed to bring her back to life.

"That stinking whore," she hissed. "What's he want *her* for? She's not doing anything to him that I wouldn't do, and haven't done better a thousand times."

She looked over at Lewis: "I'm prettier than she is, aren't I?"

"Sure you are," said Lewis flatly.

Josephine pulled away from the window and went to lie down on the bed while Lewis continued to peer through the telescope. "Gil," she said sweetly. "You've been looking through that thing for weeks. Your neck must ache. Come on, let me massage it."

She patted the bed next to her.

Lewis just looked over to her.

"I'm all right," he said curtly. "If I want anything I'll call room service."

"Well," replied Josephine after a pause. "You're pretty professional, aren't you?"

"Damn right."

"I like that in a man," Josephine persisted.

"So do I," said Lewis and turned back to his telescope.

It wasn't the first time Lewis had been propositioned on a domestic case. For many of the betrayed housewives he works for, Lewis is the first man they've felt close to in years. Living lives of virtual celibacy in the houses they clean and decorate for these absentee spouses, many women feel stirred to the first sexual feelings they've had in years when they see their husbands cheating on them. And Lewis is the nearest available man. It's difficult for them to understand that Lewis's concern is only in the line of business, and that his interest in their private lives isn't sexual.

"They don't really care for me personally," he says. "They're looking for a spite-fuck. They're always telling me they don't know what they'd do without me, that I've done what attorneys, doctors, and psychiatrists haven't been able to do, that I've saved their life."

To discourage them from expressing their appreciation more tangibly, Lewis has adopted a rigid hands-off policy. He never offers his arm when crossing the street, never touches them reassuringly, *never* pecks them on the cheek.

Even so, one women entreated him to take out her bill "in trade." Another sent him a five-inch-thick roll of ticker tape with the words "I love you" handwritten all the way through. Lewis has filled a drawer with billets-doux from a third. And a fourth mailed in a photograph of herself nude to the waist. "If you want to see the rest of me," she wrote, "you know the number."

He shrugs off such propositions, saying they are an inevitable consequence of his intense involvement in their personal lives. Lewis, however, is there neither to pull the couple apart nor to put them back together. His role is to set matters straight by presenting his clients with the facts they've paid him to collect. His is dedicated to the idea that seeing is believing, and he sometimes even gives up his blessed solitude to let the jilted husbands or wives accompany him at night in his car.

As with Josephine Brenner, Lewis is convinced the sight of the errant spouse in action can snap these strung-out housewives or brokenhearted husbands out of their depression. And many clients may well be better off for it in the long run. But it can be traumatic for his client, too, and Lewis watches his passenger carefully. One wife, observing her husband with his mistress, threatened to slice off his genitals and stuff them in his mouth. Another woman was just as furious to be stood up by her husband on her fiftieth birthday. When Lewis called to say her husband had gone parking with a neighbor at a nearby lovers' lane, his client, gleeful at the news, drove out to the spot, pulled her car up next to her husband's, and gently tapped on his window. As the detective watched, the husband timidly rolled the glass down to try to explain. Before he could get a word out, the wife slammed the birthday cake in his face.

Hired by another woman to follow her husband on his nightly wanderings, Lewis reported in from a pay phone that the man was necking with his current flame in his gold Cadillac in a Howard Johnson's parking lot. Within minutes, Lewis saw his client's blue Plymouth roar into the lot, loop wide around the hard top, and, like a bull charging a matador, gore the Caddy broadside.

Curiously, it is the wives who are likely to take revenge this way; husbands are the ones who act hurt. One fellow, shown the motel room where his wife was in bed with another man, rushed right in, shoved the stranger aside, and fell to his knees before his woman. He begged her forgiveness and pleaded with her to take him back. The wife planted a foot on his chest and shoved him away in disgust.

Other men, however, get a thrill out of seeing their wives making love with a stranger. More times than he can count, Lewis has heard the breathing of his client grow heavy beside him as the two watched the action through hotel windows. One man got so excited, he had to hurry off to a gas-station rest room.

"I sometimes wonder why I bother to show these people anything," the detective admits. "They always bail out on me, pouring on the tears, or leaping out of the car—trying to get in on the action."

But he never gives up. Perhaps it's some deeply buried need to share his lonely vision with someone, to get just one of these sorry spouses to see the world his way. However, while a few clients may learn to face the truth about themselves and their marriages, in the end that's as far as it goes. They never see the larger lessons about the danger of passion and the fickleness of love that Lewis has drawn from years of watching pointless affairs played out night after night. Instead these people lash out. Or they sob. Or they turn their eyes with longing to the detective. Lewis is left alone with his philosophy.

"There's so much heat in these people," he sighs. "So much heat."

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Pet of the Year Gifts

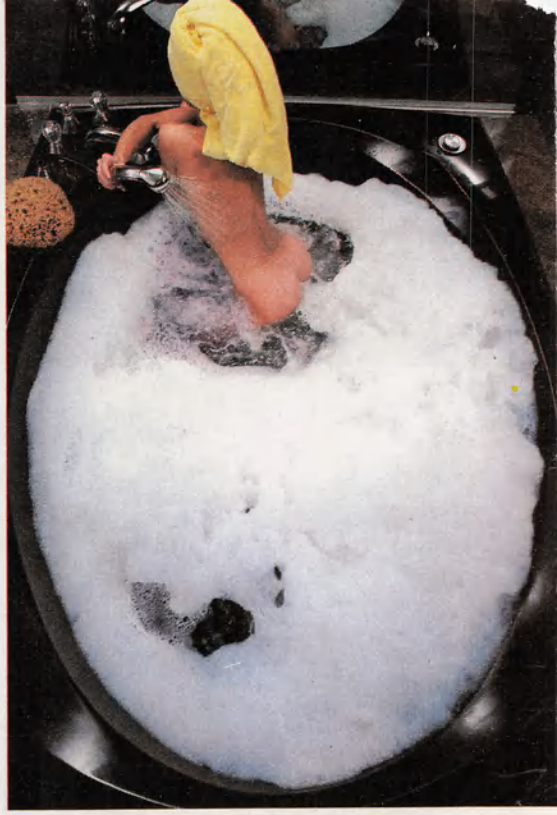
$400,000 IN TRIPS, CASH, AND PRIZES ENSURES THAT OUR DOWN-TO-EARTH QUEEN WILL LIVE IN HEAVENLY SPLENDOR.

Magnificent is the only word to describe the cornucopia of gifts that awaits our recently crowned Pet of the Year. If anything can stand as testament to our luscious lady's stunning looks and year-round dazzle, it is the more than $400,000 worth of trips, prizes, and cash that will enhance her own glorious assets during this upcoming dream-filled year. Naturally our precious Pet will commence her reign in style, clad in a truly unique full-length Russian sable coat–worth over $75,000. Then it's off on her travels! As the very special representative of *Penthouse* magazine, our delightful lady will be traveling the world–cruising on the luxury liner *Queen Elizabeth 2*, flying to the Caribbean for sun-drenched and fun-filled holidays, venturing across this country–and wherever she travels she'll look her enticing best in an entire wardrobe donated by that king of sensual glamour, FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD. Because our Pet deserves such excessive pampering, she will travel not only in style but also with utmost security, thanks to a $100,000 travel and accident insurance policy donated by *Penthouse* magazine. And thanks to a personal $5,000 cash gift from *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione, our most winning woman can enjoy a few of her very own pet indulgences. When she stops by the land of milk and honey, California, she'll be treated in lavish style with a specially planned champagne luncheon for four at the exclusive Beverly Hills restaurant, MA MAISON. If they're lucky, any film moguls dining nearby will quickly sign up our talented lovely, because she may already be headed for cinematic stardom with her film role in *The Western to End All Westerns* –another of the extraordinary cache of prizes that our Pet has garnered. With such bounty, it's no wonder our lady boasts such a secret smile, and Ma Maison will help keep her spirits up with two cases of Ma Maison Reserve Blanc wine and Ma Maison Blancs de Blancs champagne, as well as gourmet cooking classes at the restaurant's renowned cooking school. But don't assume our Pet will be *too* domesticated. With her myriad talents, this is one woman who'll enjoy literally dozens of careers to choose from–and she'll be receiving the best advice from the PHILIP KENNEDY CAREER GUIDANCE CENTER. Though she may not choose to become a career killer, she will be offered a personal program of Dragon Fist kung-fu lessons by martial arts expert JEFF MOLDOVAN. With the many public appearances our Pet will make to share her comely charms, she'll naturally want to look her best–and she will, thanks to a unique beauty treatment program from MARASCHINO NAILS. Never before has our Pet of the Year enjoyed such an abundance of gifts, from the very latest in electronics to priceless art to all *kinds* of locomotion–a car, a truck, limousines, a dune bike, even a plane! What woman *wouldn't* be flying high after winning this year's very special prize voted by the editors and readers of *Penthouse*?

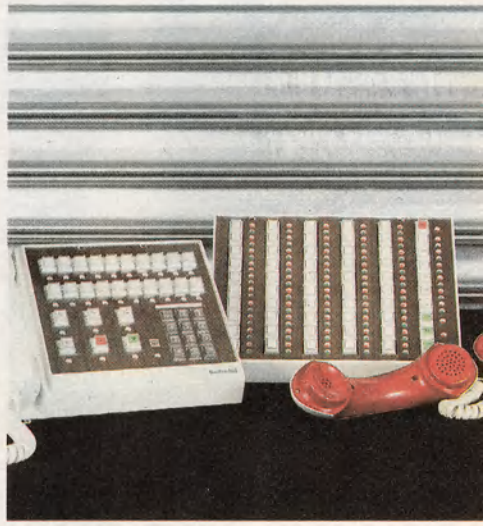
For the ultimate thrill in driving, AMERICAN ISUZU is presenting our road-happy Pet, outfitted by FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD, with a stunning pair of 1983 vehicles: the revolutionary Impulse (opposite), a sporty coupe that combines sleek design with four-seater comfort and features a 2.0 liter fuel-injected engine plus unique ergonomics that brings all vital instrumentation within fingertip control; and the peppy P'UP deluxe pick-up truck (above), with four-wheel drive, independent suspension, and unique auto-locking hubs–the perfect vehicle for fun in the sun.

Our Pet will look her stunning best in a chamois leather outfit from NORTH BEACH LEATHER (top left), clothes from DAISY SPORTSWEAR and SERGE NANCEL, DOTTIE ORIGINALS beachwear, and belts from CHARLES BELT COLLECTION. Stepping out on the town? She'll do it in boots from TEXAS BOOTS and CAPEZIO WEST. To entertain admirers, our Pet can serve FOLONARI wine and Harvey's Bristol Cream from HEUBLEIN and display three William Nelson paintings, donated by Ken Hansen's gallery, THE FINE ART CORPORATION. With makeup from JEROME ALEXANDER COSMETICS, our queen will be set to travel with EARHART luggage from the BALTIMORE LUGGAGE COMPANY. Did we say travel? CAREFREE DAVID TRAVEL has provided airfare for two to Saint Martin, where our Pet and a friend can stay at the DAWN BEACH HOTEL. The magnificent EL SAN JUAN HOTEL awaits her in Puerto Rico; in the Bahamas, it's a week at the NASSAU BEACH HOTEL, with round-trip airfare for two, courtesy of ROGERS & ASSOCIATES. In colder climes, our Pet will create a sensation on the slopes in (top right) NORDICA BOOTS and skis by ROSSIGNOL with eye-catching VOGUE sunglasses donated by ST. TROPEZ IMPORTS. Back at the lodge, she'll be a fireside hit in ORGANICALLY GROWN SWEATERS or dramatic outfits from the renowned designer HENRY GRETHEL while she cuddles three Rare Bear mink teddy bears, courtesy of ROGERS & COWAN ASSOCIATES. She'll enjoy tennis rackets by ROSSIGNOL and a rare Picasso print from JEFFREY ALLEN ART. For a new perspective on all this bounty, our Pet can take to the air in her own ultralight airplane (bottom right), given by AMERICAN AEROLIGHTS, INC. (For more on ultralights, see this month's feature beginning on page 152.)

For elegant evenings, our Pet can pour WILD TURKEY 101-proof bourbon from a Baccarat crystal decanter (top left), gift of AUSTIN NICHOLS & Co., Inc., dab on perfume by GIORGIO OF BEVERLY HILLS, and don a jewel-studded hat from a collection by FRANK OLIVE, courtesy of JACK BAKER. Late? Never with the sculptured timepiece by ORBITAL CONCEPTS. A Queen *for a queen (top right)–that's the glorious luxury cruise on Cunard's* Queen Elizabeth 2. *She'll enjoy bicoastal limousine service, courtesy of MUSIC EXPRESS; Kolorama projection TV from BURKE INDUSTRIES; a water bed (bottom right): frame gift of WATER & WOOD, bed and bedding from AMERICAN THERMOSEAL; and the very exciting three-wheeled dune bike (bottom left) by KAWASAKI.*



Our Pet will revel in the latest electronics gear: (top left) a CHINON Super-8 sound movie camera and projector, a stereo Walkabout from the PIERRE CARDIN ELECTRONIQUE COLLECTION, an Escort radar detector from CINCINNATI MICROWAVE, and the best auto-sound from AUDIOMOBILE and ALPINE/LUXMAN. A telephone answering machine from GTE fields calls while she takes a whirlpool bath (top right), courtesy of AMERICAN WHIRLPOOL. To dazzle, she'll wear pearls (lower right), donated by TELEPRESS from the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION of America and Japan; watches from BUECHE GIROD, donated by MEL AXLER and LONGINES-WITTNAUER; earrings from ARMAK JEWELRY; and her bejeweled Pet of the Year key by FEUER & WOLF, private jewelers to most of Manhattan's top celebrities. She'll also enjoy the stained-glass art piece by MELODY McQUIRE and "hexaround" tower aquarium clock (lower left) by MIDWEST TROPICAL ENTERPRISES. Advice from famed attorney MARVIN MITCHELSON will make her reign as legal as it is regal.



Even our gorgeous Pet can benefit from a workout on the (top left) Tunturi exercise bike or rowing machine, both gifts from MacLEAVY PRODUCTS, and a shape-up program at New York's muscle-toning salon BODY LAB 56. Receiving adulation will be doubly pleasant on phones (top right) from FONE BOOTH and TELECOM EQUIPMENT, and for that special holiday when our Pet wants no calls, *she can check into the luxurious GOLD MOUNTAIN CHALET RESORTS. Refreshed and relaxed, she'll be set for work on her film role in* The Western to End All Westerns *(bottom right), written and produced by Gerald Browne. We know our Pet is destined to be a star! To catch up on other movies, she'll delight in the picture-perfect LD660 LaserDisc™ videodisc player from PIONEER (lower left) and PANASONIC's Omnivision 5500 videocassette player/recorder with twenty blank tapes from TDK. As stunning and fine-tuned as our Pet is SANSUI's CP-7 cassette system and the incomparable Slimcom 450 SLX stereo system and custom cabinet from H. H. SCOTT.*

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FOUNDATION'S EDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

of some *value*, so to speak. Just a girl? And she keeps placing responsibility on Gaia?"

"She's probably referring to a ruler who takes the name of the planet as an honorific; or else she's referring to the planetary council. We'll find out, but probably not by direct questioning."

They found Bliss at the computer, bending down and staring at its component parts with her hands behind her back as though she feared touching it.

She looked up as they entered, ducking their heads under the low lintel. "This is an amazing ship," she said. "I don't understand half of what I see, but if you're going to give me a greeting present, this is it. It's beautiful. It makes my ship look awful."

She was speaking rapidly, almost breathlessly, and Trevize had to make an effort to insert a sentence. "Who's Gaia?"

Bliss looked puzzled at that. "Just Gaia. Please, Pel and Trev, let's get on with it. We've got to get to the surface."

"We're going there, aren't we?"

"Yes, but slowly. Gaia feels you can move much more rapidly if you use the potential of your ship. Would you do that?"

"We could," said Trevize, grimly. "But if I get the control of the ship back, wouldn't I be more likely to zoom off in the opposite direction?"

Bliss laughed. "You're funny. Of course, you can't go in any direction Gaia doesn't want you to go. But you can go faster in the direction Gaia *does* want you to go. See?"

"We see," said Trevize, "and I'll try to control my sense of humor. *Where* do I land on the surface?"

"It doesn't matter. You just head downward and you'll land at the right place. Gaia will see to that."

Pelorat said, "And will you stay with us, Bliss, and see that we are treated well?"

"I suppose I can do that. Let's see now, the usual fee for my services—I mean *that* kind of services—can be entered on my balance card."

"And the other kind of services?"

Bliss giggled. "You're a nice old man."

Pelorat winced.

Bliss reacted to the swoop down to Gaia with a naive excitement. She said, "There's no feeling of acceleration."

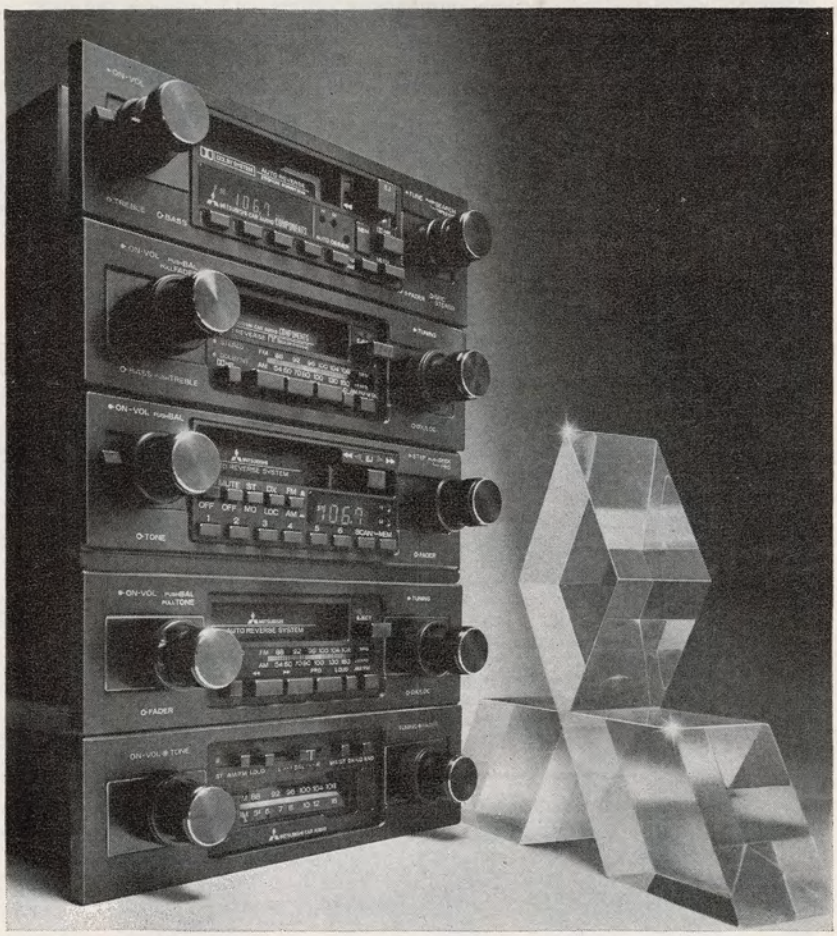
"It's a gravitic drive," said Pelorat. "Everything accelerates together, ourselves included, so we don't feel anything." He said mildly, "Aren't you going downward rather rapidly, Golan?"

Trevize, with a kind of flatness to his voice, attempting to avoid anger (more for Pelorat's sake than anything else), said, "The young lady says that Gaia will take care of us."

Trevize was silent because he was struggling with the *Far Star*. He had waited a thought too long for orbit, and the lower

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

From Inspiration To Accomplishment



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THE BILLY GREYBLOOD BAND WAGON ROLLS ACROSS THE MID-WEST PACKING THE STREETS AND STADIUMS. ONE NIGHT STANDS, PRIME TIME TELEVISION — THE GREAT MAN IS INDEFATIGABLE IN HIS "GOOD GUYS" CRUSADE. ROAD MANAGER AND P.R. MAN, GERRY FOULWELL, BEAMS WITH SATISFACTION.....
WELCOME GOOD GUYS
GIMME THAT OLE TIME RELIGION...
WE'RE WITH YOU, BILLY
WELCOME MR CLEAN
WE LOVE YOU, BILLY
GOOD GUYS IN!
BAD GUYS OUT!
THE TUCSON OFFICE SAYS THE GOOD GUYS LAPEL BUTTONS WILL BE READY WHEN WE REACH ARIZONA...
....AN' IF I CAN GET COLGATE TO TAKE HIS TEETH FOR PROMOTION...
...I TELL YOU, MAN—A FEW MORE PERFORMANCES LIKE THIS AN' WE'RE GONNA BE BIGGER'N THE STONES!
DON'T LET A LACK OF CASH DENY YOU THIS CHANCE TO BECOME A "GOOD GUY," BROTHERS AND SISTERS...
SMILE and GIVE
...WE CAN GIVE YOU FULL CREDIT CARD FACILITIES!
By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

SOMETIME LATER AT HEAVENLY GATES, THE CALIFORNIA HOME OF THE FAMOUS EVANGELIST
WELCOME HOME, MR GREYBLOOD. HOW DID THE TOUR GO?
RATHER EXAUSTING - BUT I DO HAVE TO MAKE MYSELF AVAILABLE TO RECEIVE THE LOVE OF THE PEOPLE!
MR FOULWELL PHONED - HE'LL BE ARRIVING TOMORROW EVENING. HE'S BRINGING SISTER CHASTITY WITH HIM.

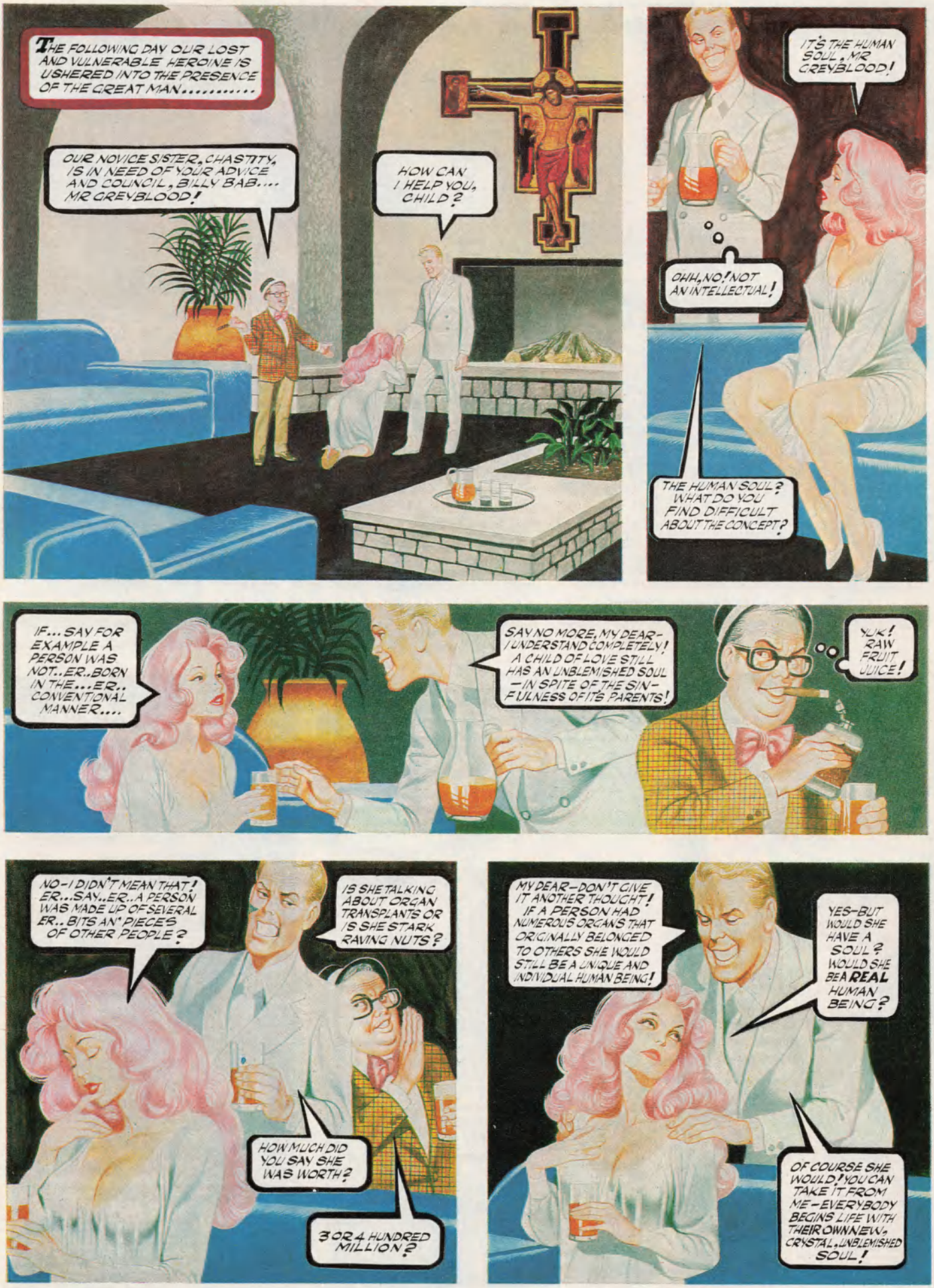
YOU REALLY SHOULD EAT SOMETHING, SIR - YOUR HEALTH IS SO IMPORTANT TO US ALL?
VERY WELL - IF I MUST - SOME-THING SIMPLE...
A LITTLE FRESH SALMON, PREFERABLY FROM LOCH LOMOND, A DOZEN ORTILON AND A FEW NORWEGIAN WILD STRAWBERRIES!

CAN THIS WOMAN BE THE CATALYST THAT WILL BRING EVERY-THING TOGETHER?
IS THE DIE NOW CAST?
AM I TO BE THE FIRST CHRISTIAN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?
RELIGIOUS LEADER OF THE WORLD?
THE NEW MESSIAH?

BILLY GREYBLOOD ALLOWS HIS IMAGINATION TO TAKE OVER AND SLIPS EAGERLY INTO HIS FAVOURITE FANTASY.....
OOD GUYS

BUT AS WITH ALL HIS DREAMS, THEY ARE HAUNTED BY A VISION FROM THE PAST...
YOU ARE A NASTY, DIRTY LITTLE BOY! HIDING IN THE WOODSHED - DOING NASTY, DIRTY THINGS!
WHAT YOU ARE DOING IS A TERRIBLE AND WICKED SIN!
UGH!
IT WILL SHRIVEL AND FALL OFF! HAIR WILL GROW ON THE PALMS OF YOUR HANDS! HAVE YOU NO THOUGHT FOR THE SHAME OF YOUR POOR SNIFF OLD MOTHER?
UGH!
SHUDDER!
UGH!
IN A SECRET ROOM BENEATH THE HOUSE
THERE YOU ARE, YOU VICIOUS OLD BAG!
YOU DON'T FOOL ANYONE - HIDING BEHIND THAT IDEALIZED AMERICAN MOTHER-HOOD IMAGE!
YOU SPOILED EVERYTHING FOR ME, YOU DRUNKEN OLD TROLLOP! YOU'RE LIKE ALL WOMEN - LEWD AND CUNNING! YOU DOMINATE BY GUILT!

YOU AROUSE AND STIMULATE EVIL DESIRES IN US! YOU TURN US INTO ANIMALS WITH YOUR PROVOCATIVE AND VOLUPTUOUS APPEARANCE!
YOU TEMPT AND CORRUPT MEN — AND THEN ADMONISH THEM FOR HAVING THOSE FEELINGS!
WELL I'M TELLING YOU.....
I DESPISE WOMEN! AND WHAT IS MORE....
I DO NOT LOVE MY MOTHER!
AAAGH!
IT'S HAPPENED — AGAIN!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WHAT HAVE I SAID?
OHH SOB I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
FORGIVE ME, MOMMY!
REPENT, VILE SINNER!
OOH!
KERACK!
EEH!
TAKE THAT!
SERMACK!
AND THAT!
EVERYONE GASP LOVES HIS MOTHER!
WELL, IT'S A FACT, FELLERS— WE ALL HAVE SOME SORT OF BURDEN TO CARRY THROUGH LIFE! WE GUESS WE'D BETTER TIP-TOE QUIETLY AWAY AND LEAVE BILLY GREYBLOOD TO HIS!


THE FOLLOWING DAY OUR LOST AND VULNERABLE HEROINE IS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE GREAT MAN.....
OUR NOVICE SISTER, CHASTITY, IS IN NEED OF YOUR ADVICE AND COUNCIL, BILLY BAB.... MR GREYBLOOD!
HOW CAN I HELP YOU, CHILD?
IT'S THE HUMAN SOUL, MR GREYBLOOD!
OHH, NO! NOT AN INTELLECTUAL!
THE HUMAN SOUL? WHAT DO YOU FIND DIFFICULT ABOUT THE CONCEPT?
IF... SAY FOR EXAMPLE A PERSON WAS NOT..ER..BORN IN THE...ER.. CONVENTIONAL MANNER....
SAY NO MORE, MY DEAR- I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY! A CHILD OF LOVE STILL HAS AN UNBLEMISHED SOUL —IN SPITE OF THE SIN- FULNESS OF ITS PARENTS!
YUK! RAW FRUIT JUICE!
NO-I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! ER...SAY..ER..A PERSON WAS MADE UP OF SEVERAL ER..BITS AN' PIECES OF OTHER PEOPLE?
IS SHE TALKING ABOUT ORGAN TRANSPLANTS OR IS SHE STARK RAVING NUTS?
HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY SHE WAS WORTH?
3 OR 4 HUNDRED MILLION?
MY DEAR—DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT! IF A PERSON HAD NUMEROUS ORGANS THAT ORIGINALLY BELONGED TO OTHERS SHE WOULD STILL BE A UNIQUE AND INDIVIDUAL HUMAN BEING!
YES—BUT WOULD SHE HAVE A SOUL? WOULD SHE BE A REAL HUMAN BEING?
OF COURSE SHE WOULD! YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME—EVERYBODY BEGINS LIFE WITH THEIR OWN NEW, CRYSTAL, UNBLEMISHED SOUL!

?
OH, MR GREYBLOOD — YOU'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY! I WANT TO BE A GOOD GUY! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

MR FOULWELL SAYS I COULD HELP WITH SOME CAMPAIGN FUNDS.....
HOW MUCH WOULD YOU LIKE — FOR A START?

ER.. COULD YOU MANAGE A MIL....
FIVE MILLION DOLLARS?
OF COURSE! SHALL I MAKE THE CHEQUE OUT TO THE GOOD GUYS?

ER.. BETTER MAKE IT OUT TO ME — PERSONALLY!
PHEW!
I WONDER WHICH PARTS OF HER ARE TRANSPLANTS?

NASTY DIRTY LITTLE BOYS DON'T GET ANY APPLE PIE...
STUFF YOUR APPLE PIE!
BANK of TRANSYLVANIA
OH, CHASTITY! SWEET, SWEET CHASTITY — YOU ARE GETTING INTO DEEP AND MURKY WATERS! RUN FOR IT — WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!

FOUNDATION'S EDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192

limits of the planetary exosphere were now screaming past the ship. Little by little, the ship was escaping from his control altogether. It was as though something else had learned to handle the gravitic engines. The *Far Star*, acting apparently by itself, curved upward into thinner air and slowed rapidly. It then took up a path, on its own, that brought it into a gentle downward curve.

Trevize, with a gesture of dissatisfaction, abandoned the computer.

"Young woman," he said, as though seeing her for the first time.

"My name is Bliss," said Bliss, firmly.

"Bliss, then! You knew our names."

"Yes, Trev."

"How did you know them?"

"It was important that I know them, in order for me to do my job. So I knew them."

The ship landed in a quiet, almost feathery manner, without a moment of jarring, without one anomalous gravitational effect. They stepped out, one by one, first Bliss, then Pelorat, and finally, Trevize.

Pelorat was the first to speak, and he mentioned nothing he either saw or heard. Instead, he drew in his breath raspingly and said, "Ah, it smells *good*, like freshmade applesauce."

Trevize said, "That's probably an apple orchard we're looking at, and, for all we know, they're making applesauce."

"On your ship, on the other hand," said Bliss, "it smelled like—well, it smelled terrible."

"You didn't complain when you were on it," growled Trevize.

Pelorat said, "She's probably right about the smell, Golan. Is there any way of airing out the ship?"

"Yes," said Trevize, with a snap. "It can be done, if this little creature can assure us that the ship will not be disturbed."

Bliss drew herself up to her full height. "I'm not exactly little, and if leaving your ship alone is what it takes to get it cleaned up, I assure you leaving it alone will be a pleasure."

"And then can we be taken to whomever it is that you speak of as Gaia?" said Trevize.

Bliss looked amused. "I don't know if you're going to believe this, Trev. *I'm* Gaia."

Trevize stared. Finally, he said, "*You*?"

"Yes. And the ground. And those trees. And that rabbit over there in the grass. And the man you can see through the trees. The whole planet and everything on it is Gaia. We're all individuals; we're all separate organisms; but we all share an overall consciousness. The inanimate planet does so least of all; the various forms of life share to varying degree; and human beings do so most of all—but we all share."

Pelorat said, "I think, Trevize, that she means Gaia is some sort of group consciousness."

Trevize nodded. "I gathered that. In that case, Bliss, who runs this world?"

Bliss said, "It runs itself. Those trees grow in rank and file of their own accord. They multiply only to the extent that is needed to replace those that, for any reason, die. Human beings harvest the apples that are needed; other animals, including insects, eat their share and only their share."

"The insects know what their share is, do they?" said Trevize.

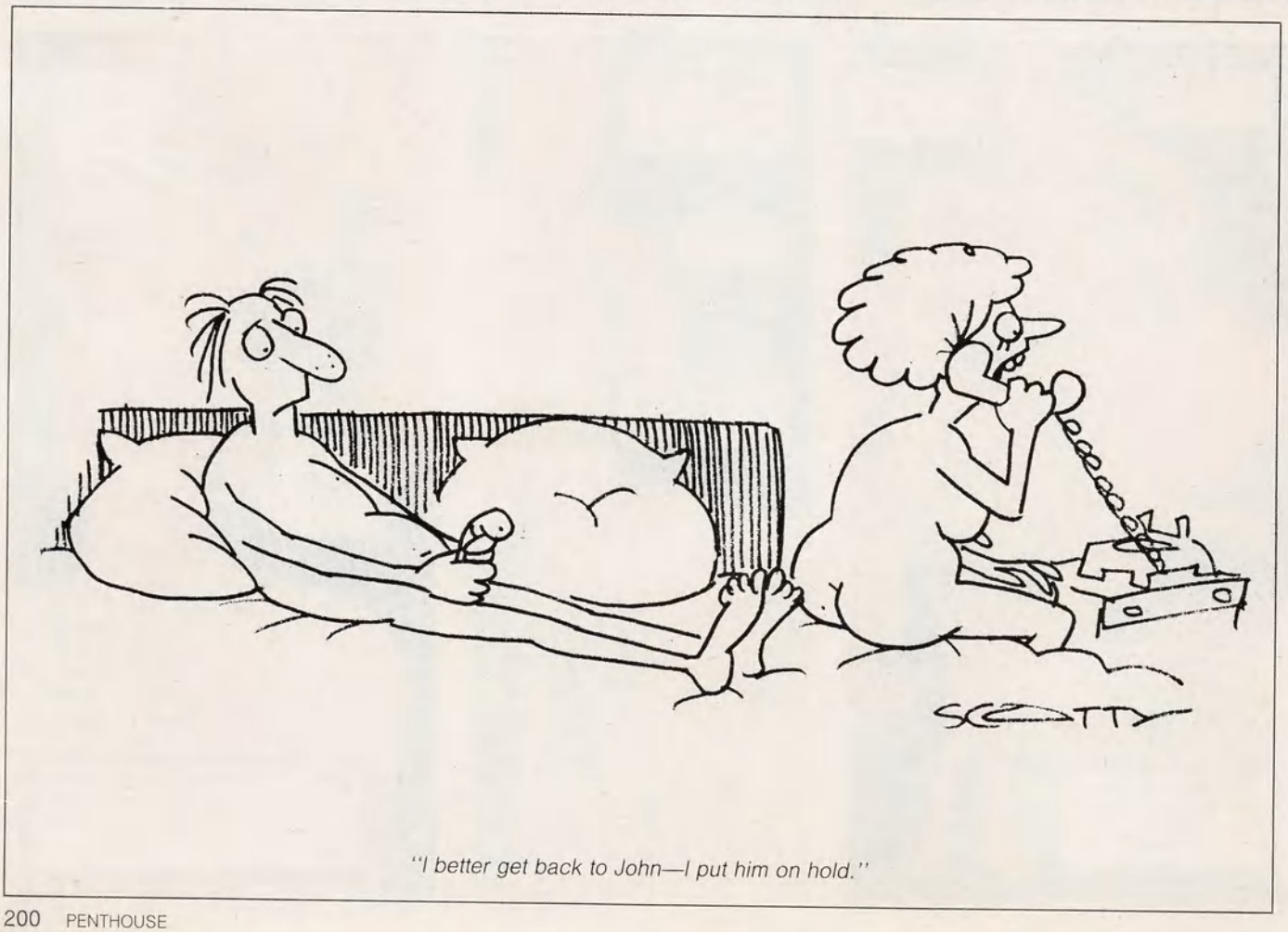
"Yes, they do, in a way. It rains when it is necessary, and occasionally it rains rather hard, when *that* is necessary—and occasionally there's a siege of dry weather when *that* is necessary."

"And the rain knows what to do, does it?"

"Yes, it does," said Bliss, very seriously. "In your own body, don't all the different cells know what to do? When to grow and when to stop growing? When to form certain substances and when not to; and when they form them, just how much to form, neither more nor less?"

Pelorat said, with a certain enthusiasm, "But that's remarkable. You are saying that the planet is a superorganism, and that you are a cell of that superorganism."

"I'm making an analogy, not an identity. We are the analog of cells, but we are not



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identical with cells—do you understand?"

"In what way," said Trevize, "are you not cells?"

"We are ourselves made up of cells and have a group consciousness as far as cells are concerned. This group consciousness, this consciousness of an individual organism—a human being, in my case—"

"With a body men die for."

"Exactly. My consciousness is far advanced beyond that of any individual cell, incredibly far advanced. The fact that we, in turn, are part of a still greater group consciousness on a higher level, does not reduce us to the level of cells. I remain a human being—but above us is a group consciousness as far beyond my grasp, as my consciousness is beyond that of one of the muscle cells of my biceps."

Trevize said, "Surely someone ordered our ship to be taken."

"No, not someone! Gaia ordered it. All of us ordered it."

"The trees and the ground, too, Bliss?"

"They contributed very little, but they contributed. Look, if a musician writes a symphony, do you ask which particular cell ordered the symphony written and supervised its construction?"

Pelorat said, "And, I take it, the group mind, so to speak, of the group consciousness is much stronger than an individual mind, just as a muscle is much stronger than an individual muscle cell. Consequently, Gaia can capture our ship at a distance by controlling its computer, even though no individual mind on the planet could have done so."

"You understand perfectly, Pel," said Bliss.

"And I understand it, too," said Trevize. "It is not that hard to understand. But what do you want of us? We have not come to attack you. We have come seeking information. Why have you seized us?"

"To talk to you."

"You might have talked to us on the ship."

Bliss shook her head, gravely, "I am not the one to do it."

"Who will give us the information?"

"Dom."

Pelorat said, "When will we be seeing Dom, Bliss?"

"Right away. If you follow me, I'll take you to him now, Pel. And you, too, of course, Trev."

Dom was an elderly man. He recited the 253 syllables of his name in a musical flowing of tone and emphasis. He was tall, and thin almost to the point of emaciation. His deep-set eyes sparkled with anomalous youth, though he moved rather slowly. His jutting nose was thin and long and flared at the nostrils. His hands, prominently veined though they were, showed no signs of arthritic disability. He wore a long robe that was as gray as his hair. It descended to his ankles, and his sandals left his toes bare.

Trevize said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Please address me as Dom, Trev. To use other modes of address induces formality and inhibits the free exchange of ideas between you and me. In Galactic Standard years, I am just past ninety-three, but the real celebration will come not very many months from now, when I reach the ninetieth anniversary of my birth in Gaian years."

"I would not have guessed you at more than seventy-five, s— Dom," said Trevize.

"By Gaian standards I am not remarkable either in years, or in appearance of years, Trev. But come, have we eaten?"

Pelorat looked down at his plate, on which perceptible remnants of a most unremarkable and indifferently prepared meal remained uneaten, and said in a diffident manner, "Dom, may I attempt to ask an embarrassing question? Of course, if it's offensive, you will please say so, and I will withdraw it."

"Go ahead," said Dom, smiling. "I am anxious to explain to you anything about Gaia which arouses your curiosity."

Pelorat said, "Since all things on Gaia share in the group consciousness, how is it that you, one element of the group, can eat this, which was clearly another element?"

"True! But all things recycle. We must eat, and everything we can eat, plant as

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well as animal—even the inanimate seasonings—are part of Gaia. But then, you see, nothing is killed for pleasure or sport, nothing is killed with unnecessary pain. And I'm afraid we make no attempt to glorify our meal preparations, for no Gaian would eat except that one must. You did not enjoy this meal, Pel? Trev? Well, meals are not to enjoy."

"Why do you need die, Dom?" asked Trevize. "Look at you in your nineties. Could not the group consciousness—"

For the first time, Dom frowned. "Never," he said. "I can contribute only so much. Each new individual is a reshuffling of molecules and genes into something new. New talents, new abilities, new contributions to Gaia. We must have them, and the only way we can is to make room. I have done more than most, but even I have my limit and it is approaching. There is no more desire to live past one's time than to die before it."

And then, as if realizing he had lent a suddenly somber note to the evening, he rose and stretched his arms out to the two. "Come, Trev, Pel, let us move into my studio where I can show you some of my personal art objects. You won't blame an old man for his little vanities, I hope."

He led the way into another room where, on a small circular table, there was a group of smoky lenses connected in pairs. "These," said Dom, "are Participations I have designed. I am not one of the masters, but I specialize in inanimates, which few of the masters bother with."

Pelorat said, "May I pick one up? Are they fragile?"

"No, no. Bounce them on the floor, if you like. Or perhaps you had better not. Concussion could dull the sharpness of the vision."

"How are they used, Dom?"

"You put them over your eyes. They'll cling. It doesn't transmit light. Quite the contrary. It obscures light that might otherwise distract you, though the sensations do reach your brain by way of the optic nerve. Essentially, your consciousness is sharpened and is allowed to participate in other facets of Gaia."

"Fascinating," muttered Pelorat. "May I try that?"

"Certainly, Pel. You may take one at random. Each is a different construct that shows the wall, or any other inanimate object you look at, in a different aspect of the object's consciousness."

Pelorat placed one pair over his eyes, and they clung there at once. He started at the touch and then remained motionless for a long time.

Dom said, "When you are through, place your hands on either side of the Participation and press them toward each other. It will come right off." Pelorat did so, blinked his eyes rapidly, then rubbed them.

Dom said, "What did you experience?"

Pelorat said, "It's hard to describe. The wall seemed to twinkle and glisten and, at times, it seemed to turn fluid. It seemed to

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have ribs, and changing symmetries. I—I'm sorry, Dom, but I did not find it attractive."

Dom sighed. "You do not participate in Gaia, so you would not see what we see. I had rather feared that. Too bad! I assure you that although these Participations are enjoyed primarily for their aesthetic value, they have their practical uses, too. A happy wall is a long-lived wall, a practical wall, a useful wall."

"A *happy* wall?" said Trevize, smiling slightly.

Dom said, "There is a dim sensation that a wall experiences that is analogous to what 'happy' means to us. A wall is happy when it is well designed, when it rests firmly on its foundation, when its symmetry balances its parts and produces no unpleasant stresses. Good design can be worked out on the mathematical principles of mechanics, but the use of a proper Participation can fine-tune it down to virtually atomic dimensions. Animate Participations, which are not my field," and Dom was going on with the kind of excitement one expects in someone riding his hobby, "give us, by analogy, a direct experience of ecological balance. The ecological balance on Gaia is rather simple, as it is on all worlds, but here, at least, we have the hope of making it more complex and thus enriching the total consciousness enormously."

Trevize held up his hand in order to forestall Pelorat, and wave him into silence. He said, "How do you know that a planet can bear a more complex ecological balance, if they all have simple ones?"

"Ah," said Dom, his eyes twinkling shrewdly, "you are testing the old man. You know as well as I do that the original home of humanity, Earth, had an enormously complex ecological balance. It is only the secondary worlds, the derived worlds, that are simple."

Pelorat would not be kept silent. "But that is the problem I have set myself in life. Why was it only Earth that bore a complex ecology? What distinguished it from other worlds? Why did millions upon millions of other worlds in the Galaxy, worlds that were capable of bearing life, develop only an undistinguished vegetation, together with small and unintelligent animal life forms?"

Dom said, "We have a tale about that—a fable, perhaps. I cannot vouch for its authenticity. In fact, on the face of it, it sounds like fiction."

It was at this point that Bliss, who had not participated in the meal, entered, smiling at Pelorat. She was wearing a silvery blouse, very sheer.

Pelorat rose at once. "I thought you had left us."

"Not at all. I had reports to make out, work to do. May I join you now, Dom?"

Dom had also risen (though Trevize remained seated). "You are entirely welcome and you ravish these aged eyes."

"It is for your ravishment that I put on this blouse. Pel is above such things and

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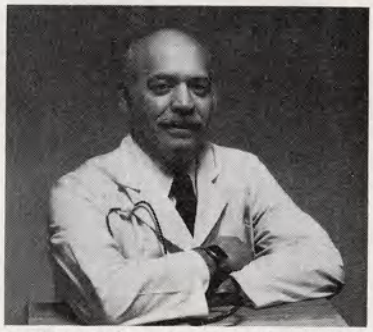

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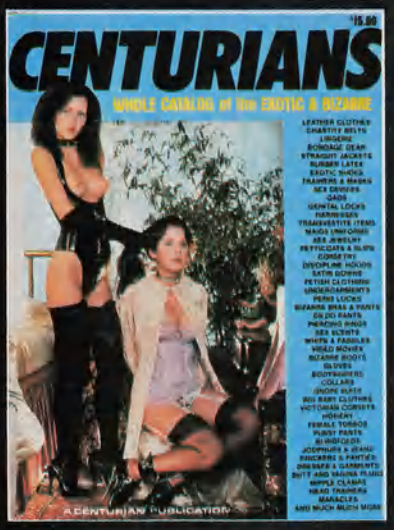

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Trev dislikes them."

Pelorat said, "If you think I am above such things, Bliss, I may surprise you some day."

"What a delightful surprise that would be," said Bliss, and sat down. The two men did as well. "Please don't let me interrupt you."

Dom said, "I was about to tell our guests the story of Eternity. To understand it, you must first understand that there are many different Universes that can exist; virtually an infinite number. Every single event that takes place can take place or not take place, or can take place in this fashion or in that fashion, and each of an enormous number of alternatives will result in a future course of events that are distinct to at least some degree."

Trevize stirred restlessly. "I believe this is a common speculation in quantum mechanics; a very ancient one, in fact."

"Ah, you've heard of it. But let us go on. Imagine it is possible for human beings to freeze all the infinite number of Universes, to step from one to another at will and to choose which one should be made 'real,' whatever that word means in this connection."

Trevize said, "I hear your words and can even imagine the concept you describe, but I cannot make myself believe that anything like this could ever happen."

"Nor I, on the whole," said Dom, "which is why I say that it would all seem to be a fable. Nevertheless, the fable states that there *were* those who could step out of time and examine the endless strands of potential reality. These people were called the Eternals and when they were out of time they were said to be in Eternity. It was their task to choose a Reality that would be most suitable to humanity. They modified endlessly—and the story goes into great detail, for I must tell you that it has been written in the form of an epic of inordinate length. Eventually they found, so it is said, a Universe in which Earth was the only planet in the entire Galaxy on which could be found a complex ecological system, together with the development of an intelligent species capable of working out a high technology.

"That, they decided, was the situation in which humanity could be most secure. They froze that strand of events as Reality and then ceased operations. Now we live in a Galaxy that has been settled by human beings only, and by the plants, animals, and microscopic life that they carry with them, voluntarily or inadvertently, from planet to planet.

"Somewhere in the dim mists of probability there are other Realities in which the Galaxy is host to many intelligences, but they are unreachable. We in our Reality are alone. From every action and every event in our Reality, there are new branches that set off, with only one in each separate case being a continuation of Reality, so that there are vast numbers of potential Universes, perhaps an infinite number, stemming from ours, but all of them are presumably alike in containing the one-intelligence Galaxy in which we live. Or perhaps I should say that all but a vanishingly small percentage are alike in this way, for it is dangerous to rule out anything where the possibilities approach the infinite."

Trevize, who had been casting glances at Bliss, where she sat with mocking demureness, hands in her lap, now said, "And how did *this* world come to be, Dom? Gaia, with its group consciousness?"

Dom's old head leaned back and he laughed in a high-pitched manner. His face crinkled as he said, "Fables again! I think about that sometimes, when I read what records we have on human history. No matter how carefully records are kept and filed and computerized, they grow fuzzy with time. Stories grow by accretion. Tales accumulate—like dust. The longer the time lapse, the dustier the history until it degenerates into fables."

Pelorat said, "We historians are familiar with the process, Dom. There is a certain preference for the fable. 'The falsely dramatic drives out the truly dull,' said Liebel Gennerat about fifteen centuries ago. It's called Gennerat's Law now."

"Is it?" said Dom. "And I thought the notion was a cynical invention of my own.

Well, Gennerat's Law fills our past history with glamour and uncertainty. Do you know what a robot is?"

"We found out on Sayshell," said Trevize, dryly.

"You saw one?"

"No. We were asked the question, and when we answered in the negative, it was explained to us."

"I understand. Humanity once lived with robots, you know, but it didn't work well."

"So we were told."

"The robots were deeply indoctrinated with what are called the Three Laws of Robotics, which date back into prehistory. There are several versions of what those Three Laws might have been. The orthodox view has the following reading: (1) A robot may not harm a human being, or through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm; (2) A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings, except where such orders would conflict with the First Law; (3) A robot must protect its own existence, as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

"As robots grew more intelligent and versatile, they interpreted these laws, especially the overriding First, more and more generously, and assumed, to a greater and greater degree, the role of protector of humanity. The protection stifled people, and grew unbearable. The robots were entirely kind; their labors were clearly humane, and were meant entirely for the benefit of all—which somehow made them all the more unbearable. Every robotic advance made the situation worse. Robots were developed with telepathic capacity, but that meant that even human thought could be monitored, so that human behavior became still more dependent on robotic oversight. Again robots grew steadily more like human beings in appearance, but they were unmistakably robots in behavior, and being humanoid made them more repulsive. So, of course, it had to come to an end."

"Why 'of course'?" asked Pelorat, who had been listening intently.

Dom said, "It's a matter of following the logic to the bitter end. Eventually, the robots grew advanced enough to become just sufficiently human to appreciate why human beings should resent being deprived of everything human in the name of their own good. In the long run, the robots were forced to decide, humanity might be better off caring for themselves, however carelessly and ineffectively.

"Therefore, it is said, it was the robots who established Eternity somehow, and became the Eternals. They located a Reality in which they felt that human beings could be as secure as possible—alone in the Galaxy. Then, having done what they could to guard us, and in order to fulfill the First Law in the truest sense, the robots, of their own accord, ceased to function. Ever since we have been human beings—advancing, however we can, alone."

Dom paused. He looked from Trevize to Pelorat, and then said, "Well, do you believe all that?"

Trevize shook his head slowly. "No. There is nothing like this in any historical record I have ever heard of. How about you, Janov?"

Pelorat said, "There are myths that are similar in some ways."

"Come, Janov, there are myths that would match anything that any of us can make up, given sufficiently ingenious interpretation. I'm talking about history—reliable records."

"Oh, well. Nothing there, as far as I know."

Dom said, "I'm not surprised. Before the robots withdrew, many parties of human beings left to colonize robotless worlds in deeper space, in order to take their own measures for freedom. They came particularly from overcrowded Earth, with its long history of resistance to robots. The new worlds were founded fresh and they did not even want to remember their bitter humiliation as children under robot nursemaids. They kept no records of it, and they forgot."

Trevize said, "This is unlikely."

Pelorat turned to him. "No, Golan. It's not at all unlikely. Societies create their own history and tend to wipe out lowly beginnings, either by forgetting them or in-

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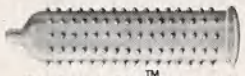

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Trevize said, "You can't have it both ways, Janov. If the Galaxy has forgotten the robots, how is it that Gaia remembers?"

Bliss intervened, with a sudden lilt of soprano laughter. "We're different."

"Yes?" said Trevize. "In what way?"

Dom said, "Now, Bliss, leave this to me. We *are* different, men of Terminus. Of all the refugee groups fleeing from robotic domination, we who eventually reached Gaia (following in the track of others who reached Sayshell) were the only ones who had learned the craft of telepathy from the robots.

"It *is* a craft, you know. It is inherent in the human mind, but it must be developed in a very subtle and difficult manner. It takes many generations to reach its full potential, but once well begun, it feeds on itself. We have been at it for nearly 20,000 years, and the sense of Gaia is that full potential has even now not been reached. It was long ago that developing telepathy made us aware of group consciousness; first only of human beings, then animals, then plants, and finally, not many centuries ago, the inanimate structure of the planet itself."

Trevize said, "But just as once you were children to the robots, now you are children to the group consciousness. Have you not lost humanity now, as you had then?"

"It is different, Trev. What we do now is our own choice—our own choice. That is what counts. It is not forced on us from outside, but is developed from the inside. It is something we never forget. And we are different in another way, too. We are unique in the Galaxy. There is no world like Gaia."

"How can you be sure?"

"We would know, Trev. We would detect a world consciousness such as ours even at the other end of the Galaxy. We can detect the beginnings of such a consciousness in your Second Foundation, for instance, though not until two centuries ago."

"At the time of the Mule?"

"Yes. One of ours." Dom looked grim. "He was an aberrant and he left us. We were naive enough to think that was not possible, so we did not act in time to stop him. Then, when we turned our attention to the outside worlds, we became aware of what you call the Second Foundation, and we left it to them."

"Cowardly, wasn't it, to do so?" said Trevize. "He was your responsibility."

"You are right. But once we finally turned our eyes upon the Galaxy, we saw what, until then, we had been blind to, so that the tragedy of the Mule proved a life-saving matter to us. It was then that we recognized that eventually a dangerous crisis would come upon us. And it has—but not before we were able to take certain precautionary measures, thanks to the incident of the Mule."

"What sort of crisis?"

"One that threatens with destruction."

"I can't believe that. You held off the Empire, the Mule, and Sayshell. You have a group consciousness that can pluck a ship out of space at a distance of millions of kilometers. What can you have to fear? Look at Bliss. She doesn't look the least bit perturbed. *She* doesn't think there's a crisis."

Bliss had placed one shapely leg over the arm of the chair, and wriggled her toes at him. "Of course I'm not worried, Trev. You'll handle it."

Trev said, forcefully, "*I*?"

Dom said, "Gaia has brought you here by means of a hundred gentle manipulations. It is you who must face our crisis."

Trev stared at him, and slowly his face turned from stupefaction into gathering rage. "*Me*? Why, in all of space, *me*? I have nothing to do with this."

"Nevertheless, Trev," said Dom, with an almost hypnotic calmness, "*you*. Only you. In all of space, only you." OH

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

echoing bell, no footsteps, nothing moving. I rang again but this time didn't wait for an answer. Keeping close to the walls, I made my way round the house, past garbage cans, a strip of lawn, and a side door, which was locked tight.

At the back of the house I found a swimming pool with the underwater lights on and steam rising from the surface. Away in a fringe of trees was a small wooden shed, black and shadowy, from which came the low hum of a filter-and-heating plant. On the surface of the pool a coil of cleaning hose floated like a dead black snake, throwing up the strangest shadow on the wall of the house. The water was still except for a swirl and ripple of bubbles in one corner. I noticed there were no wet puddles on the surrounding paving stone. For no apparent reason, whoever had last been there had left the pool lights on. I was sure this was the kind of place I was looking for but was puzzled that no one was around. It was strange. I'd never really thought that places like this ever closed.

Back in the car, Kurt had a map spread over his knees. It was as if he knew the place would be empty.

"I have not been here before," he said as I climbed into the back. "But there is another house I have heard of in a place called Ottobrunne—here." He pointed at the map. "You can see that it is not far." I looked past the map at the meter. Over fifty marks already. He saw what I was thinking. "I tell you: for seventy marks I take you to Ottobrunne, wait, and bring you back to your hotel." I agreed.

Ottobrunne—he pointed out the scatter of lights as we approached—was not more distinctive than Trudering, just another sleeper suburb on the edges of the city.

"We are looking for a place called Rhineholmstrasse," Kurt said, trying to include me in the proceedings, mistaking my silence for disapproval. But it was not disapproval that made me silent, simply disbelief that Munich was proving such a stubborn host.

The street, when he found it, was a cul-de-sac—as deserted and unpromising as any we had passed so far, with its large, middle-income homes set back from the pavement. There were no fences or hedges, just sloping lawns and driveways separating each property. We cruised silently along, looking from left to right, but there were no lights anywhere and it was too dark to make out any numbers.

"Does this place have a number?" I asked, not sure what to look for.

"No, I don't think. All I remember is to look for a brick wall." The brick wall, when we found it, was only a few feet long and so low we could easily have missed it. Be-

yond it was a large parking lot into which Kurt turned, sweeping the front of the house with his headlights. It was a long, one-floor bungalow with the front wall made up almost entirely of frosted-glass panels. This time we both got out and walked over to the front door. It looked depressingly dark and silent.

"Here," said Kurt, finding the bell and pressing it. "There is a sign too, I think." I could see his hand tracing something screwed onto the wooden door like someone reading braille. I pulled out my lighter and in the flame read "Sauna Center." I groaned, pocketed the lighter, and marched back to the car.

"I have a friend called Peter," said Kurt over his shoulder as we drove past the last streetlight in Ottobrunne and headed back to the city. "He lives in Schwabing. I am certain he will know a place." He looked back at me as if seeking my approval for this new plan. I felt like asking why he hadn't thought of this Peter in the first place, but just nodded and looked out at the darkened fields speeding past. I was tired and weary but strangely unsettled, too, unsatisfied, like a burglar who finds his first two houses securely locked and barred, yet, rather than call it a night, will try a third—on the off-chance.

We reached Peter's house twenty minutes later, one in a long terrace of dwellings. From where I sat, there appeared to be a few lights on in the block. I was coming to the conclusion that Munich was a ghost town. This time Kurt left the engine running, bounded up some steps to an old, paneled door, ran his fingers down the flat numbers, then pushed one of the bells. There was a stutter of static, Kurt spoke into the grill, listened a moment, then ran back to the car. He flopped into the driver's seat and looked back at me, his gold tooth glinting in a smile. "He is coming down with us right now. He said he knows somewhere to go. It is still not too late."

The place Peter knew was, as far as I could determine, in the south of the city, down by the river. On the way there he spoke quickly to Kurt, pointing out directions, whistling once through his teeth when the wheels locked in a skid. His was a long face, youngish, with bright, excited eyes, the wisp of a moustache, and skin glowing green from the instrument panel. When he turned to introduce himself, his handshake was dry and firm, and though his accent was strong—even worse than Kurt's—his English was good. I had the impression that he was tall, though it was hard to be sure when he stumbled down the steps from his house, banging the door shut behind him and struggling into an overcoat. As I watched the road ahead between their shoulders, his ease and assurance made me feel a great deal more optimistic.

As soon as the car stopped he was out, telling us to stay where we were—he would return shortly. We watched him walk a few steps up the street, then stop at

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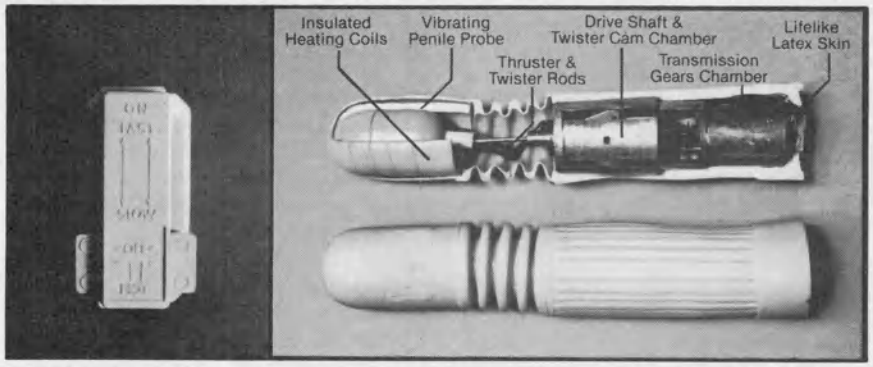

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a door and knock. When it opened, a yellow light fell over him and he slipped inside, leaving only his shadow stretched across the pavement. A few moments later he peered out and beckoned us over.

Kurt made no effort to move. "I stay here and wait—but give me, please, my money now. If you are so long, I go on." I made no objections, paid him, and climbed out of the car. I knew he would drive off as soon as I was inside.

Peter held the door open for me, and I squeezed past him into a long, narrow passage with an equally narrow staircase that disappeared above us. At the far end of the passage was another door, half blocked by a table and chair and a large man dressed in a dinner jacket.

"We pay forty marks now," said Peter, pulling out a wad of notes and leading the way ahead. The man in the dinner jacket took our money and slid it into a wallet I couldn't imagine anyone ever trying to take off him, and we were waved past, through the second door. Had Peter not been in front of me, I would have fallen for certain. There was no room on the other side of the door, as I had expected, but a steep stone staircase choked with the smell of damp plaster, old beer, new sweat, and blue cigarette smoke. At the bottom, the air was equally thick but the crowd of people even thicker. I was immediately disappointed, for I could see at once that this was not the kind of place I had had in mind.

Had the ceiling been arched, it would have been nothing more than a German beer keller—fifty or so men stirring up a fair din in a long basement room, all of them fat, red-faced, and prosperous-looking in a common sort of way. Weaving their way amongst the tables, a number of girls in grubby Bavarian costumes handed out steins of beer. The room was the length of a railway carriage and about four times as wide with a bar running the length of one wall. Everything was stone—the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the staircase—as if it had been carved out of solid rock.

Pushing his way to the bar, Peter said: "Any of these girls, you know, if you like any, you can take them upstairs. But they are, how do you say it, not so . . . reliable."

When the beer arrived I asked him how he knew this place, hoping my show of interest might hide my disappointment. I suddenly felt very tired. "When I worked in a factory before university," he said, "I came here with some friends very often. It is a kind of club—very secret, you understand. In Germany we love the secret clubs and things, you know." One of the waitresses pushed between us to the bar and smiled up at us both, one after the other, as she disentangled her fingers from the stein handles. "We have all kinds of men here," he continued over her head. "Most from the factories, working men, but anyone can join. It is just difficult to find these places. You must know someone to become a member, or perhaps they know you at the door and let you in. Like me."

There was no point leaving the bar to look for a table, so we stayed where we were, Peter telling me about the club and others like it while I tried to work out how I could leave without offending him. I had just bought the second round—after which, I had decided, I could make my excuses and head back for the hotel—when, suddenly, the lights went out. There were cheers from the men and squeals from the girls.

"Ah, I think you will enjoy this. It is very different from what you see before." In the darkness I could feel him very close, as if he were whispering in my ear. Then at the far end of the room a set of lights came on, illuminating a small stagelike area from which the girls were hastily clearing away tables, chairs, and customers. One table was left at the edge of the space and a chair dragged up to it. "Do you play cards," asked Peter, "make bets—you know, that kind of thing?" I shook my head. Not very often, I told him.

"This is a very special kind of gamble, very popular here. There are two kinds of this game; tonight I do not know which they have. They are done . . . alternate, you understand?"

Already it was difficult to see what was happening with customers pushing around the table, so Peter caught my

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sleeve and pulled me after him until we found a tiny space at the end of the bar, just outside the pool of light, looking into a half-circle of excited, flushed faces. Another man in a dinner jacket, and as big as his colleague upstairs, had settled himself into the chair with his back to the stage and his hand on a tin box; he seemed to mark out the border of the stage, beyond which no one should step. Behind the crowd of men, the girls began clearing away empty steins and tidying up the room while there was an opportunity to do so.

Just as I was starting to wonder what on earth was going to happen, a door I hadn't noticed on the other side of the stage area opened, and into the pool of light strode a young girl in a very businesslike pinstripe suit, leading behind her three equally young men wearing only small sequined pouches. Two of the males were black and one was white. All three were well muscled, their bodies oiled and their skin shining in the light. For the first time since I had stepped down into this basement, there was silence—just a shuffling of feet, an occasional cough. Standing with her back to the crowd, the girl took off her jacket and dropped it on the table. There was a low murmur from the onlookers. The three young men just watched, hands behind their backs, not moving, not making a sound.

As casually as if she were in her own bedroom, the girl unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it. Then, slowly, she began unbuttoning her blouse. There was a whistle from somewhere in the crowd, but she paid no attention, her eyes fixed on her three companions. Peter nudged me and nodded towards them. There was no need for me to ask what I should be looking for. Their pouches were beginning to bulge.

Sitting on the edge of the table, the straps of her garter belt an inch from the fat man's elbow, she unpinned a bun of blond hair and shook it free over her shoulders, raking it out with her fingers, then leaned forward and began unclipping her stockings, lifting each leg high as she slipped them off. Sweating in a beam of light, the fat man turned to watch with the others. The girl stood up, unhooked the belt and bra, and dropped them next to the tin box. I looked at the faces around me. Every eye in the room was following every move she made, unblinking, intent. Walking back to the three men, she paused, slid down her panties, and wiggled her behind at the crowd. There was a whisper of approval as she kicked them aside. I noticed that with every item of clothing she removed, her behavior and her movements became more languorous, more lascivious, though she seemed to be playing more to her companions than to the crowd. Quite naked, she stepped up to the first man, one of the two blacks, and slipped her arm around his neck, then began licking and kissing his chest, her leg rubbing up and down his thigh. Then she moved behind him, neatly concealing the

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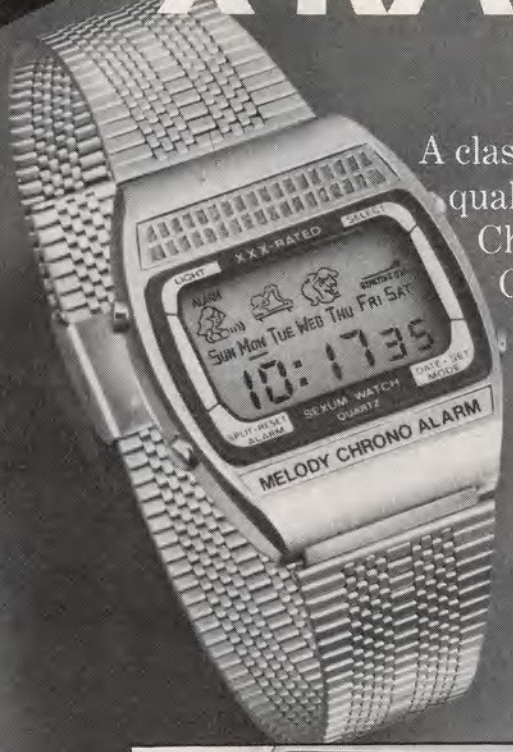

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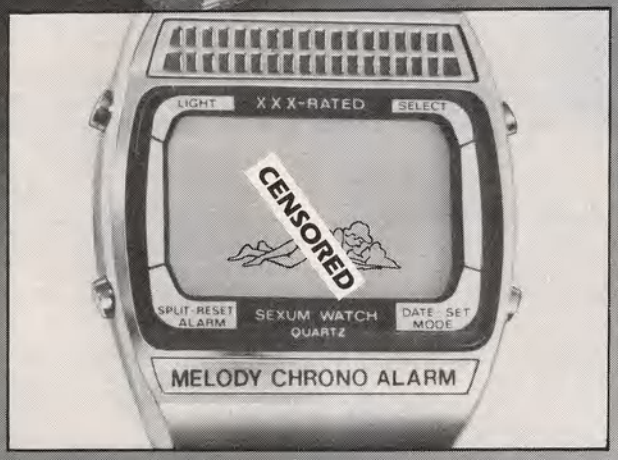

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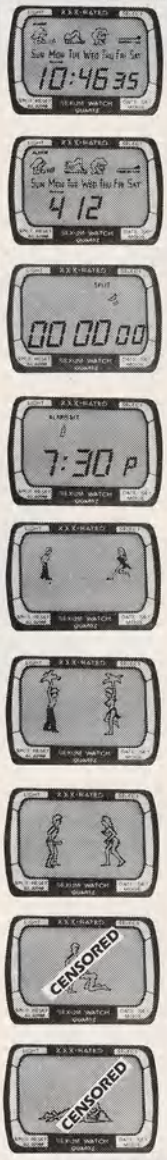

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front of her body from the crowd, her white hands running across his black chest, her red nails tracing the band of his pouch, which looked as though it would burst open at any point. Then she was on to the next man, the second Negro, her white body flashing between them, repeating the moves, and finally to the third man. None of them moved an inch or reciprocated in any way. Then, like a huntress removing the leather cap from a falcon's head, she released each of the three pouches one after the other, letting them drop to the floor between the men's feet and watching her three birds rise into the air.

All at once there was whispering and chatter, the men reaching for their wallets and digging into their pockets. Some of them began arguing, pointing at the three naked men, as if unable to reach agreement. The girl, meanwhile, was not idle, moving back and forth from one man to the next, sliding her fingers over one like a pirate testing the keenness of blade, cupping the next, stroking the third—almost, I thought, as if exhibiting them to the crowd. The fat man by the table was busy taking money and writing out colored chits. The notes settled on the table like butterflies and coins spilled out like silver puddles.

I turned to Peter for an explanation. "Just watch now, the betting is almost made." I was still a little mystified as to what, exactly, they were betting on. Whatever it was, there was a great deal of money being staked. I watched a man with a brace on his teeth and a grin like a zipper lay down three hundred-mark notes. What were the odds? I asked Peter.

"Odds?"

"How do they bet? What can they win?"

"Ah, odds. It is three to one, of course. Take the right man, and if you are right you have back three times what you put down at first. It is very simple."

When all the bets had been made, the man in the suit locked away the money in his tin box and everyone's attention returned to the participants in this strange game.

The men had not moved, but the girl seemed to be everywhere—pushing her hands between their legs, holding two at a time, gripping them, rubbing them with her thumbs, licking, kissing, pressing her breasts to them, her body shining not with sweat but with the oil she had rubbed off them. Her cheeks, her breasts, her hands glistened with it.

As if at a given signal, the three men now moved into a tighter line and the girl slipped to her knees in front of them, catching two of them in her hands, then sliding the man in the middle into her mouth. There was a long, collective groan from the onlookers.

Very slowly, very evenly, she began rocking back and forth on her knees, the men sliding between her fingers and red lips, white on black, red on black, white on white, her hands and her lips pulling and sucking at the stiffened bodies that stood before her. Then, without a break in the rhythm, she moved to one side, taking a new man in her mouth, her hands round the other two. There was a splatter of applause at her dexterity but she didn't seem to hear it, rocking on with the same steady motion.

Peter was smiling: "It will be for sure the black man on the end . . . you see." I looked at the man. He not had yet been in her mouth and his eyes were fixed on her bobbing head, drawing himself up for his turn. When it came, his body seemed to sag as if she were sucking the strength and the will clean out of him. A grin slid across his face, then disappeared as she moved on, taking him back in her hand, white on glistening black flesh, white against a gray, peeping purple.

The pace she had set herself now gradually began to build up, her movements becoming sharper, faster, though she never missed a beat, each changeover as smooth as an automatic transmission. It was really a most admirable performance, her hands and her mouth closing around the men with an uncanny and unfailing accuracy.

"What's the other game?" I whispered to Peter.

"The same thing, only one man with three girls. Is not so visible." I was about to

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ask him what he meant when there was a sudden cry of encouragement from the crowd. I looked back to the stage to see the white man's arms up in the air like a runner pushing through a tape, but then suddenly the girl's head had moved to the next man and the moment was gone, her mouth replaced by her hand, his arms dropping to his sides.

"What happens if one of them comes in her hand?"

Peter didn't understand, so I explained more fully what I meant.

"He is out. *Kaput.* Then it is for the other two men. To win, the man must come to her mouth."

Most of the onlookers were shouting now, like punters urging on a horse, but through all the rising commotion the girl maintained her steady rhythm, increasing the speed, giving each man the same amount of time in her mouth. You could have set your watch by her.

Unable to restrain himself, one of the men brought his hands from behind his back and tried to hold her head in place (loud boos from the audience), but she must have bitten him, for he snatched his hands back and she changed over, quitting him before his time. Penalty point. The noise was very loud now, this extraordinary race clearly reaching its final stages, though it was impossible to tell which of the three would win. Each looked as if he was only seconds away, oiled bodies quivering, legs bucking, heads nodding, lips stretched open against their teeth as if willing themselves to finish. And still the girl kept on, no flagging, no hint of tiredness, hands and mouth jerking away at the men. The shouting was intense, bouncing off the ceiling, filling the room, the men waving their chits like colored flags at a royal parade; even the fat man at the table had turned to watch, though his stubby fingers still covered the tin box. I noticed, too, that some of the girls in their Bavarian costumes had managed to push their way forward, their bright, bedraggled, tired faces peeping through the front rank. From where Peter and I stood, we could see most of what was happening—the girl's eyes shining, closing, opening for the changeover; her breasts swinging; her buttocks sinking into her heels; her cheeks swelling with every downward thrust, then hollowing as she swung back; her red lips gripping like a rubber washer; her nostrils flaring like those of a racehorse; saliva dripping from her chin.

And then it was over, the black man whom Peter had pointed out at the beginning leaning back, arms in the air, then doubling over and pumping into the girl. Her hands fell away from the other two who seemed to totter without her support, and she pushed frantically at the black man's thighs, her head almost hidden by his jerking body. Then she was free, turning to the crowd, eyes wide and ablaze, hair sticking to her cheeks, her lips parting and mouth opening, then her mouth swallowing with a choking cough. There was rapturous applause, shrieking, screaming, and lights were switched on throughout the room. Stiffly, she rose to her feet, gave a quick bow, snatched up her clothes, and ran towards the door. The men seemed dazed in the sudden lights, then loped crookedly after her.

"I told you . . . I told you," shouted Peter in the uproar. "I should have made a bet, yes?" He pulled me back to the bar for a celebration drink, past a line of men already forming at the table to collect their winnings. The rest made their way back to their seats, their tables, tearing up their chits and scattering them onto the floor.

I stayed for only that one drink, then made my apologies and left. I felt I had seen quite enough for my first night in Munich. Peter was in high spirits, his arm looped around the waitress who had made a play for him earlier. He shook my hand and made me promise to call on him again, and I left him in his new companion's "not so reliable" hands.

Outside, everything was still. When the front door closed behind me, I stood for a moment listening, but there was not the slightest sound from below. As I had suspected, there was no sign of Kurt, so I set off in the general direction of my hotel, somewhere ahead in the orange glow of the night.

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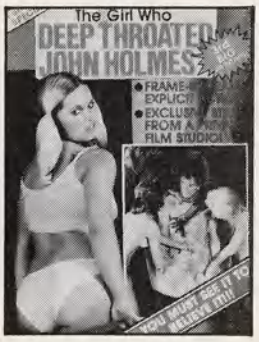

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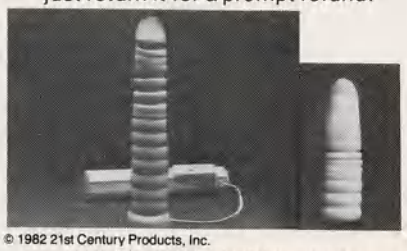

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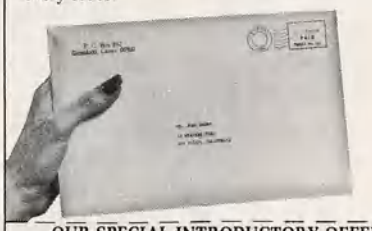

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Ed, harder, harder! Oh, I'm coming!"

I pulled her ass tightly to me and continued to thrust deep into her love mound. I brought her to another orgasm and came with an intense yell of success, pouring my juice into the dark, wet reaches of her womanhood. We fell into a satisfied, exhausted sleep. I fucked her two more times during a long night of lovemaking.

Pat awoke me the next morning with the sound of her busily sucking my morning erection. It was another fantastic skull session. I delved into her pussy, which remained wet.

We became lovers and fucked and sucked the summer away. She taught me more about love and sex then any manual ever could.—*Name and address withheld*

JUST AS YOU ARE

I have enjoyed "Forum" for many years and now hope to provide some interesting reading for others. I'm a fairly ordinary twenty-four-year-old guy: five feet eight, with brown hair and a developing beer belly. When returning from a Sunday company softball game, my neighbor Jackie grabbed my attention (as she most always does) and quickly engaged in some verbal foreplay. Hoping not to spoil my chance at this luscious, tall, and very well built brunette, I asked her inside my apartment for a drink. She quickly obliged.

While we both sat down on the sofa, I was intrigued as to why Jackie was being so loose, since she was usually very cool and unapproachable. I asked her if she'd mind if I took off my dirty softball jersey, to which she replied, "Please." Without further hesitation, this gorgeous chick instructed me to lie down on the floor and then said that she was "really turned on" by the smell of my sweaty body. I told her that I hoped she wouldn't change her mind as I ripped the sneakers and socks off my unbearably stinky feet. Instead, she was actually turned on even more, quickly tearing off her own clothes and proceeding to lick my entire body with her long, cool tongue. She continued for almost an hour with me fully reciprocating.

Finally, my seven-inch tool could no longer take the erotic sensory onslaught, so I heaved myself down into her clean-shaven love box. Jackie writhed like a wild animal as the two of us reached a powerful climax together. I pulled out, spent but extremely pleased with the experience.

Then I noticed that Jackie had other things on her mind. Rubbing some of our love juice on my rounded gut, she proceeded to massage and lick the fresh come out of my relatively deep navel! This proved a most potent stimulation and I was soon "at attention" once more. Seizing the moment, I grabbed her beautiful, firm boobs and slid my cock between them. In a few short moments, her face was covered with my fresh explosion.

After the evening was over, Jackie made me promise to call whenever I finish a game. Since then, we've shared much more exciting but equally smelly sex together.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Year Corinne Alphen, appearing on page 123, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. Pet of the Month Nicole Monrowe, who appears on page 95, was photographed by Norman Oberlander with a Nikon FM camera with 43-86 zoom, 80-200 zoom, and 105 lenses by Nikkor. He used the Cokin Filter System and Kodachrome 64 film. Earl Miller, who photographed "Realm of the Senses," appearing on page 76, used a Nikon F2 camera with Nikkor 55 and 85 lenses. He used Norman strobes and Norman trilights with color gels.

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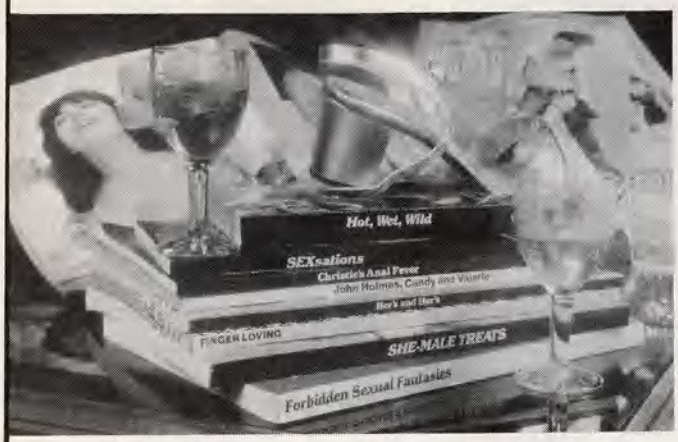

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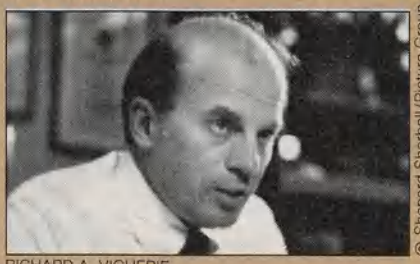

RICHARD A. VIGUERIE

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John Belushi: The Final Days—Ever since the dead body of John Belushi was found in a Hollywood bungalow last March, controversy has raged about the way he died, *why* he died, and how one of America's most popular and successful young stars could have ended up as just another overdosed junkie. This article, the result of a six-month investigation by *Penthouse* reporters Allan Sonnenschein and Jayne Dana, documents—hour by hour—what really happened to John Belushi during the nightmare of the last five days of his life and the strange circumstances surrounding his death.

Thunder on the Right—Richard A. Viguerie is the King Midas of the New Right. And he will be the first to claim that honor. In 1973 Viguerie raised $8 million to pay off George Wallace's campaign debts, and in 1980 he raised more than $20 million for conservative candidates through his extensive direct-mail business. A self-styled conservative who likens the Republican party to a "disabled tank on the bridge . . . you could as easily sell the Edsel or Typhoid Mary," Richard A. Viguerie is teaching the New Right how to dress for success.

Male Strippers—Three shows a night, six nights a week, it's onstage time for the "Hot Rod Revue" at the Nirvana Lounge in New Jersey. But for Lanny Butler, the tall, blond, and handsome star of the "For Women Only" show, the real performance begins later, at the bar. Cherubic, all-American, twenty-four years old, Lanny sells his body to women—five and six a night. But, reports Ellen Sherman, "Lanny's no ordinary prostitute. For $75 and up, these PTA moms, divorcées, and single career girls pay for oral sex. The beauty part is that they pay to perform it on Lanny." Sherman's article is supplemented by spectacular candid photographs of male stripteasers and their female groupies.

A Christmas Story—William Kotzwinkle, author of the best-selling novelization of *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*, returns to earth but remains in the realm of fantasy in his latest novel, *Christmas at Fontaine's* (to be published by G. P. Putnam's). It's only three days until Christmas, and Dann Sardos's holiday window still seems to be missing an important, elusive ingredient. Nothing he can do, short of decapitating the reindeer, can match his extravagant, compulsive fantasies. Kotzwinkle's wry but warmhearted evocation of the Christmas spirit will make perfect holiday reading.

Free Copy of *Forum* Magazine—A special edition of the new *Forum*, now edited by Philip Nobile, will be carried in December's *Penthouse*. It includes three fascinating articles: "The Pentagon Papers of Sex"—During the waning days of World War II, the War Department conducted detailed sex surveys of the GIs. These materials were first classified and then lost in the U.S. Army archives. But Philip Nobile found them and reports on the secret sex life of American soldiers—both black and white. "One Night With Warren Beatty"—What is Hollywood's greatest lover really like? Claire Ryan reveals that Beatty desires candor most of all. "Sex and William Buckley"—Jack Friedman analyzes the "good parts" of Buckley's four best-selling spy novels and concludes that his erotic universe is "every bit as perverse as that of *Myra Breckinridge*."

ULTRALIGHTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

conventional truck. Like all flying wings, however, and unlike conventional aircraft, the airplane does not respond well directionally; it doesn't always go exactly where it's supposedly headed.

Finally I climbed into the B-10, another flying wing, which Don Mitchell has been fooling around with for quite some time. He designed an unusual seating arrangement for the B-10 whereby you hang under the airplane in a pod with your head and shoulders exposed to the slipstream. It's a bit unorthodox and takes some getting used to, as I found out during my first takeoff. I had full right rudder because of the aircraft's nose wheel steering, and almost ground-looped the airplane before I realized the full right rudder was locked—I couldn't release my foot from behind the control bar and ran out of aileron authority. Finally, at the last second, I pulled the airplane into the air and went smoking off without damaging the aircraft.

Once you get airborne, the B-10 moves flat along at about 90 miles per hour. It'll water your eyes, that little machine. It's light, fun to land, and a nice way to go.

As I see it, there's a bright future for ultralight aircraft. These airplanes are very handy for people who want to fly an aircraft just to be flying. The initial cost of ultralights is generally under $5,000, they consume very little fuel, and maintenance is minimal. If you should damage the aircraft, parts can be readily obtained from the manufacturer. Also, ultralights can be transported just about anywhere.

Obviously, there has to be some control over any craft that flies through the air, and so far, as of this writing, the Federal Aviation Administration has yet to make a decision regarding ultralights. Meaning: the planes require no certification and pilots require no license. Is that safe? In my opinion, the ultralight family of pilots and instructors is extremely scrupulous about safety. They police their own ranks. If they see someone shining his fanny or showing off, they're prepared to hammer him. Although ultralight aircraft have met some resistance from fixed-base operators who don't like to mix 30-mph aircraft with 100-mph aircraft, I don't see much of a problem. These aircraft fly below 500 feet and at slow speeds. They can also operate on a different part of the field.

I do think the FAA should establish and enforce some guidelines. Ultralights should probably be kept below 225 pounds empty weight. They should be restricted to daylight flying and then only under visual flight rules. A maximum wing-loading weight should also be set. Beyond that, I don't feel the FAA needs to get involved. The pilots and instructors in ultralights have proven their concern with caution. They keep their eyes open. They've helped make these airplanes a fun way to fly. Fly safe!

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Kool Milds	11	0.9
Newport	16	1.2

...100's	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1

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